

## Plenty of Room

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## Plenty of Room

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### Summary

... there's an extra room in this too big of a house. There are four bedrooms, technically five if he counts the room they converted into a gym.

Four bedrooms with only three of them taken.

And wouldn't that just solve everyone's problems?

Sapnap comes home from his last visit to Karl, bummed out and sad at having to leave. It gets Dream thinking: George is moving in once he gets his visa, Karl is a good friend of everyone there, and after all, isn't there plenty of room for everyone in their too big of a house?

A series of events take place after Dream invites Karl to come live with them though that brings to light feelings no one knew they had.

### Notes

Please note that this is explicit and while it will not have graphic descriptions of sex for the

first few chapters, it will eventually. I know a few minors read my last work that was marked as mature but I want to make it very clear I am not comfortable with minors reading this one. That being said, if you are 18+, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Dream doesn't hate being alone. In fact, most of the time he would say he enjoys it.

He's not antisocial by any means but alone time offers a certain peace that he often finds comfort in. He likes spending time with his family and he loves spending hours on call with George or hanging with Sapnap, but there's something relaxing about lounging in bed alone or having the entire house to himself.

Most of the time.

He's not sure why it's so different right now with Sapnap in North Carolina visiting Karl but it is and it's killing him.

The darkness is suffocating tonight, as it has been for the past few nights since Sapnap left. His room is pitch black, the blackout curtains drowning him in darkness. Every creak that sounds throughout the too big of a house seems amplified, sending a prickle of fear across his skin, goosebumps rising.

It's freezing tonight, the air conditioner is on so high his nose feels numb, skin so cold that when he runs his hand over it his palms burn the frozen area. He needs to get up and turn it down or at least turn off his ceiling fan or *something*, but it's as if he's paralyzed beneath his sheets.

His overactive imagination runs away with him in the dark, posing dangerous questions that raise the hairs on his arms that the blankets around him do nothing to soothe.

Is he alone?

Isn't it a little too quiet?

What made that noise? Patches?

... Or something else?

He hasn't been scared of the dark since he was five but man is it getting to him tonight.

And it's only been like this since Sapnap left.

He scoffs. This is dumb. He needs to pull himself together! He is a grown man, freshly turned 22 and he does not need to sleep with the lights on or the tv or anything like that just because he's sleeping alone in a very big, very dark house! And no, that's definitely not a demon standing in the corner waiting to jump him if he moves.

He turns on his flashlight just to be sure.

The shadowy figure when illuminated is nothing more than the jacket he had flung on his desk chair and he breathes out in relief and mild disappointment. At this point, he almost wishes it *was* something. Then he would have an excuse for the unease making his skin crawl.

The time on his phone reads 3:46 a.m. as he turns off the flashlight. This is the nth night in a row he hasn't been able to sleep which is crazy! He has slept in this giant house alone plenty of times. Sapnap has gone back to Texas before and he was fine, the last time he went to visit Karl he was fine. It seems as though it is only this particular trip that Dream can't stomach sleeping alone.

Once again he lays back in the darkness with nothing but the constant whirl of his fan.

This time it's a thud from upstairs that scares the shit out of him.

He can't take it anymore. The next thing he knows, he snatches his phone up and launches himself from his cozy bed. He swiftly turns back on the flashlight, taking a quick glance around his room to ensure that despite his brain's pattern of thought, he really and truly is alone in their obnoxiously big house. Again. Because apparently, he has to double-check things like that.

He takes a second to breathe but nothing can settle the erratic pounding of his heart.

It's just so damn quiet without Sarnap around. There's no one coming in and out from the front door, there's no one going through the pantries in the kitchen and humming songs throughout the halls. Is it possible it was even warmer when he was around too?

When he was little, he got freaked out by the silence like this sometimes. It's always been overwhelming for him, running to his mom and begging to sleep in the bed with his parents. Once he got too old for that, his mom began to turn on the tv for him until he could fall asleep again instead. The glow of the tv coupled with the white noise of the actors on screen put everything to ease when the presence of another couldn't.

So that's what he sets out to do.

Socked feet pad down the hallway and into the living room, his flashlight illuminating his way through the darkness that seems... darker? Somehow? He doesn't know how to describe it but he actually hates it. Like really, really hates it. He draws his arms in closer, wrapping them around his bare chest, wishing he had thought to put a shirt on.

Dream can't help but think about girls in horror movies who always get out of bed half-naked to go investigate the strange noises they heard. The way they wander around the house with all their exposed skin and how they always seem to fall right into the knife of the killer.

He curses himself for thinking things like that. All that does is making him feel the need to keep turning around and checking behind him to make sure some crazed guy with a knife and a spooky mask doesn't jump out from behind him. He covers his chest a little more.

Dream forces himself to slow down and not break out into a run for the light switch to brighten the entire place up. Instead, he goes to the thermostat first, ignoring the prickle at the back of his neck, and turns the air up to a reasonable number, hearing the air conditioner stop not long after.

He then locates the lamp next to the couch with ease, pulling the string. The room is cast with a warm yellow glow and though the silence cuts him like a knife, the light offers the barest hint of relief.

It's silly. He feels like a teenager staying at home by themselves for the first time the way he double-checks that the front door is locked and then turns on the tv to provide the white noise he desperately needs. Some generic true crime show plays across the screen, putting an end to the overbearing silence he's been living with for days now.

Thank God Sarnap is coming home tomorrow.

Dream tucks his hands into the pockets of his pajama pants, standing quietly and listening to the tv to calm his racing mind. Blurry eyes struggle to follow along with the characters on screen. So many nights without sleeping like this is taking a toll on him. Without even realizing it, he's falling asleep standing up, eyes slipping shut and head lulling forward.

He stumbles back as his body begins to drop and jump-starts him awake. Eyes wide, he regains consciousness and rubs at his face.

It's been a long, long week. Or however many days it's been since Sapnap left. He's trying not to keep track too much. He's not going to act crazy and start counting the minutes and seconds they've been apart like an obsessive partner.

He can be a chill best friend.

He thinks.

... Sometimes.

Dream groans, frustrated with himself. He begins walking around aimlessly through the kitchen and the halls as if he would by chance bump into his best friend somehow. As if he wasn't all the way in another state right now, probably sleeping like a baby without Dream around.

His eyes trail up the stairs that lead to Sapnap's empty bedroom down the hallway. That noise he had heard is seared into his brain that screams someone is up there. He doesn't want to investigate, he doesn't want to end up like some girl in a horror movie all stabbed and shit.

And he shouldn't go in there without reasoning either.

... But what if someone *is* up there, waiting for him to fall asleep and then-

He has to check it out. He just has to.

Dream is going to have to buy a baseball bat before Sapnap decides to leave him again like the one George has by his desk.

Giving in to temptation he meanders up the stairs and takes stalk in the upstairs portion that is almost exclusively used by Sapnap.

It's so damn quiet.

The door to his bedroom is still pushed open from where Dream went in to use the green screen for the suit pictures he posted online but before more temptation could strike, he pulls it closed.

*Nope. No one is in there*, he reminds himself with a scoff. He's being childish. He needs to go back to his room and go to bed. It's not like Sapnap won't be home in the morning. It feels wrong going in his room like this anyways without reason, it's a wild invasion of privacy no matter if he thinks he heard a spooky sound or something. Before he had the excuse of needing his green screen, now there is no rhyme or reason for him to take a peek inside.

A soft mewl startles a yelp out of him from the other side of the door, muffled by the wood.

"Patches!" He whines, opening the door again swiftly.

Okay maybe someone *is* in there.

The door swings open and Patches stares up at him lazily from her perch on Sapnap's dresser near the doorway, licking at her front paws. On the floor is a decently full water bottle, giving an explanation for the thump he had heard earlier.

"You almost got locked in here, you know," he informs her as if she cares. She, in fact, doesn't, paying him no mind as she goes back to bathing herself.

“You’re dumb. Sap would have had to let you out when he gets home tomorrow. Do you know how hungry you would be? Did you think about that?” He scolds teasingly, keeping his voice soft and low so she knows she’s not actually in trouble. “You scared the shit out of me too, and for what?”

Gently, he scoops the cat into his arms, holding her close to his chest as he backs them out of Sapnap’s room and into the hallway, shutting the door once more.

Patches purrs in content, happy for her dad to be holding her so close. She pushes her little head into his touch, flicking her tail, and he can’t help but smile. “You make everything better though, don’t you, pretty girl? Huh? What are your thoughts on the subject?” He holds a pretend microphone to her mouth. She glared up at him until he chuckles, removing his hand before she swats at him.

Most things anyways.

Her small presence can’t really fill up the giant house though the way Sapnap can.

Dream has to admit, a two-story, four-bedroom house with a gym and hot tub and all this extra shit was a bit much for just him and Sapnap, but without the other man here, it seems even bigger, scarier.

Sometimes he swears he could hear his own voice echoing the halls long after he last spoke. It was starting to get under his skin which led him here, wandering the halls at three a.m.

He’s really never had a problem staying alone like this before and he’s not sure what changed. Thinking about it, he was fine before his birthday, a little lonely maybe, but not to the point he went around turning on tvs and lights to mimic the presence of another and chasing the scary sounds that go bump in the night. But after his birthday dinner with his parents and a few friends, he came home to a big, empty house and nothing has felt right since.

He didn’t blame Sapnap for missing his birthday, that wasn’t the issue here. He’s the one who encouraged him to go even! It’s great that he gets to visit Karl, Dream is extremely, genuinely happy for him. It’s been fun watching their streams and seeing how happy the two make each other. And it isn’t like Sapnap hasn’t stayed the night somewhere before! He’s never been this on edge.

If he could give a reason for his distress about being alone these past few days, he could put an end to it, but he can’t. Anxiety crawls against his skin sending shivers up his spine. It didn’t matter how he busied himself: talking to George and posting on Twitter, and hanging out with irl friends, nothing seemed to help this irrational fear.

Guilt claws at the linings of his stomach for wishing Sapnap home so much. He’s out having fun with a friend, a friend Dream is 90% sure he is a little bit in love with, and he is a grown man who should be more than okay with sleeping alone.

The walk back to his bedroom feels miles long. Why did he think it was such a good idea to buy such a big house in the first place, he isn’t sure. He passes the giant kitchen and comes to a stop by the room next to his.

When he bought the place, he and Sapnap chose their rooms in two different parts of the house, one upstairs and one down. It’s a bit of a distance and sometimes they go entire days without seeing each other, but the other room on the bottom floor is reserved for someone else. Not literally but it’s an unspoken agreement between the three men.

It won't be long at least! George is waiting to be approved for a visa, any day now. In the next few weeks, he could be living here too, another loud presence to fill the empty house.

The thought gives him a familiar course of excitement. He can't wait for the day that he has both his best friends living in this giant house with him, then it won't be near as lonely.

He turns into his room, the door still open.

Dream sets Patches down on the bed gently, silently hoping she would stay, though if she decided to leave he wouldn't stop her.

She goes straight for his pillow, curling up in a soft little ball on top of it. She's so damn cute, blinking up at him with bright green eyes that he's okay with giving it up for the night.

He feels silly once again but he goes to his bedside table and turns on the lamp before settling back in under the blankets with the spare pillow he keeps next to him.

Not much longer, he reminds himself. It's his last night of having to do this. Then Sapnap will be home and everything will be alright again. This feeling will go away and things will go back to normal.

Dream uses his phone one last time before he plugs it in for the night, turning on some soft music he doesn't know the words to, and sets it on his nightstand, creating more noise to fill the void.

With hope for tomorrow pushing out the dread of being alone, Dream puts his back to the light, buries a hand in Patches' soft fur, and closes his eyes, forcing himself to sleep.

He's at least an hour early to pick Sapnap up but he's too excited to do things in a timely manner.

Since Sapnap has streamed with face cam so much this past week, Dream is a little hesitant to leave the car to pick him up. He had already talked it out with him over text though so there was no problem there.

The only problem came with having to sit and wait in a car for an hour.

Dream drums his fingers across the steering wheel, fiddling with the buttons on the dash. He presses a few he doesn't know what they do just for the hell of it and regrets it immediately when pressing it again doesn't fix whatever he had just done. Deciding that's a bad idea, he texts George for a while but he's hanging out with Wilbur (he's not jealous about that, nope not him) so he leaves him alone so he can have fun with his friend.

He watches YouTube, likes some fanart, and realizes it's been thirty minutes. He plays with his hair, pushing it to one side, then the other, and goes to TikTok and finally, something keeps his attention, scrolling through millions and millions of videos. He sends a couple to George and a few to Karl and Quackity, knowing it'll make them laugh like idiots when they watch them.

**Sapnap:** just landed! Getting bags now

Dream breathes out a sigh of relief.

Now if he would just get in the damn car already.

The urge to wrap himself up in Sap is overbearing. He's overeager but nothing is going to make him feel any better until he sees him and he knows it.

He shifts restlessly again, swiping up on his and Sapnap's texts over and over to see if he sent a reply to Dream and maybe he missed it or something. The only thing that came up though was the exact location of the car in the airport parking garage, down to the very parking spot that he definitely didn't count just so Sapnap could find him faster. (10th spot on the third row of the second floor next to a blue truck and an exit sign.)

It really hasn't been that long. He needs to calm down but he just can't. He pulls at his red sweatshirt more and more, fidgeting until he thought he might pull the threads out of it.

The passenger door opening scares the absolute shit out of him. Again.

Dream nearly jumps out of his skin, wiping around to glare at a very tired-looking Sapnap. His dark black hair is shoved up under a hat, the shadows under his eyes after the flight especially dark in the dim lighting of the parking garage.

"Chill, Dream," he giggles at the reaction while Dream tries to calm the heavy pounding of his head.

"Sap!" he exclaims once he can get a full breath in his chest again.

"Hey," he smiles softly. "Pop the trunk for me?" he shrugs the luggage he has tucked under his arm, another bag that rolls sitting on the ground next to him.

"Wha-" oh right luggage. "Yeah, okay!" He hurries to do just that, fumbling with the button in his excitement.

The sound of the trunk popping open resonates throughout the parking garage and Sapnap disappears from his line of sight to throw his bags in the back. He came back with more things than he went with from shopping with Karl and the skateboard they picked out for each other, and the pokemon cards and all that. Dream is glad he used his endless free time to clean out his trunk so there would be room for everything.

Soon, Sapnap shuts the trunk and pops back into view, sliding into the seat next to him.

His whole body feels like it's attuned to his presence, acutely aware of every move he makes, every breath he takes. He sorta wishes the song that says something along those lines was playing right now but that's a little creepy so he shushes his brain once more.

Dream shakes himself mentally but there he is, looking at Sapnap again who is smiling broadly at Dream. "I missed you."

"I missed you too! So much. Seriously. Don't leave me again okay?" he teases, though the sincerity of his words bleeds into the undertone.

Sapnap's smile falters. Dream catches it before he shifts into another smile, though this one doesn't quite reach his eyes anymore. "I'll try not to."

Taken aback, Dream pauses.

What was that look about?



“Can we stop and get food on the way home? I’m starving,” Sapnap changes the subject, looking out the window expectantly for Dream to start driving already.

Dream nods, though he doesn’t forget the strange look. “Yeah, we can. What do you want?”

“I dunno. Something fast and disgusting,” Sapnap giggles softly.

“You got it,” Dream gives him a smile in return. “So did you have fun?”

That simple question unleashes a tidal wave of information.

The entire way home, Sapnap gushes about his time with Karl and Dream hangs onto every word, relaxing into his familiar energy.

He *knows* Sapnap is a little in love with Karl, even if he won’t admit it. He can hear it in the way he talks about him, how his eyes light up at the mention of his name, how he cherishes the moments he has with the other man enough to tell Dream every little detail about it. He doesn’t stop talking once. He tells him how fun streaming is when he’s around, he tells him about staying up late giggling on the couch, he tells him every single little thing he can remember down to the minute, and Dream feels like he’s really hanging on to his every word. He can’t get enough, he wants to know everything.

They grab food and head home and for the first time since Sapnap left, he doesn’t dread walking through the front door.

Sapnap grabs the bag of food and starts for the door to grab his luggage but Dream stops him. “Hey, you go ahead and go eat, I can get your stuff for you.”

“Are you sure? I can do both, Dream.”

“Yeah!” he assures him hurriedly.

A part of him wants him to go in first so he doesn’t have to walk into an empty house even one more time.

“Okay...” he sounds suspicious, sitting back in his seat a little. “You’re being awfully nice. What did you do?”

Dream stops and gives him an incredulous look. “What did I do?” he chuckles.

“Yeah, you’re being too nice! What did you like go through my room or something? Break something? What. Just tell me, I won’t get mad.”

“I didn’t do anything, Sap, I just missed you,” he grins.

A lot. More than he would ever admit.

The words must come out sincere enough that Sapnap believes him without further fuss.

His face drops a little, softening. “Oh. I missed you too.”

He doesn’t say it as kindly as Dream expects. He draws back, a little hurt. Instead of commenting on it though, he slides out of the car and shuts the door, going back around to the trunk to start grabbing things. “Go inside, seriously.”

“Okay, if you say so. Thank you!”

“No problem.”

He's so dumb. Of course, Sapnap is kind of bummed to be back home. He had a great time with Karl.

Guilt gnaws at his stomach for ~~needing~~ wanting him home so badly.

Something is wrong with Sapnap.

It's breaking his heart to see his friend so out of sorts. Dream thought he might be bummed being home but he is downright sad. Since he's been home, there is a tiredness to him that wasn't there before he left. He's quiet and withdrawn, staying in his room most days and the only reasoning Dream can think of for him being so heartbroken is because he misses Karl *that bad*.

He's rooting through the fridge for a snack when Sapnap comes up behind him, quiet as a mouse. He's frowning but that's a common occurrence recently. Dream stopped asking what was wrong after the man snapped “nothing” at him one too many times for his liking.

“Hey,” he smiles, trying to be as welcoming as possible. “Need something?”

“Just grabbing a drink,” Sap brushes up against him, wrapping strong arms around Dream's waist to grab for a drink hidden behind the milk.

Dream's thankful he's grown used to Sapnap invading his space like this sometimes. When they first started living together, he blushed nonstop at every tight squeeze of his arms or brush of their bodies against each other and how the smell of his cologne seemed to linger long after he pulls away.

Sapnap grabs a can and stands back, letting Dream return to what he was doing.

He glances over his shoulder to see what he has. “A monster? You usually only drink those with Karl.”

Those things are nasty. They're so bad for you! Dream doesn't totally understand why anyone would drink one. The heart palpitations, the calories (well, not in the white one but the others!) the nasty taste. He's not a fan, they're objectively worse than coffee.

“Oh, sorry. I know you don't like this kinda stuff,” Sapnap hums as if he could hear his thoughts, fingers poised to crack it open. “I'll go drink it in my room,” he starts but Dream quickly stops him.

“No! It's fine. It doesn't bother me.”

Sapnap worries his lip.

Dream just wishes he'd tell him what's wrong so he could help fix it already. Or at least try to fix it. He asks tentatively, hoping Sap won't just brush it off like usual. “What's wrong?”

Sapnap stares down at the drink in his hand for a moment before speaking. “I just really miss Karl.”

He scratches at his dark hair tucked underneath a vans hat, the sleeves of his sweatshirt hanging over his knuckles. "That's sorta why I'm drinking this."

... that's...

Pitiful.

It must show on his face because Sarnap frowns, looking down again. He picks nervously at the tab on his drink. "It's dumb right? I know I sound stupid right now. Like who is so upset about leaving their best friend's house that they start drinking their favorite drink to like. Remember them or something."

Dream frowns. Best friend?

Of course, he's his best friend. Just like George is also his.

"I just wish I could live with him you know?" he continues to ramble in Dream's silence. "I love going to visit him, I never want to have to come back."

Dream forces a smile, wincing. "Yeah, I get that. You could, you know."

*You could leave me.*

That sense of dread fills his stomach once more, the same that ate at him while Sarnap was gone. He doesn't want that, doesn't know how he'd survive that, and vaguely he wonders how he became so codependent on someone else being in the house with him. Or more like *Sarnap* being in the house with him.

The thought of being alone again truly scares him, but the thought of making him stay here unhappily is worse. That is a gut-wrenching type of hurt to be the cause of his friend's unhappiness.

Sarnap's eyes widen and suddenly strong arms are enveloping Dream in a tight hug. The cold press of the can to the back of his shirt makes him shiver and push more into Sap's warm embrace to escape it. "I didn't mean I don't wanna live with you, man. I didn't mean that at all, I love getting to see you every day. I wouldn't change it for the world."

Oh.

Okay. That made him feel better.

Tension drains from his body, leaving him limp against the shorter man.

"Maybe I just want Karl to live in Florida too. Or somewhere closer I could visit more ya know?"

"Yeah," he nods, pulling away before they encroached into non-platonic area.

"Anyways. I'm gonna go find something to do for a bit," Sap holds onto his can tightly with a thin-lipped smile, barely concealing the hurt behind it. "Thanks for putting up with me pouting. I know I haven't been much fun to be around lately."

"I'm always here for you," Dream offers, wanting to wrap the younger man up in his arms and squeeze him until he feels better.

He watches him go and hears the pop of the can on the way up the stairs.

*Poor Sapnap*, he thinks quietly.

Theoretically, he knows Sapnap is going to move out one day. They are 22 and 20 after all. Some day they're going to fall and love and move out, get married and have kids, and whatever else comes after that. He doesn't see them ever growing apart, Sapnap is always going to be a part of his future the same as George, but no one said Florida will be. What if he moves back to Texas? And the only time he sees him anymore is over a screen. He imagines him settling down with a pretty girl and the only time he sees his kids would be in pictures sent through discord.

A pang reverberates through his heart.

Or what if he moves to North Carolina? That's just as much distance between them. And then Dream is stuck once again behind a screen in a giant house watching Sap and Karl and telling himself he isn't jealous seeing them fall in love and get married and the works.

No longer hungry, he shuts the fridge and stands, heading back to his room.

On his way back, he passes George's soon-to-be room once again when an idea strikes him so hard it might as well have hit him over the head.

There is one thing he could do to make Sapnap happier here.

... there's an extra room in this too big of a house. There are four bedrooms, technically five if he counts the room they converted into a gym.

Four bedrooms with only three of them taken.

And wouldn't that just solve everyone's problems?

The more he thinks about it the more the idea worms into the folds of his brain, taking root.

Why couldn't Karl come here, and then Sapnap would get to live with both him and Dream and eventually George and no one would be leaving at least for the foreseeable future.

He could even make it a surprise!

Excitement courses through him at the thought. He jogs back to his room and throws himself in front of his computer. He's quick to find Karl Jacobs in his contact list and sends him a quick message asking if he can be on a call for a second.

He loves Karl. He's so genuine and funny. They speak often enough outside of the group calls and chats with the other crew boys and he would definitely count him as one of his closest friends right along with Quackity and Bad. There wouldn't be any complaints coming from him about having him live here. And he's just as close with George, so that wouldn't be a problem once he makes his way to America.

Karl sends him back a thumbs up and a smile a few minutes later.

He accepts the incoming call before it can even ring.

"Hey, Karl."

"Hey Dream," Karl cheerfully replies, the smile evident in his voice. "What's up? Why did you wanna call?"

"I uhh. Are you busy? Do you have a second?"

“Yeah, I’m not doing anything right now, I’m just kinda cleaning up still from Sap being here.”

“Oh good. Umm...”

Where does he begin? How can he just suddenly spring on someone ‘hey wanna move to a completely new state you’ve never been to before and come live with a guy you’ve only met in real life twice and one you’ve never met before?’

That would be way too much. Instead, starts with “Sapnap has been really sad since he came home.”

“Oh,” Karl falters. “Uhh yeah. Me too. I miss him a lot,” he trails off wistfully before changing the subject. “You should come next time he visits! I know I say that every time but seriously next time you really should. We’ll keep it low-key, no chance someone will see your face or something like that.”

He huffs. “Yeah, that sounds like fun. Actually though I kind of have a proposition for you. And it kind of sounds a little crazy the more I think about it. Like really crazy. Like, you’d be crazy to even consider it’s so crazy. You don’t have to say yes!” He hurries to say. “It’s just an idea. I don’t know how it would actually work with you and Mr. Beast and filming and it would be a serious hassle so maybe this isn’t the best-“

“Dream?”

“Hmm?”

“You’re rambling.” He says kindly.

“Oh. Sorry,” he smiles softly. “Umm... what would you think about maybe living here? With us? There are two extra rooms here and I guaranteed one to George but there’s plenty of room here for all of us” *way too much*- “and it doesn’t have to be forever! Maybe just a few months or something? It would be a lot of fun for us to all live together and I think it would make you and Sapnap a lot happier to get to see each other every day.”

Karl goes quiet.

The silence eats away at him, worried he said too much. This was a dumb idea, wasn’t it? Karl is gonna say no and think he’s weird or something.

“Karl?” he asks tentatively.

“Really? Seriously?”

He can’t tell how he’s feeling about this so he asks once more. “I mean...” he almost takes it all back. Pushing past his fear of rejection, he continues. “Yeah. Do you want to come live with us?”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Karl moves in and he and Dream share a moment while painting each other's nails, but something is bothering George that is eating at Dream.

### Chapter Notes

Oh no. Writing this is just gonna expose how much I adore Karl isn't it. Anyways, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“DREAM!”

Dream pauses, his name just barely audible from the upstairs of the house. His fingers freeze on his keyboard, half typed message to George in front of him sitting idly, cursor blinking in and out of existence.

“DREAM”

This shout sounds significantly closer as if Sapnap had left his bedroom to shout at him.

Heavy footfall thunders down the stairs.

Dream's eyes widen in fear. Why the hell is Sapnap shouting at him like that? He can't think of anything he would have done that would upset him lately, in fact, he's been doing his best to tread lightly around him. The most he's done is leave the toilet seat up in the downstairs bathroom and put mostly empty milk back in the fridge instead of finishing it. Nothing that would constitute yelling.

The noises grew closer and closer.

He counts silently to himself, bracing for impact.

3... 2...

The door to his bedroom flies open so hard the handle hits the wall behind it.

Dream frowns, trying to see if it left a dent but he has no time to focus on that because Sapnap is tumbling into his room right behind. There is a wild look in his eyes, cheeks pink and huffing from his run down the stairs.

“Dream!” He shouts as a battle cry before launching himself into him.

“Oof,” Dream groans at the impact, unprepared to catch him. Strong arms lock around his upper arms, trapping him in place, squeezing so hard he can't breathe.

“Sap.”

He squeezes down harder in the bone-crushing hug, bringing Dream’s face into the crook of his neck.

Soft hairs tickle the tip of his nose. His fingers twitch, aching to hug him back. It’s not often that either of them is this affectionate with each other and he can’t deny how good it feels to be held so tightly by the younger one even with how confused he is right now.

“I can’t believe you!” he whines loudly, knee digging into the seat between Dream’s legs as he tries to squeeze even harder. It’s starting to hurt a little.

“What?” Dream can’t help but huff with a smile.

“You invited Karl to live here and you didn’t say shit to me?? HE GETS HERE TONIGHT”

Dream takes a second to process what he just said.

Once it fully sets in, he rolls his eyes. Fucking Karl.

They managed to keep it a secret from everyone, even George, for a week now! And he just had to spill the beans the very day he gets here?

“DREAM!” Sap yells loudly in his ear.

“Okay, you have got to chill. Quit screaming,” Dream whimpers, cringing away the best he can to escape the booming voice so very close to his ear.

Sapnap pulls away entirely, looking at him in awe. He braces his hands on either armrest, leaning in so they’re only inches away, breath mingling and effectively trapping him in the seat.

His eyes are really pretty this close, Dream thinks in a daze.

“He’s really coming right? Like he’s not just fucking with me or something? He’s going to be here. Like. Living here.”

“What did he tell you?”

“He asked if he gets a room next to mine,” Sapnap fishes his phone from his back pocket and shoves it in Dream’s face.

Sure enough, there is a text illuminating the too bright of a screen from Karl asking if he gets to sleep upstairs with Sap or downstairs with Dream.

“Nooo,” Dream flops his head back against the chair. “Ugh. We literally kept it a secret for so long! What an idiot, we talked about this!”

“Dream.”

“What.” He sits up to look at Sap.

“Dream!”

“What!”

“For real?”

“Yes!” He giggles.

Sapnap claps excitedly, standing to jump a little. “When does he get here? Like what time exactly?”

“In about... two hours,” Dream concludes, glancing at the bottom of his screen to check. Sure enough, it’s four in the afternoon. The plane ticket he had gotten for Karl had an arrival time of six and as far as he knows there haven’t been any delays.

“Why didn’t y’all tell me, I have to clean my room and shit!”

“Oh my bad, is Karl going to be spending lots of time in there?” Dream can’t help but tease.

Sapnap’s face turns pink. “No, I was just-“

“Gotta make it all nice and pretty for him right?”

“Shut up.”

“So he’ll sleep in there with y-“

“Fuck off,” Sapnap grumbles. “I’m going to clean, come get me when it’s time to go.”

Dream huffs. “You’re so bossy.”

He flips him off as he stalks out of the room, the tips of his ears still flushed.

Dream watches him go, a huge grin stretching his face. It isn’t until he hears the door upstairs shut that he turns his attention back to the computer.

George is still online, waiting impatiently for Dream to finish his message. He’s sent at least two messages consisting of “?” and “??” And one final one that simply reads “fine, ignore me then.”

He brushes off the mild annoyance that comes with George acting like a brat like that. Belatedly he realizes he really should tell him that Karl is going to be living here too. In his eagerness to surprise Sapnap he didn’t really think about how George would feel about it. But he and Karl are great friends too! It’ll be so much fun Dream can hardly contain the bubbly feeling growing in his chest.

Sapnap. And Karl. And someday George.

His heart warms at just the thought of having all his boys under one roof.

Dream’s eyes widen comically, backtracking on that. He didn’t mean his boys. That’s a weird term to label them as. His friends! His buddies, his pals that have no relationship with him outside of platonic love. He’s never even met Karl or George in real life and Sapnap is like his brother... probably. If brothers occasionally thought about kissing each other.

“That’s fucking nasty,” he laughs to himself.

Okay, so he would definitely not label Sapnap as his brother. He’s his best friend! Best friends think about kissing each other. That’s normal.

At least that’s been his normal for as long as he can remember with Sap.

Dream backspaces through the text he was about to send and types out a new one.



**Dream:** *I kept this a secret to surprise Sapnap but me and Karl have been talking and he's going to come to live here for a while too!!!*

He's so excited. He invited Karl here for Sapnap but he loves Karl a lot too, four best friends all living together? It sounds like the college experience he never had. It sounds like late nights and video games and greasy pizza and *fun*.

Ding!

He looks back at his messages, drawn from his daydreams.

**George:** ...

**George:** *When?*

Dream's eyebrows draw together. He's pretty good at being able to read George's tone over text, having spent many, many hours talking back and forth endlessly with him for years now. He can almost always tell when he's apathetic or sad, angry, happy, excited.

He's struggling with this one though.

**Dream:** *His plane gets here tonight! He's going to fly back and forth every now and then to film and stuff with Mr. Beast but I think it'll be fun :D*

**George:** ...

He stops typing and then starts again a few minutes later.

**George:** ...

He stops again.

*Read at 4:09 p.m.*

Dream waits.

And waits.

And waits.

He'd wait endlessly for George, but an hour later it's time to head to the airport and it's apparent he's not going to answer.

Sapnap can't stop smiling and Dream wishes he could join in with him but he's too stuck on his conversation with George.

Is he mad that Karl is going to be living with them? Is he worried he doesn't have a room anymore? Because that's not the case. Dream would sooner move out completely and find somewhere else to live than to disappoint George like that. Not that he doesn't love Sapnap and Karl though but George is...

George.

George is George and it's the only explanation he can give. That he can allow himself to give.

He'd give up his bed and sleep on the couch the rest of his life if it meant George would be around all the time.

"Dude, what is wrong? Are you not hyped?" Sapnap finally sighs out. They've been in the car nearly thirty minutes and Dream hasn't done much more than hum at the comments Sapnap makes about Karl moving here.

Every failed conversation puts a damper on his radiant smile and Dream feels that familiar guilt curdle in his stomach. He knows he's kind of raining on the parade right now in the dark parking lot with nothing but concrete surrounding them and his frustration at the situation. He just wants to make it better.

"Sorry. Something is up with George. I told him about Karl coming and he won't talk to me now."

"How long has it been?"

Dream glances at the radio, checking the time. "About an hour and a half?"

"Duuuddee," Sapnap groans with a giggle, pushing his face into his hand. "You're down so bad, the hell."

"What?" Dream grumbles, self-conscious.

"You go not even two hours without talking and suddenly you're moping? He's probably taking a nap. It's Gogy, he's always napping."

He supposes that's true but the entire interaction still sits with him wrong.

"I don't know," he shakes his head. "He seemed upset."

Sapnap purses his lips. "Well. It does kinda suck, you gotta admit."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean think about it, George has been planning to move here for what? Months? Years? And then Karl plans for a week to move here and he actually makes it ya know? But George is still stuck in a whole different country."

Dream's eyes widen in realization. "I didn't think about that."

"Yeah. I'm sure he's just bummed."

Dream whips out his phone and begins to send George a text.

**Dream:** *Are you upset about Karl getting to live here?*

It sounds a little harsh as he rereads it and getting George to actually admit to it will be a struggle, but he wants to know. Did he misread the entire situation? Or is Sapnap right and he's jealous or something?

Minutes pass and finally his phone dings.

Excited, he opens his messages, only to find the person who messaged him is in fact not Mr. Georgenotfound, but one Karl Jacobs, who is waiting at the baggage claim.

“Karl is here!”

“Yes!” Sap punches the air.

Dream sends him back the location, eerily similar to how he had with Sapnap just a week ago.

Despite George’s reaction, he’s genuinely getting excited now. He gets to meet Karl!!

The car is vibrating with their shared thrill. Sapnap turns the radio up and then down, fiddling with the same things Dream had to pass the time when he was picking him up.

“Are you actually happy?”

Sapnap looks up, looking a little startled. “Yeah of course I am.”

“I didn’t overstep inviting Karl like this?” He’s pretty sure he has with George. What if Sapnap feels the same way when all dream was trying to do is make everyone happy? Especially him. He seems happy now but a tiny itch in the back of his brain is screaming for him to make sure it’s real and not a farce put on to appease him.

“If I didn’t want Karl to live with us I would make it known I promise. I think you’re really going to like being around him. And George too when he gets here. Can I tell you a secret?”

Dream grins. Why does he sound like a little kid when he says that? And why is it so damn cute?  
“Sure.”

“I really like him. Like more than a friend.”

“I know.”

“How the fuck would you know asshole,” Sapnap knocks his shoulder.

They giggle together and Dream’s chest feels infinitely lighter at the sound. “You’re not subtle.”

They smile brightly at each other and Sapnap shakes his head, looking out the window.

Dream watches his face shift for a split second and then Sap fumbles for his door handle, ripping it open and tumbling out. “Karl!”

A familiar mop of curls bounces as the man looks around, phone in one hand and suitcase in the other.

This is it.

Dream watches Sapnap for a moment before he makes any moves himself. He all but runs up to Karl who barely has time to put his phone in his pocket before Sapnap is wrapping him up in one of his squeezing hugs. Karl squeezes back, saying something in his ear that makes Sapnap laugh loud enough that Dream can hear it in the car.

They hug like they didn’t just see each other a few weeks ago. Bouncing up and down, their happiness is palpable just watching them.

Sapnap points to the car and Karl’s eyes follow, searching for Dream.

His heartbeat quickens. He sort of forgot in the midst of all this Karl hasn't actually seen him before. He doesn't know that he's ready for a face reveal even on such a small scale.

It's too late for second thoughts now though.

His heart skips a beat, or two, as he slides from the car, suddenly more than self-conscious. His hair is fixed decently at least, though the t-shirt and grey sweatpants he adorns could be nicer.

Hesitantly, he starts towards the pair, stuffing his hands in his pockets for lack of something better to do with them.

He's not sure how to greet Karl. Obviously, he's not going to greet him with the same enthusiasm as Sapnap has, but he... he just doesn't know. It's killing him, making things so painstakingly awkward as he approaches.

Of course, all of that goes out the window once he's close enough to the other man.

Karl doesn't hesitate once. As soon as he's close enough he's sliding out of the arms of one man and into the arms of another, wrapping his own around Dream's neck.

Soft curls brush his cheek as Karl settles his chin against Dream's shoulder. His tan sweater is soft and warm against his arms.

"It's nice to actually meet you," he whispers quietly into his shirt, the barest brush of lips against the materials sending shivers up his spine.

"You too," he replies meekly. Hesitantly, he curls his fingers into the small of Karl's back, holding him close. He smells like citrus and vanilla maybe, airplanes and sweat. It's not great but it's something more to associate with Karl along with his warm hugs.

When he pulls back, he gives Dream a sly grin, a gentle hand on his forearm burning his skin. "Holy cow, you're cute."

"What?" Dream can't help but grin, wondering what he did that the other would find endearing so soon.

"I mean you're actually cute," Karl reaches up and pats his cheek.

Oh, wait. He means...

Dream blushes, stepping back to escape his reach. Karl lets out a giggle, one of his high-pitched, thoroughly amused giggles, and Sapnap chuckles too, hitting his shoulder. "You embarrassed him!"

"It's true!"

"Stop it," Dream groans, hiding his face behind his hand and turning away towards the car. "Is that all your stuff?"

"Yeah, I mailed the rest," Karl calms himself. "It says it'll get here in a few days. Sorry I embarrassed you."

Dream just shakes his head with an impossibly fond smile.

Sapnap follows Karl like a lost puppy the rest of the day.

It's really cute.

Dream can't help but smile to himself watching the two. Karl does anything and Sapnap is by his side, metaphorical tail wagging excitedly.

They go to their rooms together they go to the kitchen together hell, Dream wouldn't be too surprised to find out they go to the bathroom together with how glued together they are.

The three ate dinner together and did what they could to get Karl settled. He passed out pretty quickly after that, exhausted from packing and the trip here.

There is a tentative domesticity settling over the house by the next day as they all three get used to living together. It's all so fresh and new it makes the whole house feel like a bright spring morning even into the late afternoon.

Meanwhile, he can't get an answer out of George.

He hangs out with Karl as much as he can, but nothing can take his mind off not receiving a single text or call from George in so long.

They decided to have a lazy day today and let everyone settle and rest. Dream snuck off to his room after breakfast, letting Sapnap and Karl have some *alone time*.

He sits at his computer again, silently begging for George to answer him in some form. At this point, he wouldn't even care if he completely skipped over his question and just said hi or something. He'd take anything other than the radio silence.

A tentative knock at his door draws him from his thoughts. He glances over, finding Karl standing in his doorway. He has something clutched in his hands but the way his sweater falls around him Dream can't make out what it is.

"Hey Dream?" he asks softly, not daring to step into his room. They're all a little unsure of each other's boundaries, no one wanting to overstep quite yet.

"Hey, Karl, what's up?" Dream turns in his chair.

Karl takes a couple of steps in at the friendly greeting. "Whatcha doin?"

"Nothin. Talking to George I guess," or trying to. "What about you?"

"Sap won't let me paint his nails anything but black," he pouts with an exaggerated lip stuck out. He takes a seat at the edge of Dream's bed, making something warm curl in his gut that he can't put a label to. "I did his nails and then he wanted to take a nap so I thought I would come see what you're doing."

Dream frowns, thinking. Is he asking...?

Karl grins. "How do you feel about your nails being painted?"

Dream blinks.

He's never really thought about it. Drista tried to paint his nails once or twice when she was little but he had never allowed her to actually do it, he was too young and fixated on masculinity. Now

though, he doesn't know that he would mind it all that much.

It kind of sounds fun.

"Um. Yeah, that. Okay," he nods and smiles. Nervousness simmers in the pit of his stomach, either from Karl about to be so close with him or from having his nails painted for the first time he doesn't know. He's going to blame his nails.

"Okay!" Karl lights up, pretty blue eyes sparkling brightly. "Not black though right? Like. I didn't even bring my black in here," he holds out his hands, showing off the different colors he had. Orange, blue, baby pink. You name it he has it.

Except for green.

Dream doesn't pout but he wants to.

"Not black," he confirms. "Wanna come sit?" He gestures to the extra chair in his room from the last time Sap had sat at his desk with him while he worked on stuff.

"Yes! Okay, wait, put on some music and I'll kinda set stuff up okay?"

Dream can't help but smile. "Sure," he clicks over to Spotify.

Karl sets down all his nail Polish on the desk and some qtips. "I'm gonna go grab some paper towel and remover okay?"

He nods and Karl darts out with a giddy giggle.

*Sapnap was right*, he thinks as he opens spotify on his desktop. He does really like being around Karl.

Unsure what music to play, he starts to open his usual playlist when he remembers that Karl likes Fox Academy. Of course, he likes similar music to him and Sapnap too but Dream admits, every time he hears something by Fox Academy, he thinks of Karl.

He puts that on instead.

The songs are all so slow and soft, usually too calm for his liking, but it's all worth it when Karl returns with the supplies and a pretty smile. "Oh do you like Fox Academy? I love them," Karl asks, flopping down into the extra chair. His wild curls are everywhere, fluffy and so soft it takes everything in him to not reach out and touch them.

He's starting to. "Yeah. Sometimes."

*Hornet* plays softly through his speakers.

Karl goes about setting up, laying out some paper towels to set his hands out on, and then turns to Dream. "What color do you want? Wanna paint mine too?"

Dream blushes a little. "I can try. I've never..."

"Don't worry about it, it's just for funsies," Karl pushes the colors closer to him. "Choose some out."

Dream looks down at the desk now strewn with colors. It's a daunting task with so many options laid out before him. There are so many to pick from and even more combinations he could choose.

His eyes drift to orange and then over to a navy blue. Both are a bit more masculine, he supposes. He's learned over time things like color don't necessarily have a gender though, and those two aren't his favorite. Eventually, his eyes drift over to the other colors, settling on the baby pink.

He's seen streams where Karl's were that same pink and white. At the time he couldn't take his eyes off of them. Something about the pastel color drew his attention and captivated him with ease.

He grabs for the two before he can hesitate and hands them over.

"Okay! You wanna have matching nails? You could paint mine the same and then maybe Sap will be jealous enough he'll do something other than black."

Dream laughs. "Sure."

Karl shakes the bottles, the clink of the little metal bead inside interrupting the soft music.

Once, he's ready, he twists open the cap, revealing the long brush dripping in baby pink. He pushes his sleeves up, the striped fabric sliding up to reveal endless stretches of pale skin, marked with the smallest of freckles in tiny clusters so light they're hardly visible until he's this close.

Karl invades his space, pulling Dream's arm to sit in front of him and hooking his arm around his to get a better angle.

They're pressed so close together Dream is forced to bend awkwardly over his shoulder. He resists the temptation to rest his head on Karl's outreached arm. It's so very tempting though to want to snuggle into him and from the way Karl moves sometimes he just knows he wouldn't mind. Karl likes physical affection way more than Dream or Sapnap do, but something deep inside holds him back, too afraid of taking things too far.

The cold touch of the wet brush slides down the length of his pinky, Karl's fingers wrapped around his slightly bigger ones to keep his hand where he wants it.

"You okay?"

Dream hums.

"You're awfully quiet."

That's because he's kind of basking in the attention Karl is giving him right now. Blue-grey eyes turn up to him through his lashes, pretty freckles dotting the skin that crinkles up into a perfect smile. "What?"

"What?" He repeats, grinning back.

"You're staring."

"No, I'm not."

Karl shrugs and looks back down and Dream is once again met with a mop of curls.

He's so damn gentle. He's pretty sure if Sapnap ever tried to do this he'd be rough. George would probably be rough just for the fun of it too. But he's starting to realize Karl is different from them just from the single day they've spent together. He's different from Dream even. He's soft in ways that he wasn't, sweet and gentle even if he had a loud, *loud*, personality just like the rest of them.

“Next hand!” He slaps the top of his hand, pulling him from his thoughts.

He takes it back and offers out his left.

He doesn’t have to bend nearly as strange as before but he almost misses the contortion that held them so close.

“Have you talked to George lately?” Dream asks to make conversation. He can’t bring himself to look down at his hand as he clicks over to discord, searching for a message from the Brit.

“Yeah we talked this morning,” Karl says nonchalantly, never looking up.

“Really?”

“Yeah. He’s sad.”

“Oh.” Dream’s heart clenches tightly.

Karl bites the inside of his cheek. “He told me not to tell you though.”

“Well you didn’t do very good at that,” Dream shakes his head.

Karl giggles. “I felt pressured! You should call him.”

“Right now?”

“Yeah, why not? Your nails need a second coat anyways.”

Dream gnaws on his bottom lip. “What if he doesn’t answer?”

“Call again later? I’ll be really quiet so you two can talk.”

“... Okay,” He nods.

He clicks on George’s contact and hits call.

Karl leans back, having finished the hand he still can’t bring himself to look at, and begins taking off his old nail polish, the blue and black chipped at the edges from wear.

It rings a few times and he almost thinks George isn’t going to answer when finally, “Hello?”

“George,” Dream breathes out in relief.

“What.”

He sounds pissed.

“You’ve been ignoring me,” Dream tries and fails, to keep the whine from his voice.

“Sorry. Got busy.”

That’s a damn lie and he knows it. “What’s wrong? Please just tell me.”

“NO, it’s dumb.”

Dream just wants him to admit what they all know is true. “Tell me anyways.”



"I don't know. I... god Dream are you really going to make me say it? I'm jealous. I want to move in too."

There's not much he can do to fix that. "Have you heard anything about your visa?"

"Not yet."

Karl throws his paper towel away, sitting quietly next to him with his head in hand, content to listen for a minute.

"As soon as you get it you know the plan is for you to live here too."

"I know. But Dream?" his voice is low and quiet.

"Hmm?"

"You're not gonna..." he trails off and then corrects himself, coming back with a brighter tone to mask his uncertainty. "Never mind. Listen I'm gonna go hang out with Wilbur. Talk to you when I get back?"

"Yeah," Dream nods, hating the simmer of need in his stomach. He doesn't want George to go hang out with Wilbur he wants him to hang out with him.

But that's not fair to either one of them. No matter his desires he's not going to ever be controlling of the other.

"Promise," George huffs as if he can sense his worries, soothing them all in a way only he can. "I'll call you when I get home and we can talk as long as you want then. I'll explain, just give me some time to think. Okay?"

"Okay. Bye."

"Bye Dream," the tilt in his voice is flirty like usual. Dream can never tell if he means it or not.

He kind of hopes he does.

The call ends with a click.

"Are you guys together?" Karl asks once George is gone, reaching for his hand once more. Dream gives it over willingly. "Like for realsies?"

"What? No." Dream denies harshly. "No that's. Nuh-uh."

"Do you want to be though?" Karl smiles brightly.

Sitting in his dark room with the slow melodies of the songs drifting along in the space while Karl paints his nails feels what can only be described as safe. He doesn't feel like he's judging him if he admits the truth of it all.

Dream relaxes his shoulders a little, words losing the defensive edge to them. "I don't know."

His words are honest and raw.

Karl simply paints his nails.

"I think so."

Karl moves on to the other hand.

“I mean like. Umm...”

He sits up from where he was bent over the desk, a never-ending smile ever-present. “Okay hotshot, your nails are done.”

Dream gulps. He still can’t look.

“Want to paint mine now?” Karl pushes the two colors towards him in offering.

He has to look down to grab the bottles. But if he looks down he’s going to see his nails.

He can’t for the life of him understand why this is making him so nervous.

Taking a deep breath, he looks down.

It looks... nice. Really nice.

Dream lifts his hands, admiring the color now slicked over his nails. It’s as if it somehow changes the entire shape of his hand. His fingers look longer with the polish, slender, and... dainty even. The pink is pretty and the white accentuates it nicely against his skin still tanned ever so slightly from the summer sun.

Karl waits patiently with a raised eyebrow, not commenting on Dream’s sudden obsession with his hands but his mouth is quirked into a smirk that does all the talking for him.

“You did a good job,” Dream nods in explanation. It totally isn’t because he likes it on there, he was simply admiring what a good job Karl had done.

“Uh-huh,” he nods, offering out his hand and his now bare fingernails.

Dream is careful to not mess up his nails as he unscrews the cap, glancing nervously up at Karl every now and then. When the man offers no more support, Dream takes the cap with the brush on the pink first and gently scoops Karl’s hand up in his.

His hands are freezing to the touch while Dream’s are boiling. He slowly uses his palm to push the sleeves of his sweater up his arm more before he begins, giving all the attention he can to each finger.

He does well enough on the first finger. None gets on the surrounding skin and he even got the polish pretty even.

Karl takes it and looks it over. “You did great!” He slaps his hand back into his with a laugh.

Dream’s mouth quirks up as he moves on to his next. To get a better angle, he slots their knees together, trapping one of Karl’s in between his so he can tilt his hand the way he needs it.

It’s so very intimate. The songs offer no solace either and he suddenly hates himself for not choosing something like... rap. Or pop. Not these slow, pretty songs that add ambiance to the quiet room with nothing else but the sounds of their quiet breathing while he concentrates. There’s a tension growing between them like static in the air, heavy and cloying.

The final one in the pattern is the thumb and it’s significantly harder but he manages and moves on to white.

“You’re doing really good,” Karl bumps his knee in support.

Dream can’t focus enough for this. Too much of him is touching Karl and it’s making his brain short circuit. He finishes as fast as he can and then looks for a place to set his hand while it dries. The most obvious choice is the desk, but that would make it harder to do his left hand.

He sets it down instead on his lower thigh.

Karl doesn’t react as if this is perfectly normal and maybe it is. Maybe Dream is the one making it weird, he can’t tell.

“Next,” he holds out his hand. Karl hands over his left, the one with the cute little dots tattooed on the pointer finger.

As he moved, the hand resting on his thigh trailed up. The comfy basketball shorts he wears were already riding up from sitting down in the chair to begin with, but now they’re bunched under Karl’s hand that touches the bare skin of his upper thigh.

He can’t breathe like this, can’t think. He must be touch starved or something to be reacting like this from nothing but a hand on his leg but he’s desperate for more.

Can Karl tell?

Dream hopes he can’t. He hopes he can’t feel the excited hum beneath his skin, electrified and begging for more, to go higher, to stroke the soft skin of his inner thigh or-

Sloppily he slaps the color on the next hand, cringing at every drop that gets on his finger. He does the best he can though considering his face is growing warmer by the second.

Once he’s finished he screws the cap back on and unceremoniously lets go of his hand.

“Done!”

Karl grins brightly. “Thank you!” And *squeezes* his thigh.

It takes every ounce of self-control he’s ever had in his entire life to not gasp at the sensation. It isn’t even a hard squeeze, nothing behind it but reassurance. But good God does it get his brain going somewhere else entirely.

“I’m sorry it’s messy,” He stammers out, red-faced and overheated.

“Don’t worry about it, I’ll just clean it up with a q tip real fast.”

Before he knows it, Karl is untangling their legs and facing the desk again, leaving Dream to flounder in his absence.

The pressure budding under his skin dissipates but he’s left on edge from the entire experience.

Karl makes quick work of cleaning it up and then excitedly turns back to Dream. He’s only just beginning to calm down when Karl springs from his chair, careful of his nails as he tugs at Dream’s wrist. “Let’s go show Sap!”

Dream chuckles half-heartedly and lets the other man eagerly pull him up, dragging him behind him as they hurry from his room off to Sapnap’s.

Being around Karl is like floating in ecstasy. He makes it so easy to get lost in the bright smiles and

laughs thrown his way. It's reminiscent of having sleepovers as a kid, when the parents go to bed and it's just a bunch of friends giggling in the dark, urging one another to go to sleep only to erupt into laughter all over again. He can't imagine how perfect it will be with George around too. If that happens, *when* that happens, he thinks he might lose himself entirely to the feeling of pure joy.

Once they're upstairs, Dream comes to a stop, but Karl doesn't even knock, pushing open the door to Sapnap's room and dragging them both inside.

Dream would never. He and Sapnap always respected each other's privacy to the point of going too far even. Karl walks into his room like it's his own.

Sapnap is dead asleep in his bed, sprawled on his back like a starfish with a hand curled over his tummy, his feet hanging off the bed.

Karl trots in and plops down on the bed next to his head, bouncing him. "Sap!"

Sapnap gruffs out a noise, eyes still shut.

"You've been asleep like thirty minutes isn't that long enough?" Karl shakes him.

Sapnap gruffs again.

"You're a loser? Is that what you said?"

Sapnap hums.

"You wanna kiss your mom? That's gross dude."

Sapnap fights a smile but doesn't reply more than another grunt that Karl interprets once again.

"Oh you're short and your mom misses me gotcha."

"Would you shut up? Like actually?" Sapnap giggles, finally dropping the act of being asleep and sitting up.

"Look!" Karl holds out his hand excitedly, grabbing hold of Dream's too so Sapnap can see them both.

"Cute," he looks over Karl's and then at Dream's to which he laughs. "What is that?"

Dream frowns. The tentative happiness he found in his nails begins to crack. "What?" He asks defensively.

"I like them," Karl laces his and Dream's fingers together so their nails align, pinks and whites grouped together next to two tiny black dots on the side of his hand.

Dream tries to shake him off but all that does is make him giggle harder, fighting to keep ahold of him. He can feel his face growing hotter and he desperately hopes neither will call him out on it.

"Your nails are pink dude," Sapnap explains as if that wasn't obvious.

"So are Karl's."

"Yeah but he's Karl."

"What does that mean?" Karl shakes out his hair.

“I don’t know. Does it suit you? I always thought nail polish didn’t suit me.”

“Whatever,” Dream huffs, starting towards the door. He’s overreacting and he knows it. Sapnap didn’t say it in a mean way, he didn’t mean anything by it. He’s always been his biggest supporter no matter what, but he’s too vulnerable in this newfound pleasure he gets from his nails being painted to care. All it comes down to is it’s not the reaction he wanted.

To his surprise Karl follows, trailing towards his room with him, hands still laced together to Dream’s chagrin.

They go back to his room quietly and Karl sits back down in the desk chair. Dream follows and he slides a bottle of liquid towards him.

“Here, you can take yours off now if you want. That’s the stuff, just pour a little on a paper towel.”

Dream frowns, pulling his hands away protectively. “You leave yours on though.”

“Yeah, but Sap always takes his off right after. I don’t mind,” he shrugs, genuinely. “I just wanted to spend time with you.”

“I...” Dream panics. “Can I leave it on too? Like you?”

His heart is pounding. He doesn’t want to take it off but he doesn’t want Karl to judge him or for Sap and he’s probably already judging him but-

“Okay. Yeah. It looks really good on you.”

Dream is bright red and Karl suddenly giggles and grabs his tit, exploding with laughter at his squirmy reaction. “You’re fine Dream don’t worry about it. Wanna see my YuGiOh cards?”

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Dream, Karl, and Sapnap share a moment that has Dream questioning what their friendship really is. Meanwhile, George gets one step closer to moving in with them after confessing to Dream what was really bothering him about Karl moving in.

### Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy reading this chapter, it was a lot of fun to write :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's words are haunting him. They've seared their way into the folds of his brain, replaying on loop like a broken record screeching at every turn.

The call seemed like a lifetime ago when in reality it's only been a few days. Still, he thinks his heart actually broke that night for his best friend.

The memory repeats as it so often does, making him feel helpless sitting in his room alone with the lights turned off, only the window to illuminate the world around him.

*"Dream?"*

*Dream curls his arms around the pillow he normally cuddles at night. Late night calls with George always left him feeling a little hollow without something to hold. The pillow does little to comfort him without the warmth that comes from another human being. He aches to hold George close, to pull the smaller man against his chest and press soft kisses into the crown of his hair. "Hmm?"*

*"You asked why I was so upset, right? About Karl moving in?"*

*"Yeah." he takes a deep breath, steeling himself for his answer.*

*"I think I'm just scared." His words are kind and shy, something only admitted to in the privacy of the late-night hours. Gone are the sarcastic taunts and over-the-top reactions as they settle into the mellow calmness of each other's presence.*

*"Scared?" Dream scoffs with a gentle, light-hearted laugh. "Of living with Karl? He's not scary George, I promise."*

*"No," George huffs a laugh, quiet and crackly over the phone speakers that lay next to his head.*

*Dream stares up at the ceiling waiting for him to elaborate.*

*It's not fair that he can't hold him yet. Even if it was only platonically he needs it like he needs to breathe. Nothing can substitute it, especially not the cold pillow that serves as nothing more than a reminder of the person he wishes it was.*

*"No, I'm not scared of Karl. I think I'm scared that you'll forget me."*

*Dream pauses. "Forget you?"*

*"It's dumb, huh? That's what I was trying to tell you earlier. Like I know you're not just gonna somehow forget me but... I don't know."*

*"I could never forget you, George. You are..." everything. He's everything. He's the sun, he's the oceans, he's the air around him, he's the moon and all the stars that he hung with his very hands.*

*Maybe it's the tiredness itching at his eyes but he feels as if he could wax poetry about how much George means to him for hours on end.*

*"I don't think forget is the right word," George saves him from the certain embarrassment he would face if those words were to leave his mouth. "It's like, I'm worried you're going to be so happy with Karl and Sapnap there that you'll realize there's no reason for me to be there too. And you'll get so caught up in having both of them you won't need me."*

Dream picks idly at his nails. He's already chipped off part of his middle finger somehow and he chipped his thumb by picking at his middle. Karl assured him it was alright though, he would paint his nails any time he asks.

The thought made him feel warm and bubbly as flecks of the paint fall onto his shirt. A small part of him wants all the nail polish to chip away for the sheer excuse of getting Karl to hold his hands again, sitting in the comfort of his room and listening to slow indie bands that make him want to wrap the smaller man in his arms and slow dance.

Or something. Maybe not slow dance, that's kinda...

Dream shakes the thought free of his head correcting himself. He does not want to slow dance with Karl Jacobs. Nope, not him.

Besides, Sapnap likes Karl. It would be rude to start fraternizing with him knowing that, even if Karl was somehow interested in him too. That's like basic bro code.

But all the warmth that came with thoughts of Karl and his gentle lingering touch dissipate in a single rush. It was as if someone had dumped a bucket of cold water over his head as punishment for those thoughts.

Here he is feeling warm and giggly and bubbly while George is a million miles away, dying to feel the same.

It breaks something deep inside of him. Every time he walks past that empty room next to his, every time he sits on the couch with Karl and Sap, every time he gets a text from George, he feels his heart chipping little by little worse than his nail polish.

He groans, pacing his room. There's nothing he can do and it's driving him crazy. He wants to fix it but there is no perceivable way to do so, short of smuggling George into the U.S. somehow.

Maybe he could shove him in a box and slap a fragile sticker across the top and mail him here.

Or maybe he could fly there himself and make George give him a piggyback ride at the airport, hidden away underneath an outrageously long trench coat like in the movies he watched as a kid. *No sir*, he would tell the airport security officer. *there isn't another person under here, it is only me. Me and my extremely long legs. Please don't judge, it's a uh... medical condition.*

He screws his eyes shut with silent laughter, imagining it all. He could practically hear George's indignant cries, complaining about Dream's weight that he'd hide with a cough and how they would stagger to the gates, threatening to topple over with every step.

It would never work but holy cow would it be funny.

Dream shakes his head. He can hear the murmurs of the tv outside in the living room and the soft mumbles of voices outside his door. With a lack of anything better to do, he exits to see what the others are getting up to now, hoping for a distraction. As funny as picturing him and George in ridiculous situations was, there was a tight ball carving away at his inner organs, filling the space inside with nothing but raw anxiety.

Because in the end there's nothing he can do to make the situation better.

His room offers no comfort with the stale air and smell of yesterday's lunch permeating from his trash can beneath his desk. It was so nauseatingly empty in that room too, no bright laughter and loud yells, not even the gentle touches he begins to see of his friend's presence around the house like Sappnap's hat on the kitchen table or a deck of Karl's Pokémon cards by the couch. It was only Dream in his room.

It's lonely.

Absently he can't help but wonder if George feels the same about his own place.

Dream regrets leaving his room though almost as soon as he's made it down the hall to the living room.

It takes him a second to register that he probably just walked in on a moment between the two on the couch but once it sets in, he's wishing he would have just stayed put and watched tv in his room.

Karl is curled into Sappnap's side tightly, arms wrapped around his stomach and nestled under his chin, long legs stretched out across the sofa. Nothing but pretty blue eyes peek out between his arm and his hair, not having noticed Dream yet.

Next to him, Sappnap looks up at the sound of Dream's approach. He can see the excitement in his face, forced to remain calm for the half-asleep man snuggled up on his chest.

"Hi Dream," Sap smiles brightly, eyes wide as if to say *"Look at him!! Look at us!!"*

It reminds him of all the times Sappnap has hung out with girls he's liked in the past, asking Dream to stay on the phone with him while he does so.

What a weirdo. He loves him so much.

The brunette lifts his head, looking over at Dream with a pretty grin of his own. "Hey, Dreamie."

Oh no, Karl definitely didn't need to be calling him that. It makes his heart melt seven ways to Sunday.

"Hey guys," he offers a tight-lipped smile and a little wave.

"Wanna watch the movie with us?" Sappnap offers, patting the armrest of the couch invitingly.

"Nah that's alright. I don't wanna interrupt," he grimaces, starting towards the kitchen as if he just



needed a snack or something.

“Seriously! Come sit, it’s a good movie,” Karl agrees with Sap.

“Umm...” he stammers.

He doesn’t know how to say no without sounding rude, but he didn’t want to cockblock either though and mess up whatever it is Sapnap has going for him with the pretty guy in his arms. It didn’t matter how much he wanted to join them, it would be inconsiderate.

“Dream,” Sapnap shakes his head, snapping him out of it. “You’re overthinking, just come sit down.”

Fuck. Okay.

Curse Sapnap for being able to read him like the back of his freaking hand.

“Okay, yeah sure.”

For such a big house, they have a startling lack of seating, Dream is starting to realize. All they have is the couch and a lone recliner that looks particularly lonely in comparison to the sight that greets him on the couch.

He goes straight for the chair, not looking at the other two.

Dream curls his legs up underneath him, settling into the chair in a ball. It’s a bit of an awkward fit with how tall he is, the length of his legs struggling to fit in the space he’s allotted for them.

He can feel Karl watching him and then looking up at Sapnap before settling into him, turning his attention back to the movie.

Quiet ease settles between the three as they two go back to the movie, Dream trying to understand the plot that had begun before he got there. It seems pretty interesting honestly, something about monsters or... something. It’s definitely something, the way the two on the couch are making him feel.

Dream likes movies. He genuinely does. So why can’t he focus on what’s happening on screen? All he can feel is the overwhelming coldness of sitting alone. He wishes he had a blanket or something even to keep the chill from his skin, goosebumps raising the hairs on his arms.

He lets his eyes drift over to Sapnap and Karl. Sapnap is half asleep, arm curled protectively over Karl’s shoulders who cuddles into him like there’s a blizzard outside rather than the hot September sun in Florida.

Even they look kind of cold though.

“Are you guys cold?” he asks, feeling a little crazy. It can’t just be his desire to bury himself in the two on the couch that’s making his skin prickle.

“Karl kept insisting he was hot so I turned it down.”

“Who actually keeps their house at 70 degrees dude? I was burning up,” Karl frowns.

He has to admit, he’s really glad Karl is settling in so well, growing comfortable enough in his new home to turn the air down and leave his things in places outside his room. He’s leaving his mark on the place the same that Sapnap and Dream have, but that doesn’t change the fact that he’s cold

as balls now.

... and he wants to cuddle too.

That's cockblocking though! And he's not going to do that. Or... relationship blocking? Doesn't matter. He's not going to do it.

He curls his legs in more, stroking the soft fabric of his sweatpants. Thoughts curl up over his mind like a disease, imagining it was Karl's t-shirt beneath his fingertips or Sapnap's shorts.

He glances over in longing periodically at the others. Every time it's like a new invasive thought pops into his head like a bubble, floating around hazily until he gives in and pops it to see what's inside.

How nice would it feel to lay down with his head in Karl's lap? Maybe he'd play with his hand, running his fingers up and down Dream's, gentle and teasing as they trace over chipped polish and old scars from his youth.

Maybe Sapnap would play with his hair while he lays in Karl's lap, combing through knots in the golden waves until he feels like he could purr.

Or maybe he could snuggle into Sapnap too from the other side, wedge himself in the small space between the armrest and him so they're pressed up against each other, sharing a single cushion.

At this point he'd even accept sitting in the floor in between his legs... fuck, he'd probably really like that. No scratch that, he would *love* that: to feel Sapnap's knees on either side of his shoulders while he rests his head on thick thighs that practically beg for him to hold and suck marks into until they bloom purple splotches-

Jesus Christ.

Dream forces himself to look at the tv and not the cute couple on the couch.

"Dream?"

He can't bring himself to look over. Not again. It'll destroy him if he does. One more look at them and all his resolve would crumble and he would be the one begging to be held like that.

"If you wanted to cuddle too you could've just asked," Sapnap giggles. "You don't have'ta stare us down like that."

"I don't," he stammers out too quickly. "I didn't. I'm- I'm not. I'm not staring."

He also doesn't sound too convincing, the way he stumbles over his words to defend himself, confidence blasted away by the desire oozing from his veins like an inky oil spill.

"You're such an idiot dude, come on. There's enough room," Sapnap pats the cushions once again.

He can feel himself breaking under the pressure of it all. He wants it so bad.

"I really don't want to intrude," a whine creeps into his voice, desperate to be released from whatever purgatory he's being sucked into from the moment he left his room.

"You're not. Come here," Sapnap demands, Karl patting the couch invitingly.

Dream caves. He caves instantly, slinking out of his spot and over to the couch.

Sapnap scoots Karl down first and then himself.

Oh, he's really going to let him sit right there right where he was just fantasizing about being, in the small space between the armrest and Sap.

He hesitantly wiggles in, immediately warmed by the heat radiating from Sapnap's side. He pulls his knees up in front of him, holding them close to resist splaying out on top of Sapnap like he wants to so badly.

He can feel Sapnap watching him closely. His intense gaze burns everywhere it lingers. "You're so..." he huffs, throwing an arm over Dream's shoulders. "Dumb. You're *so* dumb."

"What did I do?" Dream grumbles, pulling his legs closer. It feels so fucking nice to be held so tightly. Sapnap is solid, heavy, and *warm*, everything is so incredibly warm.

He feels his cheeks heating up as he leans his head against his shoulder for lack of a better place to put it. It's the only option really, with the way his arm is tossed over him and he gets the very distinct feeling that was what Sapnap intended for him to do if the grin he gets in response is worth anything.

Karl gently flicks his arm. He gets whiplash with how fast he looks down, only to be given a radiant smile that he wants to taste.

They're so welcoming, accepting him into the cuddle pile like this. He really feels like he ruined their moment together but he can't bring himself to regret it anymore, too content to melt into them like a puddle of boneless goo.

One second the ball of anxiety in his chest is there and the next he kicks his heels up on the coffee table, stretching long legs out and resting fully against Sapnap. They're all three so close that every now and then the wisps of Karl's curls catch on his hair or his cheek. He can hear Karl's steady breathing even with the volume of the tv, and the subtle thud of Sapnap's heartbeat beneath his ear the further he falls into them.

Dream's eyes still can't follow the movie but he's happy to just sit with them, ignoring the way it made his heart jump and tremble when Sapnap so much as moved. The way his arm would tighten and wiggle, fingertips trailing over the tops of his shoulders sent jolts up his spine. Sap might as well have been shocking him.

He's cuddled with Sapnap before. Living together for eight months has led to plenty of cuddle sessions, in bed, on the couch, but this feels... different somehow. It feels more intimate and he could almost imagine a world he gave up on long ago where Sapnap was his. Karl was definitely a plus to that fantasy though with the way he rested his hand against Dream's arm, nail tracing a patch of freckles. He wishes he could grab his hand and press a sweet kiss to his knuckles, but the best he can do is to rest his own against Karl's thigh, brushing the soft fabric wrapped around his inner thigh. He worries for a moment that this is too far, that Karl is going to push his hand away and look at him like he's gross. He can feel him tense underneath him for a second before his knee fell away, giving Dream plenty of room to touch wherever he wants. He doesn't look at Dream once but a smile plays at the corner of his lips.

It's *dangerous*. Now there's no excuse of painting nails to touch each other like this but the three collectively don't mention it.

Not a single word is said about what's transpiring as Dream moves his hand more firmly, wrapping his long fingers around his thigh, holding him tight.

Not. A single. Word.

Not even when Sapnap's eyes find his wandering hand and he gives Dream a knowing look out the corner of his eye.

Dream's eyes began to droop the longer they stay like that, falling into the comfort they both offered. He didn't nod off completely but he went lax, snuggling in deeper. He could have stayed there forever.

---

"Hey, George?" Dream puts his head on his knee.

"Hmm?"

"I love you." The words flow easily from his mouth. Love has always come easy to him. It's easy to admit because he knows how true it is. He adores George, even at his most annoying, insufferable moments. He wants to be around him day in and day out forever. He could drown in him entirely and be content with his fate.

Of course, George can't tell that by a simple 'I love you' and Dream knows this. It's how he gets away with telling him how much he loves him without really telling him. While George sees it as a platonic exchange of words, Dream is pouring his heart out with every syllable.

George huffs, shaking his head on screen.

They've been on call for hours now, playing games and chatting quietly, even eating dinner together. It feels like a date, but they've always toed that line between friends and not. Kind of like last night with Sapnap and Karl.

Dream isn't sure how to label any of their relationships. They're friends for sure but there's also the deadly potential for them to be more. He's not sure what that could entail though or how it would work with so many people interconnected so meticulously throughout their lives.

He wants to be with Sapnap, but he couldn't take him away from Karl.

He wants to explore things with Karl, but he couldn't do that to Sap.

He wants to devote himself to George but he couldn't imagine giving up whatever it is he has with Sapnap and Karl. Because last night's cuddling was weird as hell and he knows it. Friends don't touch each other like *that*. They didn't have sex, they didn't even kiss, but it stood out as probably one of the best nights of his life. He felt so taken care of just from being touched innocently like he meant something. He felt his value in their hands, he felt his worth in every gentle smile and straying eyes. The little ball of anxiety in his chest was squashed in their hold on him, flames smothered until it was nothing but ash smoldering at the bottom of his ribs.

"Yeah, yeah," George smiles dismissively, drawing him from his wandering thoughts.

"I'm serious," Dream insists. "I love you."

"Okay. I feel... similar," he cackles at the way Dream scowls.

It takes everything he has to not laugh too. His lips still quirk up against his will, fighting a smile with every word. “I admit I love you and your response is that you feel similar?”

“I don’t know, what do you want me to say!” He exclaims back, sounding exasperated but Dream knows it’s all for show. It’s a game between them at this point: Dream trying to get George to say it back while George tiptoes around him and his ceaseless confessions.

“That you love me too,” Dream whines, laying his head on the desk, looking up at his monitor, begging with his best puppy dog eyes.

George looks down at him and then snorts. “No.”

“Please?”

“Not happening.”

“George.”

“Shut up. I just got an email.”

Dream gasps. “You did not just tell me to shut up-“

“I can’t read while you’re talking-“ George shouts over him.

That turns it into a game too. He practically unhinges his jaw to shout, “Blah blah blah I love you, George, I love you, George, blah blah blah I love-“

“Dream!!” George chastises.

Dream just throws his head back and laughs.

“It’s serious. The email.”

“Oh?” Dream inquires.

“It says... oh,” George stops, cute face scrunched in concentration, squinting at the screen as his eyes fly over the words that Dream can’t see. “It says...”

Time stops.

“My visa was approved.”

Dream stops too, frozen. “Really?”

George’s beautiful brown eyes turn to look dead at the webcam. “Really. It... I have a visa now.”

The world stops turning. It’s... it’s *everything*.

“I’m buying your ticket right now,” Dream’s fingers fly for the keyboard.

“Not if I buy it first,” George does the same, nothing but the clack of their combined keyboards as they race each other to buy the ticket.

He’s so concentrated he might be sweating, so giddy inside it feels as if his chest could explode any second now.

The website takes too long to load and George is already putting in his information when Dream

gets to him.

“Lag lag lag-“ Dream prays loudly as he does the same.

“No! No wait it’s actually lagging WHAT IS THIS” George cries.

“Yes!”

“No!”

“DONE!” Dream shouts excitedly, stomping so hard there’s no doubt the others can hear his celebration from the distant parts of the house.

“NO!” George whines, slapping his desk.

“I sent it to you,” Dream smiles brightly, switching tabs so he can see George’s pretty face once again.

He’s got the sleeves of his sweatshirt- the Dream sweatshirt- curled over his hands in little sweater paws, covering the bottom of his face. Still, he can tell from the scrunch of his eyes just how hard he’s smiling, eyes squeezed so tight they might as well have been shut.

“I’ll clean your room,” Dream offers, already planning it all out in his head with the time frame he’s given them. “I’ll dust and get it all ready for you. I’ll even- you know what? I’ll even vacuum for you.”

“What day did you make it for?”

Dream blanches. “Umm... Wednesday.”

George falters, looking confused for a minute as he pulls up the calendar on his computer.

“DREAM.”

Dream cringes, laughter barely contained behind the bite of his lip.

“You gave me two days to pack?”

“...I got excited.”

“Are you serious right now?” George howls with laughter, flopping back into his chair. “Dream.”

“What.”

“Dream.” He flops helplessly. “How am I supposed to pack in two days. TWO.”

“Figure it out.”

“I hate you,” George shakes his head, looking around, overwhelmed by the amount of work now facing him.

Dream can’t stop smiling, couldn’t if he tried. “Hey, George?”

“What?”

“I really love you,” he sighs out the confession, wishing for once George would catch on to his meaning.

“Yeah, yeah. I love you too.”

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think so far!

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

George moves in, and things begin to move faster than anyone expects between him and Dream.

### Chapter Notes

I read over this chapter so many times it stopped making sense to me, but I hope it makes sense to you and you enjoy reading it! I will be doing my best to update the tags as this goes on, so if there is a particular tag you wish to avoid, please check those before reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It all started with Dream waiting in the car on edge for Sapnap.

Then it became him and Sapnap waiting for Karl.

Now it's him, and Sapnap, and Karl, all waiting for George to get in the freaking car already.

“He texted like twenty minutes ago, are you sure you don’t want to go in and look for him?” Dream asks the other two impatiently, buzzing from the inside out with nervous energy that fills the car and seeps into the others. He can see it in how they begin to fidget restlessly in response to his restless fidgeting, all three of them feeding off of one another.

“No no no no no, we’re meeting him first together.” Sapnap objects immediately at the notion.

Dream worries his lip, sitting back in his seat.

He can’t risk going into the airport with Sapnap and Karl with him. They are both recognizable, as is George. If there’s a tall blonde guy seen running around with them? It wouldn’t take a genius to piece together who he is.

So he’s trapped in the car.

Karl leans over the arm rests in between him and Sapnap, looking up at Dream and poking at his wrist. “Yeah Dream, we aren’t going to just leave you here like that. That would suck.”

Dream looks down on him, a soft smile tugging at his lips. “Okay, thank you.”

He really appreciates how understanding they both are for his hesitancy to go out in public. Sapnap has always put up with it, and Karl has been tolerating it just as well so far. A warmth sinks into his bones, calming the butterflies in his stomach just a bit. Sapnap and Karl always feel so safe, and he knows they’ll keep him safe too.

“I’m really nervous,” he admits for lack of better things to talk about.



Karl leans back to rest against the seat properly. “Why?”

He shrugs, not sure why himself.

“It’s just George,” Sapnap shrugs back as if Dream couldn’t hear him wandering around in the middle of the night, too excited to sleep. He knows the man well, he knows the creek of the floor as he walks around. He knows he is just as glad to finally have George here as Dream is.

“I can’t wait to prove I’m taller than him.”

Dream rolls his eyes, suppressing a smile. “Shut up. George is going to be taller and then you’re going to be disappointed.”

Sapnap glares. “He is not taller than me! No shot.”

Karl giggles from the backseat, not commenting. His lack of words speaks volumes.

“I hate y’all.” Sap pouts.

Dream looks back out the window, glancing towards all the exits. He wonders what George smells like. He wonders what he feels like. He wonders if his hair is as soft as it looks or if he’s as loud as he is online or if he-

“Where is Georgeeeeeee,” Sapnap whines against the passenger door, interrupting his never ending wonder over George.

Karl crawls back over the console between them from the backseat, leaning up to press at the buttons on the dash. “I’m hungry,” he sighs.

“Hi hungry, I’m dad.” Dream can’t help but reply.

“You’re dad?” Karl asks with an innocent look through his lashes. “Daddy?”

“Daddy Dream?” Sapnap pipes back up.

He hates them. He actually hates them, he thinks as he giggles out the window.

He goes back to watching the exits, particularly the elevator to the parking garage with an unmatched intensity. Karl and Sapnap are chattering with each other, random things that don’t quite make sense to him so he blocks them out.

George has to come out of that elevator. There’s no way he’s going to walk up three flights of stairs with a suitcase. Unless there is a second elevator somewhere else, this is the spot he’s going to come out of.

He’s going to come out of the elevator any second now.

Any day now.

Soon.

...Probably.

“Is he lost?” Dream groans.

Karl sits up on his elbows, narrowing his eyes around the parking lot. “Isn’t that him? Like literally

right there?”

How the hell did he miss that?!

There he is.

He's here, he's real and he's standing beside the elevator, a cute, confused look on his face while he stares down at his phone. A few people spill out from the elevator behind him, eager to get to their cars just the same as the next. Irrationally he fears every time someone passes in front of him and he loses sight that George will disappear too.

Dream's phone dings in the seat next to him but he's already fumbling out of his seatbelt, unable to tear his eyes away long enough to press the stupid button keeping him locked in place. Finally, he locates it and it releases him with a click.

He all but falls out of the seat, knees buckling, as he rips it off and throws open the door.

He can't care enough to shut it as he spills out and takes off running.

George looks up at the commotion and at first, all he sees is an outrageously tall person running at him at full speed. He looks scared for a split second before his face breaks out in a huge grin. He slips his phone into his pocket so he can run and meet Dream halfway, abandoning his luggage where it stands.

He's so much prettier in real life.

If Dream ever had a sense of personal space before now, it flies out the window the second he's within reach of George. His arms are up and open for a hug and Dream dives into him.

He seizes hold of the man's thin waist and hoists him into the air, squeezing so hard he can feel how his ribs don't expand enough but he doesn't care. The only thing he can care about right now is that George is really here.

George squeals as he's lifted off the ground, throwing his arms around Dream to keep from falling face-first over his shoulder.

“DREAM!” he screeches at the little spin Dream gives them at the impact.

He's so little. Okay, not little, he's a grown man, he's average in every way for height and stature, but compared to Dream he's *small*. Dream has no problem at all holding him off the ground, burying his face in the junction between his neck and his chest.

He smells nice. He feels like a dog sniffing him but he can't get enough. He wants to smother George entirely, touch every inch of him he can. All of those years of pining and angst and hurt without the comfort of being able to touch each other, all the quiet I love you's and the saccharine words laced with honey and yearning dripped across a screen. His everything is *here*, in his arms, and he doesn't think he's ever going to be able to let go of him again.

“Dream,” George breathes heavily, lacing delicate fingers through the back of his hair, tugging gently as if he can't decide if he wants to bury Dream's face into his chest more despite his nose pressed against the apple of his neck or pull him away so he can get a better look at him.

“George,” Dream breathes back, hot breath condensing against cool skin that slowly grows sticky to the touch in the humidity. He presses his lips against his neck. It's not a kiss, it's nowhere near a kiss, it's nothing more than a promise and yet George gasps as if he had.

“Are you going to put me down?”

“No.” Dream grins.

“Okay.”

Knees bracket his hips, legs wrapping around his waist and a heel digs into his ass as he makes himself comfortable, settling around his hips.

“Ouch, George,” Dream repeats his name. It feels like a dream, no pun intended. Nothing about it feels real and yet here he is, a solid weight in his arms. He’s real. There’s the freckle under his eye that Dream stares at every night aching to kiss, there’s the scar running through his eyebrow and the smooth expanses of pale skin he wished to lick and bite and suck until it blossoms into pretty blotches of pink and purple.

“I wanna hug too!”

George’s arms tighten around his neck in surprise as Dream spins around to see both Karl and Sapnap standing behind them, forgotten in his haste to get to George.

Sapnap doesn’t waste any time, wrapping his arms around the elder and smothering him against Dream as he hugs him from behind, pressing up against his back so close his knee brushes Dream’s underneath the man in his arms.

“Okay okay, put me down,” George begins to struggle against them both, cheeks pink. He puts up a fight until his feet touch the ground, huffing in annoyance at being picked up. As soon as he’s down though, he immediately goes for Karl, throwing his arms around his neck in much the same fashion as he had gone in for with Dream.

Karl giggles, jumping up and down and forcing George to follow.

“KARL”

“GEORGE”

George lets him go and continues to bounce excitedly on his heels, looking between the three like he can’t decide who to focus on. He bumps into Sapnap, face alight like Christmas had come early, and eventually settles on Dream, knocking elbows with him.

“I’m here!”

“You’re here!”

It feels dumb to repeat themselves over and over but it still feels so surreal.

Sapnap decides to be nice, grabbing George’s abandoned luggage and dragging it over to them before it gets stolen.

“Ready to go home?” he asks.

The word has a nice ring to it, so complete and whole with everyone here now.

“Yeah. Actually,” George starts towards the car. “Can we get takeaway first? I’m starving.”

“Yes! I was just saying I was hungry,” Karl agrees quickly, locking arms with George as they begin back towards the car.

“Can we get *takeaway* ?” Sapnap mocks behind him in an over-the-top British accent.

George narrows his eyes. “Oh excuse me, *y’all* wanna go get some take- *out* ?” He mocks right back, obnoxiously American.

Dream didn’t know what the hell he expected to happen when he invited George to live with Sapnap. The two are inherently fine by themselves. But together?

Oh no. This is his life now.

He kinda likes it though, the annoying banter is fun even when it’s... annoying.

“Before we get in the car we gotta stand back to back, Dream you’re gonna measure and tell us who’s taller. And you gotta push his fucking hair down to do it so it’s accurate-”

Dream can only groan.

George leaves his suitcase by the front door, more entranced by the promise of the Chinese food that Sapnap is guarding with his life than finding his room and getting settled. The only thing that deters him from the food is a hunt for Patches throughout the house at the mention of her name.

He makes himself right at home, opening doors and walking into rooms until he finds her. When he returns, Patches is in his arms like a baby, little paws curled up against her chest, purring happily at the affection.

“I love her.” George deadpans to the group before breaking out in a huge smile. “She’s so much cuter in person. Look at these!” He touches her paw gently.

Dream glares, suddenly very jealous of his own damn cat.

“Don’t feed her any, last time she ate this stuff she puked under my desk,” Sapnap curls his lip up at the memory.

“Poor baby,” George mummurs sympathetically, sitting down in the floor with his back to the couch, holding her close. He scratches at her belly and chest, meowing softly to get her to do the same back. Of course she does, because she’s a sweetheart and Dream loves her dearly, but all he wants is for George’s attention to be back on him not her.

“Dream, we talked about this the other night, didn’t we?” Karl hums as if he knows exactly what he’s thinking about right now.

Dream turns his attention from George to regard him. “What?”

“Glaring when you want attention,” Karl wraps his arms around his waist, nose pressed into his shoulder.

As his words set in, he feels his face grow hot.

George looks up at him curiously and Sapnap has that knowing look again as if he just *knows* what Dream wants so badly. Belatedly he asks himself is he really that obvious?

“Okay, okay, that’s- okay. I’m not,” he fumbles, looking at the food on the coffee table to avoid

their amused eyes.

Karl squeezes a little harder.

Sapnap gives him a merciful break, not pressing the conversation and focuses on passing out food, engaging George in conversation that he can't hear past the embarrassment ringing in his ears.

"You know," Karl whispers so lightly only he can hear. "If George won't hold you, I will."

His heart races at the implications, cheeks burning for a whole new reason. "Karl."

"Hmm?"

"Don't you think that's kinda..."

Karl giggles like the ringing of bells against his shoulder. "That was kinda... you know..." he mocks.

"Stop," Dream grins, shaking himself loose.

"Quit flirting and take your food," Sapnap holds out two boxes for them. Dream accepts both, handing one to Karl and takes a seat in the floor next to George.

Patches has enough of the attention after a while, freeing herself and running off with a quiet mewl.

He can't believe he just got jealous of a cat.

The food is shared with boisterous conversation well into the night. George gloats about being an inch taller until Sapnap turns red and Karl uses his chopsticks to steal out of any unguarded meals. Dream gets into it with George over a coding topic and sneers when he's right, then eagerly talks about football, even though Sapnap is really the only one who understands enough about the game to care. They talk about everything and nothing at the same time and all the while he can't get over how perfect it all is.

They stay seated all together long after the boxes are emptied, carrying on laughing and joking. It's so much better than a voice call. Here, their shoulders bump together as they shake with laughter, legs are thrown over his and soft hands shove playfully at him and his teasing.

The four naturally migrate closer and closer until there is nothing but a pile of limbs. It isn't until George's head lulls onto his shoulder, eyes barely open that they begin to part ways, Karl and Sapnap disappearing upstairs and leaving him and George.

"Go to bed," he shakes him lightly. "It's late."

"No," George groans. "I don't wanna."

"It's not that far," Dream looks off towards the hallway. "I'll even get your stuff for you."

"Carry me."

Dream huffs, standing up and letting George drop on his own. "I'm not going to carry you and your stuff, you idiot. Get up."

George and the endless noises he makes sometimes. The sound he makes doesn't even remotely resemble a human as he hauls himself to his feet, staggering sluggishly.

Dream makes quick work of grabbing his suitcase and leads the way, George complaining the entire walk. "I literally know you can carry me, it's so rude that you won't right now."

Dream rolls his eyes. "If you need help putting stuff up, or if you need anything or... anything, just come get me okay?" he pushes open the door to the room he's always labeled as George's. "I'm literally next door."

"Okay," George sighs, going straight for the bed. It's made up with generic bedding, something he had found at the store and thrown on for when Drista or his mom occasionally stayed the night in the past. Someday soon he'll take him to the store so he can pick out his own bedding but this will serve its purpose for the night.

He flops down face first, seeming content to not move again.

Dream smiles, setting the suitcase down and stepping towards the door. He hopes he will at least get up long enough to change his clothes and brush his teeth.

"Night, George."

"Night," he throws a sleepy smile over his shoulder that makes his heart beat erratically with a swell of emotion.

He makes his way to his own room, but shutting the door behind him doesn't change the fact that the house is finally full.

Dream can't quite place the feeling he gets as the three settle into bed for the night but if he tried to label it would be content. Whole, even, with George being the missing puzzle piece to their home. The whole house seems to buzz with life even in the dead of night. He stops outside in the hallway, lingering for a moment and taking it all in before he shuffles into his room.

For once his room doesn't feel all that empty, knowing on the other side of the wall is George.

Sleep comes easily after that.

That's not to say the dark isn't still a little scary though.

He's dead asleep when he hears someone creeping around in the hallway.

At first, he writes it off as George going to the bathroom, but he never hears the door open. Instead, the creaks continue over and over before coming to a stop just outside his door. He can feel the presence like pinpricks on the back of his neck and the longer it stays there the more on edge he becomes.

He waits for something to happen and he can almost pretend he imagined it all when nothing comes after several agonizing minutes.

That is, until the door knob twists slowly and then stops.

The creaks continue once more before whoever it is is back at his door, twisting it open again.

He strains his eyes to the door as it pushes open and a shadowy figure too big to be George stands

in the doorway. It's strikingly familiar to the one he saw that night so long ago.

Suddenly he's paralyzed with fear.

His breath stops as the figure moves. It's not the chair this time, it's not an inanimate object this one is real, *it moves*.

He forces his non-complying body into action, grabbing his phone and shining the flashlight in the direction of the creature.

Dark brown eyes squint back at him, a giant pillow clutched against his chest making him appear bigger than he actually is.

"Dream."

"George! You scared me," he whimpers, flopping back against the bed. "What are you doing just standing outside my door? It's..." he glances at his phone. "Past four."

George ignores his dramatics. "Can I come lay in here with you?"

"Wha?" His sleep-addled brain struggles to keep up.

George's hand rubs sleepily at his face, waiting for an answer.

Dream gives him a proper look. He can see the bags under his eyes from here, giving him a haughty look. His hair is mussed from sleep, sticking up oddly and his shirt hangs loosely off one shoulder, shorts disappearing underneath the fabric.

"What's wrong?"

"Can I sleep in here with you? Please?" He repeats desperately. "Or at least try? I can't sleep."

He sounds pitiful as he begs for a spot in Dream's bed. Even if George didn't have a permanent hold on his heart it would pull at his heartstrings. "Yeah, yeah of course."

George walks into his room and falls into his bed like it's the most natural thing in the world. He supposes it is, considering the number of times he's laid his phone in the bed so they could sleep call or talk well into the night.

Dream scoots so his back is to the wall, giving George plenty of space to get comfortable.

In the darkness, he brings his own pillow up, slapping it down where Dream's had just been moments ago, and pulls his legs up under the blankets with a deep, aggravated sigh.

"Why can't you sleep?"

"I don't know," he whines, looking troubled.

Dream accepts the answer and doesn't push. He instead grabs the pillow he always cuddles to his chest and puts it in between them, situating it just right so they'd both be comfortable. It kills him but he knows there needs to be a barrier.

"What are you doing?" George hisses.

"Just putting a pillow in between us, go to sleep."

George frowns. “Why?”

“I uh. Heh. I don’t want to grab you in the middle of the night,” he thinks back to his exes and how annoyed they would get when he wrapped around them like a sloth on a tree. “I like to cuddle a lot. If I don’t I’ll be all over you.”

“Oh, so you’re a cuddler, huh?” George teases with a sleepy grin. He rolls over onto his side, hitching a leg up and burying his face in his pillow. “I don’t care if you want to cuddle.”  
What.

“Really?”

“It might help me sleep better honestly.”

Dream digs his fingers into the pillow tightly, unsure. He can get clingy when he sleeps, he doesn’t want to keep George up even longer by crawling all over him.

George huffs and grabs the pillow, handing it back to Dream.

His heart beats harder as he accepts it, tossing it behind his back at the wall behind him.

“Come here,” George whispers, and how in the world is he supposed to resist that?

Dream shuffles closer. When he doesn’t say anything further, he presses into his side, adoring how their bodies lined up from his shoulders down to where George ended, socked feet pressing against his shin.

They breathe in tandem as they both struggle for sleep. Minutes pass in silence, but George couldn’t sleep in the first place and now Dream is too acutely aware of the other to even try. He feels every breath he takes, every shuffle of his limbs against the bed, he swears he could even feel him thinking.

Tension grows, making sleep impossible.

George breathes in deeply and Dream is already bracing for the rejection that is sure to come. The *scoot over I’m hot or it’s too much, put the pillow back.*

He knows it’s coming. He knows it too well. Dream liked to be too close to others, wrapped up in someone else but it seems like no one else feels the same.

Which is why it’s such a surprise when it never comes.

“I just wanna sleep,” George whines. “I’m so tired.”

“I’m sorry, baby,” Dream mumbles. He’s so tired the name slips between his lips without a thought.

He freezes.

Fuck.

“Mm not a baby,” George pouts, thankfully misinterpreting the word. “I’m exhausted and my brain just won’t turn off.”

Dream sighs, a gentle hand stretched over the expanse of his side in a comforting hold.



They sit in the uncomfortable silence even longer, both trying to think of ways to help him fall asleep when an idea comes to him.

“Want me to rub your back?” Dream offers as if it isn’t his own selfish desire urging him to put his hands all over him. “It might help.”

“You wanna give me a massage?” George huffs. “In bed?”

Dream’s ears burn. “To help you go to sleep, yeah.”

He thinks about it for a minute and then turns to look at Dream a little better. “Okay. Want me to take my shirt off?”

“What-whatever you want to do.” His eyes widen. He wasn’t expecting George to go that far but he can’t say he disapproves of the idea of getting one less layer of clothes between them.

George regards him out of the corner of his eye and then slowly wiggles out of his shirt.

It’s not sexual, it’s not even remotely sensual the way he worms around, but with every inch of skin that’s exposed the more Dream begins to drool.

He tosses the shirt into the floor, completely at home in the room that isn’t his. He tuffs his arms back under the pillow, closing his eyes and waiting.

The strange tension between them grows.

Dream swallows tightly. Even in the darkness he can make out broad shoulders and a pretty dip in the small of his back, delicate ribs rising and falling with each deep breath he takes.

His muscles jump at the first skim of Dream’s knuckles down to the dip he had been admiring, unable to help himself from starting there. The subtle dip is mesmerizing and he digs his thumbs into it gently, tracing up the line of his spine.

His back is smooth, dotted with pretty freckles and moles like constellations against a milky sky. He runs over the lines of muscle and soft curves of his sides all the way up to his neck.

After a while, he gets his fill of tracing and starts to dig his thumbs into the knots he finds in his shoulders as he goes back down his back, working them loose. A particularly hard one made George whine breathlessly, squirming under his palms. The sheets rustle as he digs his fingers into the bedding, trying his best to stay still.

Dream does it again just to hear him once more, watching the way he preens and presses into the mattress both trying to escape the pain from Dream working his muscles loose and trying to get more.

A burning desire makes itself known in his gut, swirling with every pretty moan he earns.

Dream quickly moves on before he gets too turned on, choosing instead to draw pictures. He draws a smiley face and a sun, a flower, and a boat sailing on imaginary waves. He skimmes his fingers up his sides, enjoying the light shivers he got in return, and trails his nails down his back. The nail polish dulls the edges some but it must have felt good enough that George didn’t care.

No one speaks.

Slowly the tension melts into soft snores that meet his ears after a few minutes of this.

He grins, peering over George's shoulder. His face is pressed into the pillow and mouth open wide, a small trickle of drool falling into his bedding beneath him the longer his mouth is ajar.

Dream's heart soars as he reaches out, gently running his thumb over the slit in his eyebrow, the silly childhood scar making his face just that much more perfect.

He pours all of his love in the touch and then settles back down, wrapping his arms around his bare stomach and tangling their legs together.

He can't fall asleep immediately. Every twitch or shuffle George does has him perking up to see if he wakes. When he doesn't though, he lays back down on their now shared pillow, nosing the base of his neck.

Finally, what seems like years later, sleep takes him back as well.

He's so warm.

Dream buries his face into the soft hair beneath him, wrapping his arms around the person tighter. They're a solid weight beneath him, and the heat radiating between them keeps his mind from functioning.

It feels like dreams he's had in the past. The faces of the person always seem to shift but what remained the same was the way they stay so still for him, letting him use their body until he wakes with a wet spot on the mattress and a pillow in his arms. He'd be embarrassed admitting to it awake but it was his favorite dream to have.

The heat radiates inside him as well, burning down to his core. He can't help but roll his hips, seeking more of that blinding heat.

The ache in his groin is hardly relieved by this, begging for more that he gives into all too easily. He holds on tighter, rutting into the pillow.

A small moan escapes his lips, soft and sweet in the morning hours as he digs his morning wood into supple thighs of his dream below him. He's almost positive it's a pillow and he only imagines the way they squeeze and tighten around him.

He drifts back into the dream he had been having previous, disoriented from the strange, changing and distorted world around him. There's a chair and someone is talking to him, but then he's back in the real world and that burning heat is surrounding him, then he's back in the dream and Sapnap is there holding a net, and why the fuck does he have a net-

"Dre'm," the voice mutters sleepily.

He holds on tighter, rocking into the pillow more.

"Dream," the voice says more firmly.

The person in the dream never said his name like that before. It sounds like a warning-

A strong palm presses against his forehead and pushes his face back. Dream whines, struggling to follow its lead though he has no choice in the end against the unexpected force behind the touch.

His eyes fly open, hands ripped from the thighs he had been squeezing below him as he struggles to keep himself up.

Dream looks down, startled. He's met with soft brown eyes, gentle in understanding but firm in their decision to stop this.

It only takes him a second to realize it wasn't at all a dream. It wasn't the mattress or a pillow he had been humping but *George*. George who had come to him for comfort last night and now he was taking advantage of him in his sleep.

Panic seizes him down to his very soul as he scrambles to get away, eager to put distance between them and let George run away like he's probably dying to do.

Who does this shit?? Creeps, that's who. He doesn't want to be a creep.

"You okay?" George blinks over at him. His voice is gruff with sleep, deeper than normal.

He shouldn't be asking him that, it should be the other way around. "I'm so sorry, George! Oh my god I wasn't..." he doesn't even know what to say. His brain is foggy and his dick aches between his legs.

George looks conflicted as he rolls over on his side. His bare shoulders peek out from under the blankets and that really doesn't help him *at all*. It makes him think of what else is under the blankets. He looks away quickly.

"No, I'm sorry Dream."

"You don't need to apologize you did nothing wrong--"

"I was awake when you started... you know, and I didn't wake you up or push you off like. As *soon* as you started doing it. And I know that was really wrong."

"Still George," he pushes golden hair off his forehead, distressed. "That doesn't excuse--"

"I liked it," George admits, cutting him off.

Dream stops, looking back to the other in surprise. "You liked it?"

What the hell does that even mean?

George squirms in his silence, cheeks flushed.

"What do you mean?" He asks tentatively.

George burns. "Do you like me Dream?"

His throat tightens. "Of course I do."

"Do you like me as more than a friend?" George clarifies his questions, tensing as if he's bracing himself for the answer.

What is the correct answer here? He wants to admit it. He wants to tell George everything like a giant can of beans that he could rip the lid off and shake out all over the floor, but there's a certain fear that stops him. He hasn't even been here a day and Dream is already going to dare to jeopardize their friendship like this? Because he's a little horny?

No. He can't.

"I like you." Pretty brown eyes gaze up at him, watching his features shift as he spirals.

"You like me?" He repeats as if the words are connecting with the meaning. "Like more than a friend?"

"I've always liked you."

"Oh." Dream breathes.

That changes some things.

"Do you like me though?"

It feels like they're kids admitting to schoolyard crushes instead of this filthy situation.

For once he can see his own fear reflected in George, the briefest flicker of hope lighting his face when Dream nods frantically. "Yes." He whimpers.

"So show me what you were dreaming of," George sits up, running a pale hand down the expanse of Dream's chest. The thin fabric of his shirt does little to stop the touch from scorching him. "If that's okay. Is it?"

His heart pounds. Dream doesn't think he's ever wanted something more. It's driving him mad to have the source of all his pent-up emotions to touch him like this, offering him everything he's ever wanted on a silver platter.

"Actually the dream itself wasn't all that good," he halfheartedly jokes. The words stall in his mouth as his brain struggles to cope with the fact that George is actually touching him right now in this context. "It was weird. I think Sapnap was there and there was something about a net, like a fishing net? And a chair."

"Oh, that's weird."

"Yeah."

"So what got you worked up?" George teases, nail ghosting over his nipple as he slides his hand down his chest.

He shivers, enraptured by the sudden confidence oozing from the other. "You. I could kind of feel you, I just didn't know it was you."

"Did I feel good?"

As if he doesn't already know the answer.

"God, yes," Dream reaches out, curling fingers over a half-clothed hip, the man's shirt lost to his floor still. He pulls, testing to see if George will follow and *he does*. He does so without hesitation, prowling over the bed and straddling his hips.

Dream falls back against the pillows, taking in the sight above him. George looks so pretty in the morning light, even with his bedhead that makes his hair stand up in odd places and the way his eyes are still puffy from sleep. He wouldn't have him any other way.

Beneath the fabric of his sleep shorts his excitement makes itself known but all Dream can do is

hang onto his hips with a grip so hard it'll surely bruise and wait for his next move.

The elder sits on his hips completely, trepidation showing beneath the mask of confidence he had taken on.

"If you want to stop we can, George," he soothes earnestly.

"I don't want to stop. You want this too don't you?"

The urge to be completely honest bubbles up inside and this time he doesn't push it down. "Yes. George, I will take anything and everything I can get from you... or uh. With you? Or what you want to give to me? Is... okay, that. That came out weird I dunno..." he trips over his words, looking up with wide eyes to see if the other is understanding anything he's trying to convey.

*What a simp*, he thinks to himself.

George seems to have the same sentiment when he smiles, eased by the reassurance. He thumbs at the hemline of Dream's pajama pants, promisingly.

Slowly he slips his fingers beneath the band and tugs down as if he expects to see the tops of his underwear. Instead, he's met with only skin and the trail of sparse hair running down from his navel to the base of his cock.

"Commando? Dreammm," George teases, letting the band pop back into place.

Dream chuckles. "It's comfy."

His fingers trail down over the hard bulge in the old worn pajama pants and fiddles with the button on the front. Dream's hips move before he can think, thrusting up into the touch, so desperate for more. He wonders how long he had been rubbing against the other before he woke him up to be this worked up already but it feels like he's burning up from the inside out. Or maybe it's just because it's *George* who's doing this to him.

He doesn't know. But if he doesn't touch him soon he thinks he might combust.

"Is this okay?"

"George," his name is a prayer against his lips, said with such reverence he might as well have been a god. "Literally anything you do right now will be okay."

He can see the glint in his eyes when Dream says that, a sharp snark on the top of his tongue but Dream continues on before he can be a brat and ruin the moment. "You don't know how much I want you," Dream sighs, a little overwhelmed with it all. "Or how long I've wanted you."

The snark dies out with a bite to his inner cheek, melting into a sly smile. George undoes the button he had been toying with, slipping his hand inside.

The first touch of his cold hand sends a shiver down his spine. He grabs hold of the overheated skin, pulling his cock through the flap and stroking it tentatively.

Georgenotfound is touching his dick. That's nearly enough to send him over the edge alone.

The drag of his skin burns but nothing in him wants to protest, especially not when his palm slides over the head, gathering the precum that hadn't soaked into his pants and dragging it back down his length with a twist that wrecks him.

“Please,” Dream begs for something, anything.

“Please what?”

“Can I touch you too?”

George sets a rhythm, twisting and pumping him over and over. “Yeah,” he nods, pupils blown wide.

Dream wastes no time, grabbing hold of his shorts and dragging them and his underwear down in a single swoop, exposing his cock and leaving the bands to dig into his thighs so they spill over the top.

Dream bites his lip, running his hands up smooth thighs and digging his fingers into the spillage over the band until George whines, asking for more without words.

He looks so good like this. His cock is half hard, a flush spreading down to his chest the longer Dream stares.

He takes a hold of him, breathing growing heavier as his hand can wrap around nearly his entire length without trying.

“Am I still dreaming? It feels like I’m still dreaming,” he asks, pumping him just as fast as George is to him. The skin is velvet under his hand, not too different from his own.

The morning air that is still sluggish in its waking is soon filled with their combined grunts and moans.

“You’re not dreaming, darling,” George punches out between breaths. He reaches down to cup his balls, rolling them with his other hand. Dream chases the feeling, threatening to knock him off with the way he thrust up into his hands.

He actually thinks he’s burning from the inside out. His shirt and the blankets are suffocating him but he can’t tear his hands away to do something about it because that would mean he’d need to quit touching the other and he can’t do that.

“I haven’t even been here a full day and we’re already,” his breath hitches as Dream does the same for him. “Fuck, we’re already doing this.”

He’s right, they’re going too fast. He still can’t really wrap his head around the fact George is even here right now, much less how the hell he ended up in his bed so quickly.

Dream can’t take this anymore. He flips them over so George is the one pressed into the mattress. Now he can lean over and kiss the life out of him all he wants.

It’s everything he’s ever wanted. He fights back for dominance but Dream wins out, taking control until he whines into his mouth that he drinks down, craving more.

His lips are as soft as he always thought they would be, day-old stubble scratching against his own. It looks good on him though and Dream kind of hopes he’ll let it grow a little, just enough so he can feel it again the next day and the day after that because he’ll be damned if this doesn’t happen again.

He kisses his lips until they bruise and moves down his neck and collarbones, biting and sucking at the skin until he’s satisfied with it. He makes the prettiest sounds at the rougher treatment, lost to

their heavy panting, sucking in as much air as they can get before the next kiss.

“Close, m’close,” George whines.

Dream continues his ministrations. He can feel him grow taught like a live wire beneath his hands, clenching as his orgasm rips through him with a whimper that almost sounds like his name.

He continues jerking his quickly softening cock even after the dribbles of cum drip down his hand. He continues until sensitive cries meet his ears. He continues until desperate hands threaten to leave his cock entirely to stop him and only then does he find mercy to stop, spilling over George’s hand between them with one more searing kiss.

The drowsy morning seeps back into the room with a new lust-filled haze, golden and beautiful between them.

Dream collapses back onto his pillow, though he never stops touching George in some way: a gentle hand on his chest, then his stomach, lacing their fingers together as they catch their breath and calm down.

“George?” He asks, uncertain about... everything.

Gorgeous brown pools gaze at him and he wonders if he’s always looked at him like that or if it’s some post-coital feeling that fills his features with utter love and adoration.

“Hmm?” He turns on his side to face him, pretty hair fanned out across the pillow like Dream always dreamed it would.

He has so many questions but none of them can force their way past the fog in his brain.

“Are you freaking out?” George asks after a minute.

“A little.” He admits.

“Me too.”

That makes him feel somewhat better.

“Did... I mean...” awkward tension begins to grow, ruining the mood. “I like you. A lot... and I have for a long time.”

He neglects to share that he likes someone else too. Two others actually. That’s information to share another day.

... If ever.

“Me too,” George grins. “So this is okay, right?”

“Yeah I think so,” their fingers tighten around each other’s between the sheets.

## Chapter End Notes

As always, let me know what you think!





## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap and Karl find out about Dream and George's relationship, while Dream is desperately missing Sapnap, wanting to talk to him about George's strange behavior. Karl is acting strangely too though, leaving Dream with more questions than answers.

### Chapter Notes

Please note that the next chapter will have recreational drug use! If that bothers you I suggest not reading further. It won't be a main activity that occurs often in this fic but it will happen a couple of times in the future.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George loves having his hair played with. It's probably one of Dream's favorite things about him now that he's figured it out.

He runs his fingers through silky locks and George practically purrs, preening into the touch with a happy hum at every tug through his tangles. He twirls it around his finger and scrapes his nails against his scalp just to hear his pretty little sighs of content, his body completely lax with comfort.

Quiet mornings like this are more of a rarity than he expected them to be, so he soaks it up the most he can, basking in the warm glow. He's lucky he woke up so early today, otherwise, he wouldn't get this and for once he isn't cursing himself for being up before the sun.

George is awake now too, but his eyes are still shut, arms wrapped around Dream as he lays on top of him. His knees squeeze around Dream's thigh as he tries to bury himself into the blankets more, growing impossibly closer.

"I'm gonna fall back asleep if you keep doing this," he whispers into Dream's bare chest, breath ghosting over his skin and leaving goosebumps in its wake.

"You can, baby," he assures quietly, never stopping his ministrations. He curls his fingers behind his ear, stroking down the soft skin and then finding his way back to his hair.

He had tried to keep the hope in his voice to a minimum but he knows he failed when George begins to shuffle.

"I can't, I gotta get up."

"No, stay with me," He whines, using his free hand to trace down his neck and back. "I'll make you feel good if you do," he promises sweetly as if they hadn't came a few hours ago.

"No, it's too soon," George grumbles into his chest.

"Okay," Dream huffs with a laugh, returning his hand to his hair to massage gently. "You could

still stay though.”

“No, I shouldn’t.” his words are final, leaving no room for Dream to continue trying to keep him in bed.

He wants to ask why but the question dies in his throat before it can even begin to form on his lips.

All he can think is how did he end up in this situation?

George begins to pull away and as usual, he feels his heart begin to sink into the pits of his stomach. He doesn’t at all understand why he won’t stay with him in bed like this. He feels more like a kicked puppy asking their master to stay home from work for the day rather than someone asking their best friend to stay in bed after having sex.

Dream sighs deeply, verging on a groan as he feels his disappointment build. George presses his usual goodbye kiss to his lips, Dream’s hands falling from his hair the farther away he gets. He misses the silky touch already.

George pulls back with a frown marring his perfect face. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothin,” Dream shrugs.

George’s hair tickles his nose as he leans over him one more time for another kiss. He’s so sweet in the mornings, all soft touches and languid kisses before he inevitably sneaks back to his own room in their own messy version of a walk of shame. “Would you tell me if there was something?”

“Of course,” he lies.

“Okay.” he pulls away entirely. “I’ve got to go.”

Dream wants to yell *no, you don’t!* But he knows it would do no good, it’s their routine at this point.

He almost begs. Or pulls him back down into the sheets. Maybe if he can wring another orgasm out of him he’ll be too tired to make his escape.

Dream watches him scoot to the edge of the bed, sheets falling away at his waist and exposing the most recent love bite on his chest courtesy of Dream himself. A few more litter his neck, soft purples looking much harsher in the dark room, and there may even be one on his wrists if he really looks for it.

George leans down, scooping his t-shirt up and sliding his pajama pants back on. “Got any plans for today?”

The conversation is light and airy despite everything between them both said and unsaid. He keeps that same vibe as he replies, “no, I don’t have anything. You?”

“Nope. Just spending time with you,” He gives one last pretty smile over his shoulder before walking towards the door. “See you at breakfast?”

Dream nods though he’s not too sure he’ll make it.

George opens the door, sticking his head out first to check and see if the coast is clear before slipping out.

His absence seems to mock the warm sheets he left behind.

Dream waits until he hears the click of George's door opening and shutting before grabbing a pillow- George's pillow- and groaning into it, loud and unabashed.

Fuck.

George has been here a week now, and this is the best they can do? He thought it took 21 days to make a habit of something. Or is that to break one? He can't remember, but it doesn't matter anyway. It's already become a habit for them because it's the same thing, Every. Single. Night.

They've got it down to a T. Like clockwork, the second Dream decides it's late enough, he announces to whoever he's with he's going to bed and exactly twenty minutes after his mattress creaks, George comes knocking, politely asking if he can spend the night again. He knows he could say no and George would turn right back around and leave, but who could say no to big doe eyes batting long eyelashes and whispering, *'I can't sleep without you, Dreamie.'*

No one. No one could say no to that.

He always pulls back the blankets for him and George slithers in, so used to being there that he leaves his pillow most mornings in preparation for the next night. And every night without fail they jerk each other off and promptly pass out, wrapped up in each other tight with tacky cum drying on their stomachs. He takes this time to really explore George as much as he will let him, playing with his nipples, grabbing his ass, pinching thighs, and whatever else he can get away with before George is whining to cum and go to sleep.

And the next morning when the sun filters in through the cracks in the curtains, George kisses him sweetly, exits the room, and joins them at breakfast as if none of it ever happened.

He's not sure if that's what he wants or not.

On one hand, it would be humiliating when the others find out about their nightly escapades but on the other he just wants George to admit they're something more than those moments in the night. He wants the same affection he got that first morning with the way the man had tentatively admitted to liking him.

They aren't avoiding each other by any means, it isn't as if regularly jerking each other off has made things weird between them. They hang out and do stuff but the entire time neither one of them mentions it. It's going to actually drive him insane.

He just wishes there was someone he could talk to about the way George is acting and get advice. Does he press the issue? Or accept what he's been given and deal with his feelings another time?

He can't talk to George because it's about George, and he can't talk to Sapnap because... he's never around anymore.

His heart clenches painfully.

The thought kills him. They used to talk about everything together but lately, it doesn't even feel like he's seen him.

That isn't quite true though. None of them have gotten to the point where they're trying to establish a schedule or start working again. They're all still in their honeymoon phase as Sapnap keeps calling it. They're all obsessed with being around each other constantly. They watch movies, play games, and lounge around. It doesn't matter what they're doing, they're doing it together.

Even at night apparently.

It just seems like he's had more than enough alone time with George, and even Karl sat down with him and painted his nails again, this time maroon with a single white nail for the Sooners. He knows having game day nails was usually reserved for suburban moms and it's a little odd, but he had a great time with Karl while he was doing it. It's only Sapnap time that he's lacking.

He misses late nights sitting in the floor at Sapnap's desk while he plays games. He misses watching football together or even anime shows and listening to him talk about skating. He would even settle for sitting in his room alone if it meant Sapnap would do the same and play games together like they used to. He'd go so far as to practice buildmart with him if he'd only ask.

But he does all that with Karl now. Karl likes anime a lot more than Dream does. He knows how to skate too, so when Sapnap takes off for the skate park, Karl is right there with him. Karl's room is right next to his even, so why would he walk down the stairs to spend time with Dream when someone so much better is right there next to him?

The quiet room offers no signs of relief for his budding jealousy.

He'll admit, he brought Karl here for selfish reasons. He thought if Karl is here Sapnap will stay too, but it seems the opposite is true.

God, he's so lonely. In a house full of people, that he *wanted* to be full of people, *his* people, he's starting to feel more and more isolated.

It's not George's or Karl's or Sapnap's fault but it hurts all the same.

For the first time since everyone moved in, he misses breakfast. He stays in bed listening to the movement outside his door, the boisterous laughs, and clanking of dishes as everyone wakes and begins their day. If they could cook better they would probably make something but he knows all three of them are next to useless in the kitchen so they are probably resorting to cereal and frozen waffles.

He's proven right by the repeated dings of the toaster. It brings a smile to his face despite the whirlpool of emotions raging inside of him.

Things quiet down after that but never fully. It's one of the joys of so many people living together. It's more comforting than he wants to admit, even when he's doing nothing but laying in bed and listening.

Dream only manages to pry himself out of bed around the afternoon at the insistence of his stomach. He can't stay in bed forever but it's kind of tempting today.

Not giving in to that temptation though, he slips on a pair of sweats and a shirt, grabbing some sneakers as well before he exits his room.

The walk down the hallway is long, the sirens call of his bed lingering in the back of his head.

"Good morning sleepyhead," Karl hums excitedly the second he comes within view of the others.

He and George are curled up in the floor together on a pile of blankets, controllers in hand. They actually look really cute together like this, he begrudgingly admits. Karl doesn't often wear lounge clothes, much more preferring his colored jeans and oversized sweaters everywhere he goes, but today he dons soft-looking black pants with his usual sweater and cute glasses that sit on the tip of his nose.

George on the other hand is wearing Dream's shirt that he had stolen from his bedroom floor the

other day. He probably waited long enough that the others wouldn't be suspicious of the article of clothing before slipping it on with his favorite grey sweats. It swallows him whole, bunching oddly and the short sleeves falling below his elbows. His hair had once been as long as Karl's, but the new haircut he got the other day suited him much better.

Dream is starting to wonder if he's got a thing for brunettes or if it's specific to these two.

Karl had brought some of his older gaming systems with him when he came, the ones that require chords and sitting really close to the tv to reach. The two are stretched out, laying on their bellies and staring up at the screen so close he almost wants to repeat his mother's words so often said to him as a kid, "back up before you ruin your eyesight."

"Wanna play some games?" Karl offers the remote up at him.

Dream shakes his head. "Nah I'm gonna grab some breakfast and then work out some. Where's Sapnap?" Hope tinges his voice like the most pathetic bell.

"Asleep in the chair," George huffs, looking across the room.

He had been too focused on George and Karl to even see the other.

Sure enough, Sapnap is dead asleep in the recliner, Patches curled lazily on his chest and snoozing right alongside him. He's got Dream's green and white blanket thrown across his legs, both hands on Patches as they snore in tandem.

Fuck, he's really cute like that too.

He can't handle this.

Dream shakes his head with a smile and heads to the kitchen, grabbing a blueberry muffin out of a package on the counter that he doesn't remember buying. It's not half bad though, so he begins to scarf it down with a glass of water.

Halfway through the muffin he looks up and finds George watching him with a smirk. The second they make eye contact he purses his lips, sending a kiss his way that leaves Dream sputtering.

"George!" He coughs, fighting the crumbs of muffin threatening to choke him.

George laughs, going back to their game.

Dream rolls his eyes with a huff, swallowing down the last of his food and heading off to their gym without another glance back at the other two, lest he nearly choke again.

It's not exactly a gym. It's a bedroom with some weights, a treadmill, and a couple of other machines, but it makes up for being unable to go to the actual gym.

Sometimes it's just too scary to go outside. He can never know if he'll somehow be recognized someday. What if the green and white bracelet on his wrist gives him away? Or his voice when he says good morning to someone?

It's scary out there, so he makes do.

George and Karl have yet to make use of the room, but he and Sapnap always leave a speaker in the room that he connects his phone to and turns on some music once he's in range, shutting the door behind him so he doesn't have to be quiet.

Working out is quite nice. Running on the treadmill quiets his anxious brain, and the music doesn't give him much time to think about George or Sapnap or even Karl for that matter. He does a mile before he quits and moves on.

Everything around him is just becoming so jumbled.

Going on to weights gives him something to do with his hands, the burn in his arms replacing the ache left by George's absence this morning.

He loses track of how long he's been at it, so lost in the music and weights that he is curling up and down that he doesn't notice Karl wandering in. It isn't until he sees him out the corner of his eye does he pause.

Sweat drips down his forehead as he looks over at Karl who smiles sweetly once he's been spotted.

"Hey," Dream greets him, puzzled but glad for the company.

"Hey. George and Sapnap wanted to play chess and I didn't want to listen to them."

Dream grins. "Understandable."

"How's..." Karl gestures vaguely around him. "All this going?"

"Good! I can be done though if you want to do something," he jumps at the opportunity.

"Nah that's okay," his eyes trail down Dream. "I can watch."

He keeps the suggestive tone out of his words but they drip with implications all the same. Suddenly he feels very much on display for the man in front of him. The way he looks at him makes him feel like... an object or something.

It's really hot.

"Quit looking at me like that," Dream quickly protests, using the collar of his shirt to wipe at his dripping forehead. Except that pulls the bottom of his shirt up and his gaze feels like a physical touch to his abdomen.

"Like what?"

"Like..." Dream doesn't even know how to describe it with words.

Karl settles down onto the benching machine with a raised eyebrow, waiting for him to elaborate.

"Ugh," he sighs, looking back down to the weights he's holding. "Whatever."

He giggles at Dream's very obvious embarrassment. "Keep going."

Dream scrunches his nose but decides to at least try to finish his workout.

... But it's so much harder to focus on working out when a fluffy-haired brunette is in his ear, laughing at his phone and cracking jokes, and looking at him like he's going to jump his bones if he turns his back.

"You must be really strong," he coos when Dream goes on to another machine.

"I mean, I guess," Dream stammers. "I'm not like, super strong or anything though."

“Could you pick me up?”

Dream looks him over. “Probably.”

“That’s really hot, Dream.”

“Stop,” he groans, flushed.

When did Karl get to be so forward with his flirting? Holy shit.

He’s suddenly reminded of their night on the couch together, and how they definitely crossed the line with their “friendly” cuddling. How did he get so caught up in George that he completely forgot about that? And Karl’s comments about holding him if George wouldn’t and all the hints and flirty jokes he’s made over the past week. And now, watching him so intently that he can’t breathe and this?

Flirting online is one thing, but taking it this far in real life?

He can only tolerate it for so long before he cracks under the attention.

“Don’t you want to go see what the others are up to?” Dream asks, unfocused with the burning gaze on his back.

“No.” Karl shakes his head with a barely contained quirk of his lips. He knows exactly what he’s doing right now.

“Okay,” Dream struggles not to laugh, setting down the equipment. “Well, I do.”

“Aw. Okay.” He sticks his lip out. Dream forces him to walk out first so he can get a break from the eyes setting him on fire with desire. Karl only fights back with a little laugh before giving in and walking down the hall first.

George and Sapnap are glaring at each other over a chessboard when they reenter the living room, looking to be in the middle of a heated game.

“Now do you want to play a game with me?” Karl invites, pointing to unoccupied blankets and controllers.

“Sure,” he obliges, knowing Karl wasn’t going to give up easily. “Can I shower first?”

“Noooo play with me,” he begs, tugging at Dream’s sweats as he plops himself into the floor.

Dream sighs and gives in once again, trying to calm his labored breaths and racing heart that wasn’t exclusively the result of working out.

“Nice hickey by the way.”

Dream’s neck snaps with how quick he looks to Sapnap, hand flying to his own to hide anything unseemly.

Except Sapnap isn’t even looking at him, he’s looking at George.

At the sudden movement though, the attention shifts from George to him. Sapnap raises an eyebrow and he knows he’s been caught. “Wow.”

“What?” Dream grumbles, looking down at the controller in his hands.

“That was quick.”

Karl hides his smile behind his hand. “I didn’t even realize those were there! Dang Dream you work fast.”

George buried his face in his hands. “Can you guys shut up?”

“So are y’all together now?” Sapnap asks, brushing right over George. There’s an edge to his voice as if to pretend he doesn’t care as much as he actually does.

Dream frowns. There’s a lot to unpack there just from his tone, but the question stalls his brain as he looks to George for an answer. He doesn’t know, he doesn’t even know if there is a label they can fit under. Friends with benefits? Fuck buddies? Best friends? Lovers?

He doesn’t have an answer and neither does George who stays silent, moving a pawn across the board and looking pointedly at Sapnap.

Sap looks down at the board. “Are you stupid? Checkmate, bitch.”

“Wha- that’s not fair you distracted me!” George cries indignantly as his king is taken.

“It is fair-”

“It is not you cheated I want a rematch-”

“No I won-”

The two began to bicker back and forth, shouting over each other to be heard, though it devolved into mindless noise soon enough.

“God, you guys are so loud,” Karl grumbles more to himself and Dream than the two arguing.

“So are you and George together?” He asks quietly, keeping it just between them.

“I don’t think so,” Dream whispers back miserably. “I don’t know. No, but...”

He just doesn’t know.

Belatedly he realizes this is the second time Karl has asked him that question though.

He’s not sure what to make of that. It’s like a little flag waving around in his brain, just like the odd tone Sapnap took when he noticed the hickeys. He wants to make sense of it all, apply some type of meaning to it but it’s too hard right now. It’s something he’s sure he will dwell and fester on late at night after George falls asleep in his arms.

Karl looks just as confused as Dream is with the answer he’s given. “What do you mean?”

“I...” His eyes flicker over to George. He doesn’t really want to have this conversation with him right next to them, but he’s so engrossed in his argument that Dream decides it would be safe enough. “I don’t know. We said we like each other the other night but we’ve just been fooling around since,” his cheeks burn.

“Oh,” Karl’s face falls.

Dream opens his mouth to question his reaction, but Sapnap cuts him off. “George just shut up already, you sore loser. Do y’all want to watch a movie so Gogy can calm down?”



Karl shifts so fast Dream can hardly process it. He gives Sapnap a bright smile and nods. "Sure, what do you want to watch?"

Dream shuts his mouth and tries not to let his confusion show.

George huffs, so very annoyed, and stalks over to the couch, plopping down, much to Sapnap's chagrin.

He glares only for a moment before he makes a big deal of throwing himself on the floor, sticking his tongue out at the older man who sticks his out too in response.

Karl pulls away from him and moves to the couch too, sitting next to George so there's enough room for everyone.

George looks smugly down at Sapnap as he wraps an arm around Karl's shoulders, pulling him in close. Karl doesn't mind it, snuggling in with a happy smile.

"I'm not jealous of you George, I got Dream," Sapnap sneers, throwing his arms around Dream's neck and pulling him close in the same manner.

"I've got Karl, he's better."

"Aw," Dream pouts, though he knows they're just trying to upset each other more.

George rolls his eyes and engages Karl in conversation, the two giggling together quietly in their own little world, leaving him and Sapnap to their devices.

The familiar touch has him melting. He can't even bring himself to protest being dragged and pulled into a more comfortable position. "Aw Sap," he smiles into his shoulder. "I miss you."

He knows the man is only holding him like this to make George jealous but it feels nice either way.

"I miss you too, man," Sapnap rubs at his back a little, fumbling for the remote to find something to watch.

"I'm serious..." An opportunity presents itself if a little awkward in its timing. He goes for it anyways. "Do you want to do something just us tonight? Hang out or something?"

Sapnap turns pink, glancing towards Karl. "I think me and Karl are going to do something tonight actually. Right?"

Karl nods, soft curls bouncing.

"What?" George protests. "Why wasn't I invited?"

"Well you know it's kind of..."

It's a date. It's a date and Sapnap doesn't want to call it for what it is. Dream would call him out on it if he had any room to talk.

"Oh. What about tomorrow then? Maybe we could go get lunch and drive around like we used to?"

They haven't done it in so long, but it used to be their favorite activity when Sap first moved in. They would pile into the car and drive for hours, eating and screaming to song lyrics until their voices were scratchy the next day.

Sapnap grins, bright and pretty. “Yeah! That sounds like fun.”

Dream’s shoulders relax. “Okay cool.”

“And me and George can hang out!” Karl announces excitedly. “Hey Dream, how do you feel about drugs?”

What the fuck.

Dream squints. “Karl?”

“Weed specifically.”

He waits for a punchline or some kind of bit to make itself known but Karl never smiles or laughs. Instead, he stays completely serious, leaning in with wide eyes, waiting for an answer.

“Why are you asking me?” Dream bites the inside of his cheek.

Karl sheepishly looks away. “It’s your house. I sort of bought some the other day but then I was like ‘oh no what if Dream doesn’t want that in the house’ ya know, so I haven’t touched it. It’s not like a lot or anything either man, it’s just a tiny little bit, mostly because I think the guy was trying to rip me off-” he catches his ramblings and stops. “Anyways. Do you mind?”

“Oh umm. No, I don’t mind. Just don’t smoke it in the house? Or at least do it in your room.” He answers before he has time to really think it through before he was put on the spot.

He didn’t even know Karl smoked in the first place. He can’t say that he minds, but it runs along the same lines as caffeine and alcohol to him. He doesn’t understand why anyone would put nasty stuff in their bodies like that.

“Cool! Thanks, I appreciate it. I’ll keep it to a minimum,” he salutes in a promise. “I won’t like. Bring in an entire pound or anything.”

“Are you gonna share?” Sapnap throws his head back with big puppy dog eyes.

“I always do,” Karl shakes his head at his antics.

What the hell?

“Sapnap you smoke?” he asks, stunned. Today just keeps getting weirder and weirder.

“Only with Karl!”

“Can I have some too?” George asks, not looking at Dream.

“I feel left out,” Dream pouts, though they all know if Karl offers him any he’s going to say no.

Karl giggles. “I’ll remember to get more next time. A smoke sesh with the Gogy? Hell yeah, man.”

“Wanna watch that?” Sapnap points to the screen, more out of courtesy than anything as he’s already pressing play before anyone can fully read the description.

The conversation flows on after that, though Dream was still a little caught up in the fact that they all don’t share his same aversion to drugs. Still, he can’t complain. He’s going to spend time with Sapnap! Just them. And they can talk about George and what to do, and maybe he can ask him about Karl and what’s going on there.

Things are beginning to feel like they'll be alright again.

They settle in for the movie, though much to his disappointment, Sapnap's hands don't wander like they did last time. There aren't any lines crossed beyond platonic cuddles and no suggestive looks. He aches to have that back but considering their newly growing relationships with George and Karl he supposes that wouldn't be appropriate anymore.

The four spend the rest of the day like that, until Sapnap promptly stands up and announces he needs to go get ready, Karl following behind shortly after.

Dream moves up to sit on the couch after they leave, stifling a smile when long legs are immediately thrown into his lap as George stretches out.

He's long since lost interest in the movies and so has Dream, engrossed in their phones. Every message they send each other makes him giggle, sitting on the couch so close they're touching yet they're in each other's dms instead of talking. It makes George laugh just as much, especially when Dream sends 'lol' without even cracking a smile.

They stay there together until the other two come back down the stairs, hands brushing innocently between them, dressed in their best clothes.

"Be back later, we're going for dinner," Sapnap says briskly, hurrying to the door.

"Don't wait up," Karl teases, laughing at Sapnap's protests.

The atmosphere shifts as he and George are left alone. The garage squeals, and soon the familiar crunch of gravel lets them know they're totally and completely alone for real now with no chance of being interrupted.

With a coy smirk, Dream runs his hand up George's leg, taking in a breath at how he subtly spreads them further apart in invitation. "Maybe since it's just us we should go to bed early."

George grins shyly. "Yeah, maybe we should."

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

Dream and Sapnap go to lunch together but things take a turn after a half thought out confession in the heat of the moment. The two return home only to find George and Karl in a compromising situation.

### Chapter Notes

I have been looking forward to writing this chapter and the next one since I started this, I hope you enjoy reading! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream is doing his very best to contain himself. He really is. But the promise of going to lunch with Sapnap has a certain feeling building in his chest the closer it gets to time, threatening to burst with every second that passes. He can't put a name to the feeling just yet, but it bubbles and churns in his stomach, feeding up into his lungs and taking over his entire body until he can't sit still.

It starts in the morning when he can't bring himself to lay in bed long enough to enjoy his time with George when he wakes up before him. Usually, he strokes his hair, listens to his heart thumping away, or feels his steady breathing, but this morning he ended up waking him up just to have something to do.

The second it was reasonably appropriate, he got them both up for breakfast and practically speed ran it, and showering too for that matter.

Now it's only noon but he's already ready to go, that is if he could find something to wear.

"Does this look okay?" Dream asks, picking at his shirt and turning to George who is laid out across his bed like a lazy cat. He's definitely made himself at home there, with all the blankets and sheets wadded up beneath him like a body pillow to straddle as he lounges around. Dream wants to bicker about messing up the bedding, but he's too grateful to have company this morning to bring himself to say anything.

"Hmm?" George looks up from his phone, running his eyes over Dream and nodding. "Yeah, sure."

Dream scrunches his nose at the less than excited reaction. "Maybe not the pants right?"

He waits a beat and then shrugs them off before George can respond, turning back to his closet with a deep sigh.

He's not too sure why he even cares so much in the first place, it's not as if they are going somewhere fancy where he needs to look nice. They will probably just get some fast food and drive around, but everything in him is saying he needs to wear something better than the jeans that

are a hair too big and a loose t-shirt.

“This is kinda like a date,” George suggests playfully, watching him in amusement as he looks around his closet.

Dream’s face goes pink at the mere suggestion.

“It is not,” he hisses, keeping his eyes trained on the clothes in front of him, searching for his favorite jeans. He hopes they aren’t in the dirty clothes, otherwise he doesn’t know what he will wear.

Out the corner of his eye, he sees George sit up on his elbows, craning his neck to see the blush now spreading across his face. Dream genuinely hates how easily he blushes in moments like this. “It kind of is.”

“It is not! Seriously, we used to do this all the time together. It was like our thing for a while there,” Dream thumbs through some shirts.

“I know.”

He pauses at that.

George doesn’t sound upset about it necessarily, but resigned, his damper bleeding into his tone. Dream always knew he got a little jealous when they would do things like that, mostly because George could never come along too unless it was over the phone and even that was never enough.

Next time they do this, he promises himself, George and Karl can come along too. Just not today. He needs some time today for things to be about him and Sapnap.

He needs time with his best friend before he loses him.

It’s probably an irrational fear, but at the moment, it feels like more than a possibility. It’s as if every second that passes they aren’t together he can feel him slipping further away.

“What are you and Karl going to do?” Dream tries to change the subject and dismiss the heavy knot in his stomach.

“I dunno,” George dismisses just as easily. “You should wear your cargo pants.”

Dream scoffs, glancing down at the pile of pants at the bottom of his closet. Beneath the stack of jeans and basketball shorts that he doesn’t care enough to hang up, the mentioned cargo pants sit tucked away in a neatly folded pile. “Why?”

He doesn’t necessarily have a problem with them, but he wore them for those few pictures and hasn’t touched them since.

“I bet your ass looks really good in them.”

“What?” He looks incredulously over his shoulder.

George shrugs, lips curling to contain his mirth.

“Why would my ass need to look good anyways?”

He smiles, warm like caramel. “For Sapnap. Duh.”

Dream sputters, hiding further into his closet. “Sapnap doesn’t care what my ass looks like, George.” the *you idiot* tacked on at the end of that sentence is silent, yet still heard.

George stays quiet, and when he peaks back over, his eyebrows are raised, waiting.

“Seriously,” Dream sighs. “What makes you think he would care?”

He genuinely cannot believe he’s having this conversation right now, standing in his boxers with his... his *whatever* laying on the bed.

They still haven’t spoken about their relationship, but he did manage to get George to lay in bed a little longer than usual this morning after Dream woke him up, so he’s counting it as progress.

“Oh my god, just do it!” George insists.

“Guarantee you if you wear them, he will look at your ass at least once.”

Dream worries his lip, thinking it over. Does he want Sapnap to look at his ass?

Not gonna lie, a little bit.

He makes up his mind, bending down and scooping the pants from his floor, and sliding them on.

George is right, he can feel how they hug his hips and thighs a little better than most of his pants as he buttons them, and they look pretty cool with the graphic tee he has on from what he can see in the mirror on the inside of his closet. He slides on some of his better sneakers with it and turns to George.

“Well?”

“Yes, you look really good!”

“... It doesn’t look flat?” he mumbles, ears burning with mortification at even asking the question.

“No your ass doesn’t look flat,” George giggles, thoroughly amused. “You have a nice butt Dream, just accept it.”

“Yeah okay,” he shakes his head.

“Alright fine, don’t believe me but I better get a nice thank you when Sapnap starts drooling on you.”

Dream’s phone dings from its spot next to George’s head. He looks over to it and picks it up, swiping it open to see who messaged him without even asking Dream if it was alright.

“Sapnap said he’s in the car, ready when you are,” he announces. “Want me to tell him you’re on your way?”

“Thanks, babe,” he snarks, crossing the room to yolk his phone out of the other’s hands.

George raises an eyebrow. “Babe?”

“What?” Dream asks, not sure if George is addressing him or commenting on the pet name he had just used.

He sounds far more serious than he had before when he explains, “you only ever call me that when

we're in bed together."

Dream pauses, confused. "I do?"

He could have sworn he's called him that during the day before.

The man shakes his head, looking up at Dream with an unreadable expression. "Nope. Never."

"... Oh."

He doesn't really know what to say, or what that could mean, or why George would bring it up like that.

"You better go," George huffs in his silence, sitting up and stretching.

His shirt rides up, pretty stomach so enticing and on display for him until he drops his arms and the moment ends. Dream knows he's been caught staring when George flashes him a cute little smirk but he doesn't find that he minds all the much. George deserves to know how crazy he drives him, even if it's a bit embarrassing.

"Okay, see you later?" Dream asks hopefully as they both make their way to the door.

The way George had stretched was making his brain foggy, feeling discombobulated. It was taking a lot of self restraint to not turn them both back around to that bed so he could kiss at his stomach and dip a hand beneath the band of his pants.

"You know you will," he touches his wrists, gentle fingers electrifying as they graze the sensitive skin before he's gone altogether, down the hall and up the stairs to find Karl.

Dream blinks, watching him go and wishing he wouldn't at the same time.

Dazed, he makes his way to the car, giving Patches a couple of chin scratches before slipping out the front door.

Seeing Sapnap waiting for him makes him feel a little better, lifting the cloud of emotions off of him ever so slightly.

He's already got the windows rolled down, an arm slung over the door as he waits. He smiles brightly when he sees Dream, his entire face and posture lighting up like a puppy.

There's a hop in his step as Dream crosses the short distance to the other side of the car, all of his anticipation having built up to this exact moment.

"Hey," Sapnap looks him over when he slides into the passenger seat, gaze trailing over his form and then back to his face.

Did he imagine that?? Or did he actually just look at him like that?

"You look really good today," Sapnap smiles sweetly. The comment would be nothing out of the ordinary if it hadn't been for George's earlier implications. Damn him for getting in his head like this.

"Thanks," he forces out, flustered. "Are you ready?"

"Hell yeah man, I think we should get burgers or something easy to eat and drive. Burgers good with you?"

“Yeah,” Dream nods along, eager for anything that Sapnap wants.

The thought of how willingly he’d do anything Sapnap asks of him sends a flare of heat through his core. Damn George again for getting him all riled up and damn Sapnap and his flirting compliments, leaving him all worked up and antsy like this. They’re going to be the death of him. His only salvation is that he hasn’t seen much of Karl this morning, otherwise he surely would combust.

“You’re in charge of music, don’t play dumb shit,” Sapnap tosses his phone at Dream, pulling him from his thoughts.

He unlocks Sapnap’s phone, and opens Spotify, picking out a couple of songs to start. He ends up just putting it on shuffle after that, not wanting to have to constantly pick out different songs the entire time.

“So how’s it going with George?” Sap asks when he puts the phone down on the dash and one of their favorite songs begins to fill the air.

The wind is beginning to pick up some around them as they gain speed down the streets leading out of their neighborhood to the busier parts of the city. The sky is bright blue and beautiful next to the palms that line the streets in the unique atmosphere of fall in Florida. The air is beginning to cool but it’s still muggy out, and the constant scenery of palm trees waving high in the air gives an endless summer feel to every season.

He doesn’t even know where to begin telling Sapnap about George.

“I have no idea,” Dream groans.

“Wanna talk about it?”

The question unleashes all the pent-up emotion he’s been feeling these past few days. He lets it all out at once. He tells Sapnap everything down to the details that make his ears burn and embarrassment courses through him. He tells him everything from that very first day to just minutes ago with George stretched out on his bed. He rambles and babbles and says things out of order and stutters when he notices.

Sapnap for his worth listens. He doesn’t interrupt except to ask what he wants before ordering. Only then does Dream stop his endless spill about the entire affair as they sit in line for their food.

“Have *you* ever brought it up to him?” Sapnap asks after a little bit. There’s a car in front of them before they get to the window, leaving a small window of silence for Sapnap to ask.

“I...” Dream stops, thinking.

He searches his brain for a moment when he brought it up again after that morning. He knows he did! He had to have.

He runs through the events he had just described, tracing over them with a fine toothed comb. They admitted to liking each other that morning, they agreed that they were both freaking out, but that it was okay, and then...

Then George came back to bed the next night, but they didn’t do much talking after that either. And then...

... George just kept coming back to bed.



And then... Dream called him babe today.

The realization hits him like a train.

Good God, no wonder George looked so confused at the term of endearment earlier. He couldn't think of a single other time he ever questioned their relationship or asked George how he was feeling. All this time he had been waiting for George to do it for him.

"Oh no." He covers his face with his hands. "I'm such a dick."

"You're an idiot, Dream," Sapnap sighs, keeping the teasing tone of voice to a minimum.

He doesn't get a chance to get a word in after that as they roll up to the window, Dream silently handing over some cash before Sapnap can even reach for his wallet.

"Thanks," he accepts, handing it over and pulling in their bag of food and two drinks.

The next moments were deafening as Sapnap exchanges pleasantries with the worker and gets their change.

Dream doesn't even say anything when the couple of dollars from his change were tossed into Sapnap's cup holder instead of handed back to him. Sapnap's obviously expecting him to complain and demand it back, only trying to keep the money to rile him up, but he can't bring himself to do that because it's starting to dawn on him how monumentally he fucked up.

"I never brought it up again after I started freaking out."

"Nope."

"And now... all he knows is that I was freaking out that morning so he hasn't brought it back up either. He was waiting for me to, and I was waiting for him."

"Yup."

"Sapnap," he moans miserably. "What if he thinks I was just using him or something? What do I do? No wonder he wouldn't stay in the mornings, I'm so stupid-"

"Hey," a soothing hand lands on his arm. "Breathe. He's not going to be upset with you, I promise. When we get home just explain that it was a misunderstanding. George loves you so much dude, he's not going to be *that* mad."

Dream nods, desperate to believe it. He looks out the window, rubbing at his chin and thinking as they exit the parking lot. The new knowledge weighs heavy on his brain, everything in him wanting to reach for his phone and call George and explain everything in a single gust of breath.

But he's supposed to be spending time with Sapnap, and he isn't about to sideline him like that.

Instead, he asks, "how's it going with Karl?"

"Umm..." Sapnap trails off as he makes a turn. "It's okay I would say. I mean, it's not that different from what we would do when I would visit so... the only new thing is that we kissed last night. That hadn't happened before."

"Wait what? A singular kiss?" he hums, eager to tease the younger one about his crush. It gives him something to think about rather than how much of an idiot he is.

“Yeah, what about it?” He snarks back, so much attitude dripping from his stupidly handsome face.

Once upon a time, he would have probably gotten jealous. He knows now though that Sappnap won’t be his, not in a million years. It still hurts a little, but he’s sure that he’s not allowed to feel that way with his new relationship with George... if he’s allowed a relationship with George after everything.

A single kiss though? That’s nothing. That’s baby steps. If he were in Karl’s shoes, he would be all over Sappnap in a heartbeat just like he is with George, hell, maybe even more so.

He changes the subject before he can get lost down that rabbit hole of fantasy. “Okay that’s a little lame, but so it’s going good?”

“It’s not lame dude, it’s romantic,” Sappnap insists. “But yeah. He’s really...” he trails off with a dreamy look on his face. “He’s great. Seriously.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Is Sappynappy in love?”

Sappnap blushes, shaking his head with a tiny grin. “Maybe. Just a little.”

“Oooooo Karl and Sappnap kissing in a tree-” he begins to sing.

“Stop-”

He carries on, uncaring. “K-i-s-s-i-n-g”

“Dream! You can’t make fun of me with what you and George are doing, at least I talk to Karl.”

Dream giggles, pleased to hear Sappnap laughing along too. *Even their laughs sound good together* he thinks to himself.

“Okay, enough, give me a burger I’m starving,” he makes grabby hands at Dream, pushing up the sleeves of his hoodie to avoid any hazards that came with eating.

Dream carefully undoes the bag, handing over the food and grabbing his own.

“Wanna jam?” he asks, unwrapping his hamburger and taking a giant bite. Even that is somehow endearing, the way his cheeks puff out with the big ass mouthful of food he just took.

Dream nods along eagerly, too busy with his own food to speak. It’s actually kind of disgusting how greasy it is if he thinks about it too long, and the coke he got tastes flat, but he can’t complain as they get on the highway, music blaring and windows down.

They finish their food off pretty quick, chatting idly about things that don’t hold much meaning. It’s a pleasant change, not unwelcome. It’s really beginning to feel like old times before Karl and George when it was just him and Sappnap, and as much as he loves having the other two around, there is nothing quite like spending time with the person next to him. There’s comfort and familiarity in everything he does, down to the nasty ass belch he lets out after a long sip of his soda.

Dream is collecting their trash and stuffing it down into one bag when a song comes on that has them both pausing.

“Really, Dream?” Sapnap blinks, dumbfounded. “I put you in charge of music and this is what you play?”

He opens his mouth to defend himself but he can’t, if he speaks laughter with bubble out without a doubt so he sits there, face growing redder with every passing second filled with the upbeat tune.

Sapnap is doing the same with his raised eyebrows and pursed lips like it’s taking everything in him to not burst.

They lock eyes before Sapnap is turning it up even louder, the car revving as they cruise down the freeway.

“Our song is the slamming screen door!” They howl simultaneously, too loud and off key. “Sneakin’ out late, tapping on your window!”

He puts a fake phone up to his ear, bouncing in his seat to the song. “When we’re on the phone and you talk real slow,” Dream points to Sapnap. “Cause it’s late and your mama don’t know!”

The absurdity of it gets to them, each barely biting out lyrics to the old Taylor Swift song between fits of laughter. It’s even worse when Sapnap gets the words wrong and his voice cracks, sending them both into hysterics.

The wind whips in and out of the car with the force of going 70 miles an hour, so violent he has a deathgrip on their trash so it doesn’t fly out the window. The music is so loud his head begins to pound but nothing can stop him from screaming the lyrics at the top of his lungs, bouncing in his seat along with his best friend doing the dumbest dance moves next to him. They’re pointing at imaginary people and then each other, laughter barely contained under their skin that thrums with energy until they can’t take it anymore they’re doubled over with tears beading in their eyes.

He’s never felt more alive and at home at the same time.

The song changes to another Taylor Swift, yet neither move to change it. The fact that they both know all the words is a secret that will stay within the walls of the car, left to their tone deaf serenades.

Soon his throat and jaw are beginning to ache, and when he looks back at Sapnap, he can’t even see! His hair is all in his face just like Dream’s, obscuring his eyes that he frantically brushes away to see the road in front of them.

Dream looks away before he can get scared for their safety like a camel sticking its head in the sand.

He doesn’t know where they’re headed, but he’s not too sure that he cares. All that matters is they’re together at this moment.

The stale taste of his burger coupled with the ache in his throat has him reaching for his flat drink but he doesn’t care about the gross taste, he’s having the time of his life.

Sapnap knows where they’re going though, taking an exit.

Slowly the wind calms around them, and soon he’s reaching for the dials on the radio, turning it down to a more manageable level.

Dream's smiling so hard it hurts, stretching the corners of his mouth thin. The look is mirrored in Sapnap who tosses a look over his shoulder, turning down a random street.

He hesitates as if trying to make his mind up about something before a warm hand makes its way to Dream's knee.

It makes him feel so incredibly giddy, Dream pressing into the touch. It's the same as the one on the couch that night, the same one he so wanted last night. It's the kind that flirts dangerously between the lines of friendship and something more, toeing that line with every brush of a knuckle inching higher.

By the time they park at a random park, the hand has made its way up his thigh, holding him tight. Either Sapnap hasn't noticed how high it's gotten or he doesn't care. Either way, Dream is preening with the attention, heat radiating from his core at the short nails tracing lines over the material of his pants.

The elation radiating in his chest makes him bold. Maybe a little too bold.

He regrets the words as soon as they leave his mouth. "Do you ever think about us?"

"What about us?" Sapnap turns to face him.

"Like..." he struggles, wishing he could take it back.

What is wrong with him? Now he has to answer with the expected look he's giving him, waiting patiently to understand what Dream is trying to say.

He blurts it out in a panic. "Did you ever know how much I was crushing on you?"

It's out there now. His long-held secret.

He waits with bated breath for a response.

"What?" Sapnap laughs light heartedly. "Dude shut up, it was the other way around and you know it."

No way.

"What? You were crushing on me?" Dream giggles though it comes out more nervous than genuine.

"Yes! I was in love with you, seriously. Deadass when we first moved in together I was this close," he pinches his fingers together. "To telling you."

"Why didn't you?" Dream scoffs. It pangs in his chest but he brushes the pain aside, trying to keep the cheerful mood alive.

"Because what if you didn't feel the same way? You would have sent my ass back to Texas."

"I would not have!" He gapes at him, appalled at the mere notion. "Besides, I felt the same way."

"Oh," Sapnap leans across the console to get closer.

Their shared breath mingles, and Dream can't help but let his eyes drift to his lips.

The air is stifling, a mixture of nervous and chaotic energy that surges with every second that passes locked in this position.

His lips look soft, and he knows they haven't been kissed nearly as much as he deserves.

He wants to fix that.

And the way Sapnap is looking at him? He thinks he might want that too.

He leans in, eyes on Dream's lips the same.

"Can I tell you something else?" Dream asks, barely a whisper between them.

"What?"

"I've always wanted to kiss you."

His head is throbbing. He can't think past the way pretty pink lips part, the glimmer of pearl white teeth just beyond them. He's transfixed, hypnotized by the man in front of him.

"Can I?" Dream whimpers. It's all he wants, it's all he *needs*.

Sapnap nods and it's over.

He dives in, pressing their lips together in the sweetest of kisses imaginable. It's simple, chaste and perfect. He cups his cheek, adoring the rough stubble beneath his palm that melts into smooth skin as he traces the pad of his thumb over his chin. Sapnap's lips are chapped but Dream doesn't mind a single bit.

He pulls away, prying heavy eyelids open to gaze at Sap and gauge his reaction.

A soft little sigh caresses his upper lip that goes straight to fueling the fire burning inside of him. He wants *more*. He wants to make Sapnap let out little whines with those soft sighs and deep guttural moans. He wants to hear his name fall from parted lips. He wants infinitely more and so he dives back in, eager to take it.

Dream licks into his mouth, delighting in the feeling. His hand finds only black hair, winding his fingers through it and tugging.

He wonders if Karl did the same thing last night, if he wormed his tongue into his mouth and sucked on his bottom lip, digging his teeth in to nip at the soft skin. Did Karl enjoy the little breathless sounds he lets out too when his hair is pulled? The ones so hushed if it weren't for the break between songs he would miss? Did Karl lead or Sapnap? Did they even go this far? Because now he's backing him up into his seat, crowding and invading every inch of his space that he can get to, threatening to tumble over the console completely and into the seat with him.

The thoughts stop him dead in his tracks. This isn't his place.

This is Karl's place now, isn't it? Not his. He's not supposed to want to kiss Sapnap at all. He is supposed to want to kiss George and only George, especially knowing all that he does now.

... He thinks.

That's still confusing. *Everything* is beyond confusing. Between George and Sapnap, and Karl's strange behavior, the kissing and touching, and over-the-top flirting, he can't figure out which way is up or down anymore.

Abruptly he leans back into his own seat, looking out the windshield yet seeing nothing. His lips

tingle, tinged with spit and need.

The distance gives room to think and for the overwhelming desire to subside. The air is stifling, hot and heavy with the confusion and lust still swirling in a nauseating concoction between them. His brain is throwing out a thousand thoughts a second, yet he can't make sense of a single one.

Everything is incredibly loud, yet there's never been such silence between them.

Dream can't bring himself to look at Sapnap. He hates drinking but he's sort of wishing he had the excuse of alcohol on his side right now, just to have something to hide behind and blame his actions on. There was no excuse though. No alternative explanation for kissing his best friend stupid.

"Maybe we should go home." he suggests, barely audible. He tries to put some force behind his words, but his voice sounds weak even to his own ears.

"Yeah," Sapnap looks dazed. When Dream glances over he's hard in his basketball shorts that leave little to the imagination. He hates how it makes him drool.

"Yeah. Right." He repeats, looking down at the dash as if the concept of a car is completely alien to him before putting it into reverse.

The ride home is quiet.

Dream doesn't know what to say despite the words that bead up on the tip of his tongue. Sapnap doesn't say anything either, hardly paying attention to the road in front of them.

Neither of them laugh when another Taylor Swift song comes on, instead, Sapnap quietly skips it, never looking at Dream. If he drives a little faster than he should, Dream keeps his mouth shut about it. He wants to be home just as badly.

Mindlessly he jumps out of the car the second he gets a chance, Sapnap trailing behind him up to the house quietly.

Dream catches a glimpse of him over his shoulder as he opens the front door. Sapnap looks as confused and scared as he feels. When Sapnap furrows his eyebrows like that, eyes wide and arms pulled tight around himself, everything inside him screams to wrap him up in a hug and tell him it'll be alright. It's breaking his heart, but he's not in much better shape to be comforting him right now, despite that being all he wants to do.

Dream can't stand it, so he doesn't look at him again, carefully averting his eyes to the floor.

He needs to talk to George.

He needs to think.

He needs...

It takes him a minute to make sense of the sight that greets him on their couch. At first he thinks George and Karl are cuddling on top of each other, definitely nothing out of the ordinary in their household. It isn't until he notices the way George moves that it dawns on him what they're doing. His eyes follow the movement to where George is biting at Karl's neck, nipping and sucking at the tender skin that makes the man beneath him mewl, desperate hands clawing at his back. Karl has his legs wrapped around George's waist, holding him close to rock up into the filthy grind between their hips.

What the hell is happening anymore??

“George?”

“Karl?”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Summary

George and Karl spend the day together and things escalate quickly after Dream and Sapnap come home.

### Chapter Notes

Woo! I didn't think I'd get to post this today. Classes are kicking my ass, if the next chapter is a little late I apologize. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl's bed is comfier than his and it kind of pisses him off.

In a light-hearted way of course.

Maybe it's not even the bed itself, maybe it's the way the sheets smell like citrus and vanilla and the blankets have a week's more wear than his. Or maybe it's because he can't bring himself to actually spend time in his bed, not when Dream's is right there, so warm and always welcoming with a hot blond to use as a pillow.

The only thing his sheets smell like on his actual bed is dust and laundry detergent.

It's lame.

Thinking about Dream's bed brings a smirk to his face, George picturing his cute little drooly face and the way he talks nonstop in his sleep. It's kind of adorable as much as it is annoying. It's hard to sleep when someone is talking nonsense into his ear all night but it's worth it in the end to see his blissed out face and the way the tension he always seems to carry melt off of him.

George sighs, leaning up against the wall that Karl's bed is pressed up to, watching the man flutter around the room. He heard the front door shut not long after he sat down so Sapnap and Dream are probably long gone by now on their date.

He's a little caught up on the other two's date right now, he admits to himself. On one hand he's glad that they're spending time together but he also *knows* they are talking about him right now. He can feel it. He felt it in the way Dream kept looking at Sapnap and back at George yesterday, like he had been dying to spill his secrets to him. He felt it hanging out with Dream earlier and the anxious looks he kept giving him. He feels it now, so strong it's like a physical touch.

He wonders what they're saying, or what there even is to say. Is Dream talking about how George said he likes him but it's not reciprocated? If it was then surely he'd get more than handjob in the middle of the night. Is he talking about those late-night activities? Is he telling Sapnap about the way Dream can make him moan so easily or what he looks like when he cums?



He feels a little more than pathetic for accepting a friends with benefits relationship with Dream without fighting for it a little harder. He wanted so much more, and he thought Dream did too, but oh well.

Is Sapnap agreeing with him right now that it's kinda pathetic? Is he congratulating Dream and slapping him on the back in the most dude-bro kind of way?

The thought makes him shrink.

He's probably imagining things. Dream isn't that crude and Sapnap isn't that cruel.

It's not a great feeling though, knowing his two best friends are talking about him right now. It eats at him. It's been eating at him since last night, but Karl's presence offers a kind solace for him and his weary thoughts. He's such a fun, bright person it's hard to dwell on the negative in the face of one of his dazzling smiles.

George looks around. He's been in Karl's room plenty of times but almost always with someone else distracting him before he got a good look at it. The decor is cute and so very Karl; all the little posters and decorations are like a living collage of all his interests, looking much more like a college dorm room than anything else. Various nail polish colors litter his desk, next to binders of cards and other little nick-nacks.

"I swear it was over... there!" Karl exclaims, snatching up a baggie from behind a dirty bowl left on his dresser.

George squints, unable to make out what he was waving around. "What is it?"

"A blunt!" He replies cheerfully. "I have one of those," he snaps his fingers, trying to find the word. "mug-bong-thingies around here somewhere but..." he looks around thoughtfully. "I can't find it. I may have left it when I moved. You wanna smoke?"

George grins. "Sure."

They had talked about smoking together last night but he hadn't exactly been prepared to be doing it right now. Still, he couldn't say that the idea was unappealing, having the whole house to themselves to smoke and spend time together.

Karl looks back to him, now with an ashtray in hand next to the bag. "Not on the bed though."

George huffs. "You only got one desk chair though and I don't wanna go get Sapnap's."

"We can sit on the floor orrrr... go outside maybe? Wish we could do it in the living room."

He can't help but laugh immaturity. "Yeah I also wish we could *do it* in the living room."

Karl giggles, cheeks tinged pink.

They stare each other down, George refusing to budge from the bed and Karl refusing to let the smoke and ash reside in his sheets.

George breaks first.

"Ugh. We really can't *do it* on the bed?" He wiggles his eyebrows, drawing another light laugh from Karl at the innuendo.

Karl has a nice laugh. Karl has a nice everything if George is being honest.

“No not on the bed George, come on. Oh wait, hold on let me get...” he trails off, now searching for a lighter.

George lets his eyes stray down his form once his attention isn't on him. He's got a purple button-down shirt on, loose material undone down to his chest with a pretty golden chain decorating his neck. His jeans are tight when he bends over his desk, accenting his small waist in a way that makes him drool a little at the thought of how easy it would be to grab hold of it.

He's always thought Karl is pretty. That isn't a fact that changed once he fell into bed with Dream. And He's funny too. And Smart. And hardworking. And genuine. And...

The list could go on and on.

He turns back around with a lighter, breaking his trance as he waves it around, waiting for George to make a move.

Grumbling the entire way, George slides into the floor with his back to the bed. “Fine, I guess we'll sit in the floor. This hurts my back, you know, I'm old.”

“You are not that old shut up,” Karl perks up, plopping down next to him and stretching long legs out in front of him, setting down the ashtray and lighter.

“Older than you. You'll understand one day,” he says wistfully, looking off in the distance until Karl nudges him to make him stop.

They go about chatting idly about a whole lot of nothing as Karl retrieves the blunt from the bag and lights it, taking the first long drag.

He smiles around it at George, making his heart skip a little. He pulls it away with a long exhale of smoke from pretty lips, handing it over to him with a little cough and a laugh. “Your turn, man.”

Excitement surges up inside him. Call him a nerd, but he didn't exactly do things like this often. He gets a thrill from it every time he does though, and Karl's touch sends a jolt through him to accompany it.

He's never hit a blunt before either, butterflies fluttering around in his stomach as he accepts it. He hit a bong in college, and a pipe a couple times with friends but that's about it. It can't be that different though... right?

George presses the tip between his lips and tries to mimic Karl the best he can, inhaling deeply.

It *burns*. It feels like that one cigarette he stupidly tried to smoke once. The smoke is thick and itchy in his throat and chest, like a tickle that can never be scratched.

He coughs so hard he ends up in a fit, doubled over.

“George,” Karl chastises with a laugh, taking the blunt from him before the lit end can burn anything as he hacks wildly. “Have you never done this or what?”

“It's been a long time okay?” He coughs out.

“I can tell,” Karl nods, taking another deep drag.

“What, like you do this often?” George scoffs, voice raspy from the smoke.

Karl shrugs. “Not like, *often* often, but sometimes. I like it.”

Comfortable silence settles between them as George catches his breath and holds his hand out for another puff. His face is red and he’s sure there’s tears in his eyes which is embarrassing enough. He’s at least going to follow through and try again.

“...You sure?” Karl hesitates.

“Yes I’m sure,” he scoffs. The younger raises an eyebrow in a ‘uh-huh sure’ kinda way but hands it over.

This one isn’t as bad as the first now that he’s better prepared for the feel of thick smoke clogging his lungs.

He exhaled slowly with only a tiny cough.

“Better, better,” Karl nods excitedly, curls bouncing with every excited bob. “Damn, why can I already kinda feel it?” He goes to grab for it again.

“No it’s mine,” George takes another hit out of spite.

“Share,” Karl demands.

“You’ve hit it once more than me.”

“It’s mine.”

“You said you’d share.”

“Quit hogging it,” Karl whines, big puppy dog eyes pleading. George is helpless but to hand it over.

It’s like he struck him over the head with a bat with that one simple look. He’s stunning, absolutely gorgeous when he’s asking for something.

He’s pretty sure if Karl looked at him like that and asked for *anything* he’d be helpless to comply.

They pass it back and forth, talking nonstop about everything under the sun. He doesn’t care for cards but Karl is excited to show him a rare Pokémon card he got the other day with Sappnap and George can’t help but rant about the game of bedwars he and Dream had played together not too long ago. They talk about tv and music and the new song Karl’s been liking, they talk about the downstairs bathroom and how the handle squeaks when it’s flushed and that there’s only two slices of cheese left in the fridge. It’s *nothing*. It’s *domestic*.

It makes him warm all over to be able to have these kinds of conversations together. It’s all he’s wanted for so long now, to be able to talk about their mundane inconveniences and interests that are too insignificant to share over vc or text.

He knows the drugs are starting to affect him when his brain slows and his heart feels like it’s beating a little heavier than usual like he can feel it at the base of his throat. His mouth tastes of musk, and while it tastes good now he can already feel the cotton taking over.

“... Hey, George?”

“Hmm?” He raises an eyebrow, too entranced with the blunt between his fingers to give Karl the

attention he deserves.

“You said you don’t do this very often, how do you feel?”

“Mm okay. Dizzy,” he tacks on for a lack of a better word to describe it.

“I have a question and it’s kinda weird and if it weirds you out just forget I asked okay?”

George nods. He can’t think of anything too weird to share between them, they’re so close lately that boundaries have become hard to cross.

Karl looks unsure for a minute before hesitantly asking in the most casual way possible, “have you ever kissed someone when you’re high?”

George coughs a little, shaking his head and passing it along. “No.”

“It’s nice.” he hums appreciatively.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” Karl nods seriously, sticking the blunt between pretty lips and sucking so the tip glows cherry red.

George can’t look away.

“Seriously it’s like,” he exhaled. The room is growing a little hazy, they really should have opened a window. “Everything is in slow motion and I dunno. I swear you can feel it more all over. Like you’re all tingly right now and then you get *more* tingly.”

“And you like to be tingly?” George giggles.

“Absolutely I do, it’s the best,” he nods seriously. “Would you want to try it?”

Fuck.

The way Karl said that it didn’t sound like a joke, and the way he waits so patiently for an answer solidifies that.

George holds out his hand expectantly. Karl takes one more puff and hands it back. It’s almost gone, he notes sadly. “Try what exactly?”

“Kissing while high.”

Yeah, he really does.

“What about Sapnap? And Dream?” He forces out instead.

Remember? Their not-boyfriends but not exactly friends? He and Dream might be having a rocky moment but Karl and Sapnap weren’t. Was he willing to jeopardize that so easily?

Karl purses his lips, looking conflicted. “Right.”

He hands it back one last time. Karl sucks, trying together the last of it out and then extinguishes the blunt, smashing the remnants into the ashtray between them. George looks on sadly, but he also knows if he has anymore he’ll be too far gone to be any fun anyways.

“Do you ever think that...” Karl starts, sounding pensive before backtracking quickly. “Never mind, this is dumb.”

His breath catches in his chest, words slipping from his mouth. “No, what? Tell me.”

“Are you attracted to me?” Doe eyes look up at him through thick lashes.

“Yeah,” George admired with a shrug, smirking at the way Karl blushes. “You’re hot. I think we can all agree everyone in this house is hot.”

“Okay now see that’s not something normal friends think right?” He prompts, animatedly, hands gesturing and eyebrows shot up into his hairline.

“Yes it is,” he shrugs again. “I think plenty of people are hot.”

“Okay,” Karl pauses, thinking. “...If you weren’t with Dream in any way shape or form, hypothetically, would you sleep with me?”

“Yes. Besides, we aren’t together.”

“What?”

“What? There’s nothing there. We have sex and that’s about it.”

“Oh. Are you... I mean do you want that?”

“... I need a snack,” George goes to stand abruptly.

“No, hey!” Karl’s hand wraps around his arm, pulling him back down. “We can get a snack but you can talk to me too.”

George hums. He’s never been the best at feelings, especially not putting them out in the open like this.

“It’s fine, Karl. I’m not like. A huge fan of our situation but I’m not gonna cry over it or anything.”

“You know you both say there’s nothing to it but sex, but I get the feeling that’s not true.”

Oh so apparently he’s talked to Karl about it to. Seems like he can talk to everyone but George.

He’s not bitter about it but it doesn’t sit well with him either. Still, Karl’s words strike a chord deep within him. He hopes that’s true. He hopes that Dream wants something more from him than just sex. It genuinely hurt his feelings to put his heart out there only for Dream to ignore him like this.

“Whatever,” Karl moved on when it becomes apparent George isn’t going to continue the conversation. “Would you sleep with Sapnap?”

God yes. He’s so fucking annoying and sweet and dumb hot. George wants to ruin him maybe even more than he wants to kiss Karl right now with his pretty pink lips. “Yes.”

“See okay that’s what’s not normal. Right?”

George considers it. He supposes those feelings are limited to the people in this house. “I think I see your point.”

“I don’t know if there is a point here,” Karl shrugs, sitting back. “I just think about it sometimes.

Like. I think Jimmy is cute. Objectively, but I wouldn't... eww. Ya know? But you..."

"Oh?"

"I think you're cute." He nods.

"And?"

"And I want to fuck you."

Heat snakes through his body and up his spine. He's never heard Karl speak like that before in his life, not even on private one on one discord calls. He moans, cries, and makes dirty jokes but *never* does he say things like *that*.

"Karl," he drawls, accepting it as nothing more than over-the-top flirting. It can't be more than that right? Because Dream. And Sapnap.

Karl is off-limits to him now, it's just a joke.

"I'm serious!"

"Yeah alright. Come on Karl, grab my hips make me yours," he tells, cackling at how red Karl turns.

"Is that an invitation?" his words are soft yet serious, a genuine question to his joking response.

George worries his lip. He wants to. God, he wants to. But what about Dream? So what if Dream only wants sex from him? He should be grateful to even get that. He should be satisfied with that if that's as close as he could ever get to a real relationship with him.

His heart pangs, beating heavily. It's not fair. He took such a huge leap that morning, and this is where it got him.

Maybe he should take Karl up on his offer.

"Can I think about it?" he asks tentatively, dropping all the jokes and their normal teasing. For once he lets his genuine feelings show, the anxiousness and uncertainty beneath his usual demeanor shining brightly.

"Yeah of course," a gentle hand lands back on his arm, sweet and comforting. "Want a snack still?"

"Yeah I'll take some crisps or something," George stands, helping Karl up as well.

His hand is warm in his, just slightly bigger as he threads their fingers together once he's standing.

"What?" George grins looking down at their hands interlocked.

"What?" Karl asks right back, though when he meets his beautiful grey eyes he's grinning as well.

George rolls his eyes but accepts it, dragging them both back down the stairs to the kitchen.

Karl follows willingly, watching soft curls bounce the entire way down.

"Want some crisps?" He asks in an annoying, fake British accent.

"Yes, I do actually," George grins.

“Which kind?”

“Just toss me some,” he giggles when the accent doesn’t stop. It’s terrible. It doesn’t even sound remotely close to a real British accent.

A bland bag is tossed to him, Karl grabbing his own and ripping it open. “Want anything else?”

“Nah I’m good.”

George munches on his chips, watching Karl crack open a monster before making their way to the couch.

He plops down a little harder than necessary, Karl right behind him, taking a long sip on the way down.

It’s easy to not think about Dream when Karl’s around. He even makes it easy to breathe. That doesn’t make any sense, but it does at the same time because it’s just so easy to be with him. Here they are, doing nothing but eating and talking and George has never felt more at ease- more himself- than with him.

So why shouldn’t he kiss him?

He’s not with Dream. Dream made that fact clear as mud. And to be honest? He doesn’t care. Not when Karl is right here looking like a whole ass snack on a silver platter.

“Hey, Karl?”

His heart quickens its pace. He can feel it in his throat. His mouth feels like cotton and not enough water in the world could ever clear it all the way. His head is sluggish and he knows it’s not only the weed putting him so on edge.

All of that is put to rest when Karl looks at him though.

No judgment passes his face with an ease of reassurance in the look that has his shoulders dropping.

“Can we try it?”

Karl lights up. “Really?”

“Yeah. If you want,” he looks away.

“If I want?” he asks incredulously. “George. Come on man, of course, I wanna make out with you.”

He still sounds like he’s joking.

“Really?”

“Yes!”

The only thought running through his brain anymore *is holy shit holy shit this is so dumb what am I doing-*

George leans over, cupping Karl’s jaw, pulling him forward hard to crash their lips together.

It takes him a second to process what is happening before he whimpers, falling lax into the touch.

His lips are so soft against his, feeling damn near delicate. He intended to keep it short and sweet but George can't stop himself from nipping at his bottom lip, sucking softly.

Karl was right, it does feel good. It's like he's floating and the only thing grounding him is the pair of lips against his.

"Mmm, wait, wait," Karl pulls apart to ask breathlessly.

"What about Joe?"

George can't make sense of it in time to catch on. He's too caught up on the fact that he actually just kissed Karl as he mutters out, "who's Joe?"

"Joe Mama."

George groans.

Karl throws his head back giggling, high-pitched and *dumb*. It makes George laugh too just at the sound of it.

"I hate you," he shakes his head. Leave it to Karl to say that in the middle of making out.

"I'm sorry," he laughs. "I can't believe that got you."

George leans back in, pulling him in for another kiss. This time it's deeper, licking at his lips and begging for entrance that Karl grants without hesitation.

George pushes him back against the armrest so he's flat on his back and settles between his thighs. The snacks are left forgotten on the coffee table. The crisps pale in comparison to the taste of the man beneath him.

Karl tastes like warm honey and spring, dripping between them with the familiar fizz of a monster beneath his tongue. He's warm and pliant beneath him, soft skin giving way to every dig of his fingers into his arm and pelvis, drawing him impossibly closer.

Languidly George slips his tongue into his mouth, licking in to get a better taste of him. He can still taste the weed in his mouth, musky and heavy on his breath.

It's so different from kissing Dream. Dream dominates him no matter how tenderly he does so. In contrast, Karl lets him have all the control, gasping sweetly into his touch, never fighting against him. He feels high off of it, or maybe that's the blunt talking. Either way, he knows he'll never get enough of this.

It's downright dirty the way they're rutting against each other, rolling hips to brush clothed, growing erections together that makes them each groan when they hit the right spot. It's tight and hot between them and the feel of Karl's thighs parting for him to wrap around his waist is driving him insane.

Karl pulls away with a smack, breathing against him "now imagine sex like this."

Oh, he is. He didn't need Karl to put the idea in his head.

He didn't need to be high to imagine any of this stuff though. He's wanted to kiss Karl since he met



him. He's wanted to touch him since they moved in together. It's nothing new. The marijuana is nothing but an excuse to initiate it.

His brain is fuzzy, the entire world moving in a couple of frames per second as if his vision is lagging behind him but who needs to be able to see when he has Karl like this? All laid out underneath him, panting so prettily. His grey eyes are dazed, unfocused and it's really doing something to him to see him like this. He wants more, wants to see him completely lost in the haze fogging his brain. He can only imagine how beautiful he'd be when he gets desperate for it, whining and begging for George to touch him if this is how he gets after a couple of kisses.

He dives back in with abandon, Karl keening enthusiastically when his lips make contact with the supple skin of his neck.

The sound of the front door opening draws his attention but holy shit is it hard to look over there so he doesn't. Instead, he kisses him once sweetly, then bites down on Karl's neck, drawing out a high pitched pretty cry from him, painted nails digging into George's arms in retaliation.

George rolls his hips into him making sure he feels what George has to offer. It's a promise of what he could do to him, just how good he can make him feel.

And from the breathless little whine he lets out, he knows he felt it.

"Karl?" Sapnap whimpers.

"George!"

George doesn't care to stop, audience or not. He's too pent up and Karl is just too pretty. Besides, it's only Sapnap and Dream. They can watch.

... Or touch.

The thought scorches him from his chest out. He could imagine it so incredibly vividly: Dream guiding his hips while he fucks into Karl or Sapnap's cock in his mouth while he sits on Karl's face, maybe Dream bouncing on him while all this is happening. The possibilities are endless. It sounds so perfect, making him harden just thinking about it.

He bites and sucks and nips at the skin beneath his mouth until it's cherry pink and Karl can't force out anything past weak moans at the mixture of pleasure and pain.

"George," Dream's soft voice whines. He sounds more confused than anything and George supposes that's fair. But he just doesn't care. He can't find it in himself to care.

Would it be so bad if they gave up the rules of society that say things like this aren't allowed? He wouldn't even mind if it's just for one night. No social rules. He can fuck any of them and it would be alright. He can *love* any of them and it will be alright. Is that too much to ask? They were all closer than friends anyways and always have been. It's not like it would be that drastic of a step to sleep together. He'd give anything to have all of them.

Society is dumb and so are their stupid boring rules. He loves Karl and the way he makes him laugh unlike anyone else. He loves Sapnap and his stupidly sweet personality. He loves Dream and the endless love and support that he bleeds out into every life he touches.

"Get off," Sapnap demands with a huff.

"That's the idea," George grins, rocking his hips into Karl.

Karl squeaks, squeezing his legs around George's waist a little harder.

"Dude seriously what the hell?" Sapnap asks, sounding genuinely hurt.

That does give him pause. He pulls away from Karl to gaze up at Sapnap.

The younger man has his lip stuck between his teeth, worry pinching his features. His fingers are curled at his sides like he can't decide whether he wants to reach out and touch or to rip them apart from each other, knuckles white with restraint.

"Wanna join?" Sudden cockiness puts a smirk on George's face as he stares the man down.

The answer is so obvious from the glint in his eye, the way he looks at George and then Karl and then back to George.

His fists clench, eyes flashing but he doesn't answer, jaw squared stubbornly. He's glued to the spot but there's a subtle rock in his step like he wants to lunge at them.

The silent yes only boosts his confidence. Suddenly brazen words are spilling from his mouth. "You can, Sapnap. You too Dream, it would be fun."

Fun he phrases it, as he's not dying for it.

No one moves or speaks so he carries on. "Need a minute to think about it? How about I take Karl to my room and you two can talk about it, yeah?"

And maybe that's a little mean. Maybe he's being a little petty because it had actually hurt his feelings for the two to leave and talk about him the way they so obviously did.

Sapnap grits his teeth as George staggers to his feet, pulling Karl up behind him. He tumbles after, falling into him with lanky arms wrapped around his neck for support.

"George, come on now," Dream starts to beg, but George thinks he's just about had it with him. If he wanted something more he should have said so.

George just winks, fucking winks, who does that? He does apparently. He *winks* at Dream and pulls Karl along down the hallway.

It's so unfamiliar to open his door instead of Dream's, rarely using his room for anything more than storage, but he takes a turn and shuts the door behind them.

"Wow George," Karl grins against his chin, still wrapped around him tightly like a sloth. "Why was that kinda..."

"Do you really need to say that right now?"

"I mean--"

George doesn't let him finish. Capturing him in a kiss, the two stagger to the bed, falling into it in a tangle of limbs.

The second Karl's head hits the pillow though, George pulls back.

Karl's eyes widen, rimmed red from the drugs surging through his system. "Why... why are you stopping?"

He sounds so fearful, so scared George would change his mind and leave him all hard and aching and alone.

Oh, he would never. At least not forever. It would be fun to get him riled up and then leave him to soak in that neediness until George determined him ready but not today.

“I want to talk to you. Is that okay?”

All the confidence he just had drained out of him the second the door had shut. This is all uncharted territory. Pulling Karl into his bed? Inviting his best friends to some kind of... orgy? Foursome? He doesn't even know what to call it. Things are moving a mile a minute and it's leaving him a little winded, needing Karl's reassurance before anything else.

Karl's eyebrows scrunch. “Talk?”

“Yeah. I think we should talk right?” George thumbs at the buttons of his shirt, popping a few open to graze the soft skin of his stomach.

“Yeah. Yeah,” Karl chases after him, fingertips grazing George's palm, unsure but not stopping him.

“Are you okay with this?” he asks genuinely.

“Yeah. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't.”

“But would you be okay if Sapnap and Dream did join us? If they wanted to. I'm sorry, I didn't ask you, I just sorta invited them,” George worries, scared he's gone too far. Though, he's pretty sure kissing Karl was too far, to begin with.

“You mean would I be okay if the guy I'm sorta dating and the guy I'm crushing on will come have sex with us? Yeah George I think I would be pretty okay,” he huffs with a lopsided grin.

“You're crushing on Dream?” George can't help but tease, scratching his nail down the gentle lines of muscle beneath his skin. The moment is too serious, he needs to lighten it up with their normal banter.

There's awe in his voice as he asks “have you seen that man?”

“Yeah Karl I've seen him.” George smirks. “I've seen all of him.”

“Dude looks like a model.”

“Is his looks all you like?” George wedges a knee between Karl's thighs, moving to fiddle with the button on the top of his pants.

“No. He's really sweet.”

Sweet just like Karl's sultry smile as he lays all spread out across the bed, looking up at him.

“And?” George undoes the button.

“And funny. He almost made me puke the other night I laughed so hard.”

George scrunches his nose, a bubble of laughter spilling out of his chest that makes Karl giggle too. “Gross.”

“Sorry,” his smile is soft and warm, so completely trusting of George in that moment. It does something to him to see his best friend like that, all relaxed back and looking to George for direction.

He keeps his movements slow and steady as he unbuttons his shirt one by one, each button revealing more and more cream skin begging to be touched until the shirt is only hanging on to him by his sleeves and then he helps him out of that too.

For skin that doesn't often see the light of day it sure is beautiful. It's a shame that Karl wants to wear baggy clothes and hide all this. It's a shame he wants to wear clothes in general.

“George?”

He traces his hand down his chest, humming in answer.

“What do you think they're doing out there?” Excitement twinges his voice.

“I don't know. Ignoring each other? Trying to listen for us?” he takes a few wild guesses. He can't hear them no matter how hard he strains his ears.

Karl grins, wild and pretty. The look in his eyes is one he knows well. It's the same look he gets when he's about to do something dumb, like put out a fire with his socked foot or pull a prank on someone.

George can feel himself mirroring it as Karl lets out the most insane, overtop moan possible. “Ah! George!”

“Stop,” George laughs, pinching at his nipple to make him squirm to get away.

“Oh dear god! Harder!” He ignores him, calling loudly for the others to hear.

Karl falls silent, looking towards the door and waiting.

The house is deathly quiet.

George gives in to the fun, jolting hard so the headboard would slap against the wall. “Ah, Karl! Oh fuck, Karl!”

“George!”

“Karl!”

“George!”

The two fall into a heap of giggles, uncaring how real it sounded or not. Either way, he's sure that it's riling the other two up and that makes him laugh even harder.

Nimble fingers pull at the bottom of his shirt and he bends to let Karl put it over his head.

“Sapnap's probably scowling right now,” George breathes, pressing a tiny kiss to his cheek.

“Did you see Dream's face when we came in?” Karl whispers back excitedly. “I thought he was going to explode.”

He means for it to come out sexy when he says, “I'm going to explode.”

He fails miserably, cringing the second he says it.

“You’re such a nimrod, was that supposed to be hot?” Karl tugs at his pants, trying to get them off without taking his eyes off of George’s.

“I don’t know!” George goes to do the same, a little over-eager to get Karl naked already.

He wins their silent race, pulling his pants open first to slip his hand into the tight space, cupping him through his underwear.

“Oh,” Karl breathes, and this time it’s genuine. He rocks his hips into his hand, grateful for the brief hint of relief from the confined space. George can feel his cock twitch through the thin fabric as he grinds his palm down, Karl faltering in his rush to get George in the same state.

“Ge-George, take your pants off too, I can’t get it, the buttons too hard,” he pleads, giving up.

George rolls his eyes but gives in.

“Can’t even take my pants off? How are we supposed to do anything?” he gripes as he pulls his pants down. With some maneuvering, he gets them completely off, along with Karl’s, tossing both to the side to be dealt with later.

“I can do stuff,” Karl insists petulantly. “I just can’t handle your stupid pants.”

“Oh yeah? What can you do?” he flirts.

“I can suck you off,” Karl says confidentially, meeting George’s gaze and holding it.

His head swarms with the thought. “Please.”

He sounds so desperate already. He should be ashamed but he’s not, instead that burning desire only intensifies when Karl switches their positions, pressing him into the pillows and crawling on top of him.

He places gentle, feather light kisses from his mouth down his jaw, over his neck, and down his chest, stroking the skin of his navel and sliding to his hips and thighs as he settles between them.

Belatedly George realizes he’s never had Dream like this before but before he can dwell on what a shame that is, hot breath is ghosting over his underwear, teasingly damp and light.

A whimper leaves his mouth when Karl presses a hot, open-mouthed kiss over the head of his cock. It’s unbearable, so close to what he so desperately wants yet light-years away.

The pretty chain around his neck is dazzling. He delights in the shiver he earns when he runs his fingertips along the golden shimmer, never tugging no matter how much he wants to as he waits patiently for Karl to get a move on.

His stomach tenses with each infuriating lick over the fabric and just when George thinks he’s finally going to pull his underwear down, he stops.

He waits with bated breath. Any second now he just knows he’s going to feel his mouth on him, any second now-

Only he doesn’t do *anything*.

George groans in mild frustration when Karl pulls back. “Do you think they’re coming?”

“I don’t know. Karl, please get on with it,” he begs.

“Okay okay, just thought you might like to wait for them.”

George wants to respond, the words that are on the tip of his tongue, but tight, wet heat is engulfing his length in seconds, the only delay coming when Karl has to work his wet underwear down to his ankles. He doesn’t tease anymore, doesn’t go slow, or give George a chance to get his stuttering breathing under control. He takes him halfway into his mouth and sucks, hollowing his cheeks.

Pretty painted fingers grip on his thighs, squeezing to hold him still at the strangled moan that leaves his chest. “Fuck, Karl.”

It takes everything in him to not buck up into his mouth. They could have been there for seconds or entire days, he can’t tell, losing himself in the rhythmic bobs of Karl’s mouth down his cock, pushing further until his nose ghosts the wiry hairs at the base.

Occasionally, a lewd, guttural gag vibrates around his cock, only exciting him further. The evil voice in the back of his mind whispers at how good it would feel to fuck his mouth and make him gag on it over and over, drool seeping over his length and down his balls, messy and animalistic. He doesn’t, he doesn’t really want to push him that far, but the fantasy makes its home at the back of his mind, his hand twitching to make it a reality.

Real moans come from him now, soft grunts and pants following. He doesn’t care how loud he’s being or not being, all he cares about is the way Karl doesn’t stop, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. He thinks he might actually be melting, limbs like jelly as he claws at the sheets beside him to stop any temptation of grabbing a handful of soft curls and pushing him down to brutally fuck up into him.

A tight, heavy feeling grows in his loins, his mind going blissfully blank. “Karl, Karl I’m close, you gotta stop,” he chokes.

It’s damn near painful when Karl pulls off with a slick pop, red lips spit slicked and messy. The sudden lack of stimulation stills his breathing, ribs unable to expand as if frozen in a block of ice.

His eyes are dazed when he looks up to George, so fucking pretty with the little tears beading the edges. He almost loses it at the sight alone, but his words absolutely destroy him. “Cum on my face.”

He hardly has a hand wrapped around himself for two seconds, stroking furiously before his vision goes white, a whimper leaving him one last time as cum begins to dribble out, spurting over his hand. A few streaks land on Karl’s cheek and nose, a couple of droplets landing on his lips and chin before George empties and collapses back against the bed, elbows unable to support his weight and his body gives out.

“Wow you’re right, you did explode,” Karl tries to laugh, but his voice sounds absolutely wrecked. His throat might not be hurting right now but it will be come morning.

George fights the blissed-out fog threatening to keep his mind blank, already trying to think about what kind of warm tea Karl might like to help and if they even have any in the first place. A small part of him glows with unexplained giddiness at taking care of him tomorrow, even if it’s nothing more than tea. The scene plays out like a movie for him, holding a mug and bringing it to the absolutely adorable man, handing it over, and kissing his cheek.

After all, he deserves it after how hard George just came.

His chest heaves hard when a knock at his door draws his attention.

He sits back up on his elbow, watching the door push open. He can't find it in himself to be embarrassed at their precarious situation when Sapnap pokes his head in.

His face goes red, taking it all in and asking quietly, "did you mean it? Can I join?"

He sounds... scared. Like George would ever- could ever- reject him.

"Yes idiot, why else would I say that?" His voice is so impossibly fond even he can hear it. "Where's Dream?" he can't help but ask.

"Pouting on the couch. I can't take it anymore, please let me in. Karl?" he turns overwhelming puppy dog eyes to the man at the bottom of the bed, cum still staining his face.

"Come here," Karl pats the bed.

Sapnap all but throws himself onto the bed, bouncing excitedly.

Disappointment embeds itself in his chest, picturing Dream sitting out on the couch all by himself but he can't focus on that right now.

George sits up, pushing himself up against the headboard, and guides Karl to lay back with his back to his chest, gazing with half-lidded eyes up at Sapnap who waits patiently to be told what to do.

"I'm so tired," he lies. "Sap why don't you get Karl off for me?"

"Holy shit, George," Sapnap breathes, crawling forward to close the space between them.

George expects him to dive right into Karl and not pay him much attention after that, but Sapnap ignores Karl completely, sandwiching him in tight as he leans over his shoulder and steals George in a kiss.

If he thought he was melting before, he's a puddle now. Sapnap is finally kissing him with the buildup of all their fights and bickering, the endless flirting and competition, and looks that linger a little too long.

If he could remotely begin to get hard again, he probably would, but Karl sucked his soul out his dick that can only twitch pathetically against the other's ass.

He pulls away, searching George's face for discontent. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that."

"Oh trust me," George breathes. "I know."

"Guys," Karl whines, demanding.

Sapnap moves, kissing him next.

A jolt runs through him when he realizes Sapnap definitely just tasted his cum on Karl's lips, probably even got some on his own cheek.

When he pulls away, it's to pull his shorts down and off and boxers too, not even bothering with

his shirt with unmatched desperation. At least Sapnap isn't the shy type. He has no qualms getting naked, wiggling his eyebrows when he catches him and Karl staring.

Once he settles back down, he wastes no time swiping his hand over his and Karl's faces, gathering George's cum and then lining their hips up, taking ahold of both their cocks with his cum as makeshift lube.

"Oh fuck that's hot," George breathes. He can't look away as Sapnap kisses Karl, drawing soft cries with every stroke of his fist between them.

Karl looks like a painting with his flushed cheeks and chest, the jewelry decorating his skin sticky with sweat and cum.

George reaches around when Sap moves down to destroy Karl's neck some more, pinching at Karl's nipples and rolling them between his thumbs. He makes sure to keep his eyes open to admire Sapnap the best he can. He's all soft curves, his thighs looking like heaven that George wants to feel around his head someday. The hint of muscles makes itself known with every stroke of his hand.

"George please," Karl whines loudly between the multitude of sensations. "Ah, Sap, Sap I..." his words trail off into gasps for air.

"Come on baby," George's words are honeyed and sweet, whispered low into his ear. "Let go for us."

"Sap do that again, oh God, please," he bucks into his hand. George can't see too well but he must have complied when a punched-out moan leaves him.

It doesn't take him long to throw his head back against George's shoulder, eyes squeezed shut and mouth open as he releases all over Sapnap's hand that works him through it.

Karl falls boneless against him, barely opening his eyes to watch Sapnap stroke himself hard and fast over his stomach, adding to the mess with his own cum soon after.

They're a mess of spit, cum, and sweat, unable to catch their breath.

Sapnap falls over on top of them both, pinning George so he's unable to move an inch but he's so tired he accepts it for now.

When he looks over at the door, he finally sees him, their long-awaited fourth member.

Dream stands at the doorway, a very obvious stain on his pants that the black material does nothing to hide. His face is all business though, ruining the joke George was about to make.

For a second, he worries they're in trouble.

"We need to talk," Dream hisses. "Now."

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know your thoughts!





## Chapter 8

### Chapter Summary

The four finally discuss their feelings for each other, leading to Dream and Karl having some alone time before finding their way back into bed with George and Sapnap

### Chapter Notes

Heyy this wasn't as late as I thought it would be! I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ah, Karl! Oh fuck, Karl!”

“George!”

“Karl!”

“George!”

What the actual fuck.

He doesn't even know what's happening anymore. Has everyone in this house lost their minds? Him included?

Dream had very much intended to head straight to his room and *think*, not end up sitting on the couch next to Sapnap in the dying heat left behind by Karl, red-faced and staring straight forward while listening to George and Karl fuck in the next room over.

He can't even bring himself to look over at Sapnap. His hands clench on the cushions beneath him absentmindedly, unsure what to do.

How had this day taken so many turns?

Sapnap is avoiding his eyes too, keeping them carefully averted to the side to negate any accidental eye contact.

Each slap of the headboard against the wall has them both tensing until the air between them becomes excruciating. It feels as if he breathes too hard something will snap like a rubber band stretched too far.

Eventually, the exaggerated moans come to a stop, but that is somehow worse because now he can *actually* hear them. The walls aren't too thin, but they don't do a very good job of concealing the various noises coming from that room in the dead silence of the rest of the house.

Their voices are too similar like this and too far away to distinguish between the two, but the breathy moans and grunts just barely audible set him ablaze with desire. Every cry and moan soak into his bones, making a home in the pit of his stomach like throwing gasoline at a raging fire that consumes him entirely.

He could picture them so vividly. He imagines them in the same position they had been in when he and Sapnap had walked in. Maybe they have all their clothes off by now, wearing nothing but blissed-out faces as teeth nip at necks and chests. His mind offers up images of Karl fucking into George, of blowjobs and quick hands jerking each other off.

Fuck, he's definitely getting hard, sitting next to Sapnap who hasn't moved since he had sat down on the couch out of spite after the bedroom door shut behind them.

It makes him feel downright dirty for being so turned on.

... It also makes him want to grab the other man and kiss him like he did in the car but he's not too sure that Sapnap would take kindly to that.

They marinate in the sounds only a minute longer before the tension snaps.

"I can't take it anymore," Sapnap whimpers, startling Dream. His voice had come out so loud compared to the quiet sounds he had been straining his ears to hear that he actually jumps, head snapping look at Sapnap.

He has to force his voice to work, croaking out, "What?"

"I can't take it anymore, they invited us in so I'm going in," he says with conviction and starts to scooch off the couch.

"Wait!" Dream snatches Sapnap's wrist, holding him still.

"What, Dream?"

Wait for what? Dream doesn't know. All he knows is he doesn't want to be left out here by himself.

There's still that twinge of hurt in Sapnap's words from the car. The guilt inside at causing that pain gnaws and grates on his very soul, but he doesn't know how to fix it. It feels like he's spinning and spiraling, so many fires to put out all at once that he's overwhelmed, unable to do anything about it. He went from being confused about George to making out with Sapnap to coming home to George and Karl who are now apparently having sex?? And invited them into it?

It feels like a fever dream.

"I'm so confused," Dream pleads, the *stay* implied in the pitch in his voice.

"Don't you think I am too?" Sapnap whines, a storm of emotion written across his face.

"Are you really going in there?"

"Yeah, I really am. Are you coming or what?"

Dream feels frozen under his gaze. He wants to. He wants to follow with everything he has inside of him. He wishes he had the same courage Sapnap does but instead he's paralyzed.

Sapnap waits for him only a second longer. Dream can't even bring himself to answer, mouth

agape but unable to form the words he's struggling to grasp.

Sapnap takes that as a no. He gently untangles Dream's hand from his wrist, rubbing a soothing thumb in a repetitive line. "Hey Dream?"

"Hmm?"

"We can't completely ignore the weirdness of this situation, right? Like. You and George, me and Karl and then us in the car and now them right now. Ya know?" His voice is gruff, but the kind comfort he's offering soothes the rough edges into something he can recognize as understanding.

"But I'm thinking maybe we could ignore it for now."

"Yeah," he nods along dumbly. The words are there as a whole, he knows what he's trying to say, but the concept fails him in the end.

He stands.

Dream's entire body goes cold at the abandonment. Everything in him screams to pull the younger man back down to the couch with him but he's gone too quick. In a flash, he practically runs to that damned door and pokes his head in.

Dream can faintly hear him whining like a damn dog to be let in before he's slipping behind the damn door and Dream is left on the damn couch all by his damn self.

He would pout if he wasn't so damn *terrified* by the entire situation.

And then those damn moans start in again.

Dream strains to listen in until he can't take it anymore.

"Fuck," he whimpers.

He feels *dirty*. He feels absolute *shame* as he scrambles for the button on his pants so he can reach inside.

Making out with Sapnap, seeing George and Karl together, and now hearing the three of them together has him painfully hard, straining against the fabric. He wishes he could see them right now. He wonders where Sapnap fit into the scene he had witnessed earlier, he wonders where he would fit into it if he had the balls to get up and find out for himself.

The images his mind supply are almost enough though.

Dream imagines the way George's hands feel on him, pictures Karl naked, and the feel of Sapnap's lips and it's over for him before he can even get his pants down all the way.

Biting down on the skin of his hand to contain his noise, Dream strokes himself a couple of times and spills into his hand so quick it couldn't even be considered satisfying, and that only makes him cry out more, soft and barely audible yet unable to contain the needy, desperate whines that leave his mouth no matter how hard he bites down.

No build-up, no foreplay. All he did was release. It let for a very anticlimatic comedown. His chest didn't heave, his brain didn't go blank and his muscles don't tingle with exhaustion.

Usually, if he cums this quick he makes himself go again. He loves the overstimulated feel of it, the way everything in him feels like an exposed nerve after cuming so quickly. He likes to be rough

and mean with himself until he cums a second time but by the time the ringing in his ears quiets and he remembers to breathe again, the moans from the other room have stopped.

Dream strains his ears, listening once again.

Nothing.

The cum cooling on his pants feels absolutely awful, adding to his quickly souring mood. Without the overpowering horny thoughts, he's left with only that lingering terror of their new situation.

He bites his lip, gingerly removing his hand and buttoning the cargo pants back up, trying not to move as much as possible to avoid spreading it around.

Dread knocks out the bottom of his stomach, feeding into the endless void forming in the depths of his skin.

He's going to fuck everything up, he just knows it. How could he not?

They are high, he reminds himself. It's like when friends kiss each other when they're drunk. It doesn't mean anything. They're having fun, it's the heat of the moment, and the others are probably expecting nothing more than a one-and-done kind of situation. Right? Because normal people don't usually want to have romantic relationships with three other people all at once. That's considered cheating.

That isn't what he wants though. He wants them all to be together. He wants wild and crazy sex with the three of them, sure, but he also imagines Sapnap and George curled up together watching movies, or Karl sitting in Sapnap's lap at his desk. He wants to walk in on George and Karl making out and to be able to have his own separate moments with the three of them just the same.

Dream wishes he did want it to be a one-time thing. He wishes his heart only raced for the three of them this one singular time and that he didn't think of them nonstop day in and day out. And now he has to tell them how he really feels because he can't live like this.

It's too much.

It's too painful.

But what if they're disgusted with him? What if they get weirded out and leave? Then he'll be all alone in this giant house once again. His mind goes back to how it was when it was only him in the house while Sapnap was visiting Karl. He doesn't think he could live like that.

And the final nail in his coffin, he'll lose not just one person like he would have if George rejected him that morning, he'll lose *three*. *Three* of the closest people in his life, the three he trusts implicitly, the three he adores with his very heart and soul.

It's awful. He has half a mind to go to bed and avoid it all but nothing will change if he does.

Quick strides carry him to the door before he can think it through. Dream's hardly buttoned his pants before he's steeling himself, so caught up in his preparation that he forgets to knock.

He opens the door.

Good God they look good together.

They're nothing but a pile of bare skin and long limbs, thin sheens of sweat, and breathless pants.

Sapnap is collapsed between Karl's legs, both of them with their eyes shut as they bask in the afterglow.

Only a single pair of brown eyes look at him curiously.

"We need to talk," he bites out, words coming out much harsher than he intended. "Now."

George's eyebrows raise in surprise at the serious tone and the room stills, before he giggles, "yeah alright. Can you at least change out of your cum pants first?"

Dream flushes head to toe. He didn't even think about the material of his pants not hiding his sad excuse of an orgasm. He looks down and sure enough, the spot is slowly drying, now tacky and cold on his thigh and clearly visible.

Dream doesn't think he's ever been so embarrassed. He doesn't even really know why. George has seen him naked, made him cum so many times he's lost track of it by now, but something about this situation is especially humiliating, standing there in the doorway.

It also irks him a little that George is joking right now, but that always grates on him with that man.

"I need a bath," Karl complains loudly, skipping over Dream completely. He wraps his arms around Sapnap's neck to keep his face buried in the planes of Karl's chest like a stuffed animal, squeezing gently.

"I think I'm still high," George flops back, eyes squeezed shut tight.

Well shit. He didn't quite think this through very well.

It feels like he's intruding right now on something intimate he's not supposed to see. Even though he had been invited too, it feels wrong to be there now.

"Right. Right... sorry. I'm sorry," Dream looks away quickly.

He's about to turn and go hide in his room, regretting even daring to enter, when a voice calls him back. "Dream, can you help me find my shirt?"

Dream blinks.

Karl turns his head to look at him, waiting patiently for him to do as he asked.

"Yeah..." he shakes himself into action. "Yeah, I can do that."

Karl smiles, small and sweet and the knowing look in George's eye makes him feel like a mouse that just fell straight into a cat's trap.

He walks inside, scanning the floor to keep his eyes off the three on the bed who make no move to cover themselves. The room reeks of sex and weed. He has to resist curling his nose up at it the further he moves into the room, searching the discarded items around the bed.

He picks up a shirt from the floor that looks distinctly different from the other two and holds up the purple material in offering. "This one?"

"Yup that's the one," Karl holds out his hand.

Dream inches closer, about to hand it over when surprisingly strong hands wrap around his arms.

Unexpected, he has no chance to brace himself as Karl pulls him down hard, tumbling into the bed right on top of Sapnap who lets out an “oof” of complaint.

Dream struggles to get up but only succeeds in touching more of Sap’s bare back and ass as he tries to untangle himself. He’s starting to panic a little the more he fails to free himself, a frantic apology to Sapnap beginning to spill out.

“Dream, chill out,” Sapnap grumbles, cutting him off.

“Sorry.”

“Quit saying that.”

“But I am!”

“No one else is. Chill.” He demands.

Something about his tone and his words makes him pause in his struggles.

Dream takes in a deep breath, taking in his surroundings. Karl is giggling to himself, watching Dream, and he can even see the curl of Sapnap’s lips from the side as he smiles into Karl.

He manages to sit up, much slower this time, taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

“Ugh, I really need a bath,” Karl groans, looking down at his stomach between him and Sapnap. “I’m covered in jizz.”

“I’m good. Just need to wash my hand,” Sapnap smiles brightly, holding up the dirty hand.

George scrunches his nose. “You had cum on your face.”

“Just a little.”

“You’re actually disgusting-“

“It was your cum-“ Sapnap cries indignantly.

“I don’t care tha-“

“Guys,” Dream whines. “Please.”

*I’m scared.*

It must show on his face because George softens slowly. “Okay. Come on, everyone sit up you’re going to squish me to death anyways.”

“I’m not heavy,” Karl snuggles in closer.

Only Sapnap moves, dipping over the edge of the bed. “Need a cum sock?”

A what now?

He grabs a sock from the floor uncaring of whose it is and wipes at the little mess dotting his stomach. Most of it must have ended up on Karl who seems sticky all over.

Karl watches lazily as Sapnap drags it across his stomach next in an action the younger man clearly means to be caring. “Gross.”

He only moves when Sapnap, with a smirk, tries to drag it across his face after that, requiring him to fight back if he didn't want the sock to touch him more. "No!"

"Why not? Com'ere," he tries again with a giggle at the way Karl squirms and flails to avoid him and the cum sock.

Dream realizes he's still holding Karl's shirt and holds it out to him.

"Can you do it for me?" Karl asks, looking up at him through his lashes.

He's going to burn up like this. "Come here."

Karl scooches forewords and hands over his arms, letting Dream slide the shirt over his shoulders and redo the buttons. He sits perfectly still the entire time, giving him a warm pleased smile in thanks when he finishes.

"Pants?" Dream asks, looking down at the floor. He can tell Sapnap's basketball shorts, but he needs Karl to point out the difference between his and George's pants.

"I don't wanna wear pants," he objects quickly.

"Karl I'm not going to be able to function if you don't."

His smile turns sharp. "So you did want to join us?"

"I think we've already established that," Dream looks down at his pants, still embarrassed. "At least underwear, please."

It's taking everything in him to not stare at his naked body. He wants to stare at all of them, not sure who he wants to look at more. George is always nice to look at, and there's something so new and excited about Sapnap and Karl, yet he still doesn't feel like he's allowed to.

Sapnap makes the first move, finding his shorts and slipping them on, and tossing Karl a pair of underwear from the floor. He aims for his head but misses, ending up hitting the pillow behind George.

The pair he throws next hits George right in the face.

"You're such an ass," George laughs, pulling them off his face and sliding them on around his waist.

Dream quivers when Sapnap leans over, stealing George in a kiss like it's the most natural thing in the world, Karl barely escaping being squished between them. He has to advert his eyes, staring down at his hands in his lap.

A warm hand settles itself on his thigh.

When he looks up it's like Karl doesn't even notice he's touching him as he strikes up a conversation with George and Sapnap, but to Dream, it's an inescapable point of contact. He can't stop thinking about it, can't focus on the conversation around him all because of a singular hand on his leg with pretty blue and pink nails curled over a fold of his pants, holding on loosely.

It's ridiculous even for him.

"Dream?"



Dream looks up to George who has an eyebrow raised in his direction. "You wanted to talk?"

Right. Fuck.

"I... I'm just confused I guess."

"Yeah no, I am too," Sapnap nods in agreement. "Like. I'll admit me and Dream kissed in the car, but Karl we had a thing going didn't we?"

"Yes okay, but hear me out," Karl holds up a finger until he has everyone's attention. The room stills, waiting. He then points to George. "George is hot."

It's as if the entire mood shifts all at once. Dream feels his shoulders relaxing, the intangible fear melting away at nothing more than a tiny joke.

This was what he was so scared of? Karl? Sapnap? George?

They're his best friends. His rock, his home. All those things he had been imagining wouldn't be possible for them. They're goofy and sweet, not capable of even half the things he had imagined.

They aren't going to be disgusted, they aren't going to leave him.

The sigh of relief is lost to George's booming voice. He's grateful the others didn't hear it, but Sapnap is eyeing him like he knows exactly how he's feeling.

"Hey guys, in this, we coddled it so that my friends would actively want to bone me! This was a crazy idea and you won't believe how it turned out so stick around and find out." George announces with a bright grin.

"Also, only a small percentage of my viewers are actually subscribed-" Dream starts timidly, earning a playful shove from Sapnap.

He hopes Karl can tell how grateful he is for the change in mood. Everything is beginning to feel more manageable and less overwhelming.

"Seriously though I don't know. Sapnap you know I have feelings for you but I think I've had feelings for everyone here for a long time." Karl's cheek blooms pink. "So like. If you guys just want this to be a sex thing or whatever that's fine but I would kind of like it to be more if you guys do."

Dream thinks his heart might beat right out of his chest. "You mean it?"

Karl nods.

"I feel the same."

"You do?" George asks, a hint of surprise in his voice.

Shit, he almost forgot how he needed to apologize to him.

"George I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you," he says sincerely.

"You didn't..." George scrunches his eyebrows, puzzled. "Well okay, you did kind of hurt me, but only because I was being serious that morning and you just..."

Tentatively as if a wrong move would break everything, Dream crawls across the bed until he's

within reach of him. He cups his cheek gently, pulling him in for a sweet kiss that George falls into willingly.

“I’m sorry baby,” he whispers against his lips as he pulls away. George still has his eyes closed, cheek pressed into Dream’s palm like a cat. “That was a misunderstanding. I thought you knew how much I wanted you and you were just... ignoring me or something.”

His eyes fly open, his tone becoming snippy. “You were ignoring me, Dream.”

“I know!” He hurries to appease him. “I know and I’m sorry I really am. I want a relationship with you if you want one with me.”

He sits back on his heels so he can see the other two behind him better. His heart beats frantically, every word tediously spoken, afraid of saying the wrong thing right now. “Sap, I meant it in the car I’ve liked you forever in a day now. And Karl, you drive me crazy daily. I wanted to come in so bad but I didn’t know what you wanted from me. I have all these feelings and I didn’t want it to be too much you know? And. And if you only wanted this to be a one-time thing I didn’t think I could handle it,” he gives them a wobbly smile.

Warm arms encircle his neck. It feels like acceptance.

Dream rests his head against Karl, nestling into his neck, and just lets himself be held in what is probably the best big in his entire life. Karl has a way with comfort, the way lanky arms hold him so tight makes him feel impossibly safe against him.

“I’ve liked everyone here for a while now,” Sarnap picks at his nail. “Like, I feel so differently for everyone but in the end, it’s still the same feeling? If that makes sense?”

Love.

Dream nods frantically and hopes they understand him without having to voice it.

“So what does this make us?” George speaks up.

“I don’t know. Do we need a label for it?” Sarnap shrugs.

George mimics him, shrugging back. “I don’t know. But like can we do this again?”

“Yes!” Karl exclaims.

“Oh hell yeah.” Sarnap grins.

Eyes fall to Dream.

“I...” he peers out from around Karl’s neck. “I want to join too.”

“Okay, what about dates? Can we go on those?” George asks excitedly.

“I would like to.”

“Same.”

“Yeah.”

“Okay. So unlabeled but technically dating, got it,” George gives a thumbs up.

“So we’re good?” Karl asks, sitting up.

He earns nods from the others before asking his next question. “Can I go take a bath now?”

“Go for it.” George snorts.

Karl peels himself from the bed and wobbles out with a thumbs up tossed behind him.

The door shuts with a click.

“Wanna go again?” George asks once they’re alone.

What.

“Damn George, how can you go again so quick?” Sarnap groans.

“It was fun,” he justifies. “Besides Dream is here now.”

“Karl just left though,” Dream grumbles. Karl has so far been the only one he’s not gotten to kiss yet.

“We can wait for him. Sarnap,” George bounces with excitement, hair flopping with the movement. “Can I fuck you?”

Sarnap chokes on air. Sputtering he says “like... like dick in ass kinda fuck?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay. Cool.”

Laughter bubbles and spills from him at the interaction and soon George is laughing too while Sarnap sits between them in bewilderment. “Wha?”

“Cool,” Dream repeats, giggling.

“What else are you supposed to say to that?” Sarnap laughs.

George shakes his head, grinning. “Not 'cool'!”

“What’s wrong with cool? Cool is a cool word.”

*He looks so cute when he laughs*, Dream thinks to himself, transfixed. His eyes have a spark to them, and the way his shoulders curl in makes him want to smother the other.

He settles for grabbing his face and kissing him deeply.

Sarnap makes a noise of surprise, jerking in his hold.

Dream lets go quickly. “Sap-”

Sarnap closes the space between them and crashes their lips together once more.

“Just surprised me,” he whispers between kisses, pulling him ever closer until Dream is practically in his lap.

It’s so much better than the kiss in the car. Dream didn’t even think that was possible, but this is so much slower, sweeter. Every nip and suck on his lip and tongue draws a small whimper or a sharp

intake of breath. They kiss until his lips go numb and his brain is mush.

When Sapnap pulls away, it takes Dream a moment to remember he needs to open his eyes. Every blink is heavy with need, dazed as he clings onto Sapnap's strong arms as a lifeline.

When he looks to Sapnap again he's looking at him with such adoration his heart thumps up into his throat.

"Dream, go get Karl," George breathes through his nose.

Dream frowns. "Who put you in charge?"

"Oh, so you don't want to go get in the bath with Karl? Okay well I'll go then--"

"No!" Dream cries, scrambling from the bed. "No you guys stay here I'm gonna..." his brain is starting to function less and less the more he pictures Karl in the bath as if kissing Sapnap didn't already do a number on him. "I'll be back."

He stands, then turns around, asking the final question that had been bothering him.

"So just like that?" Dream asks incredulously. "All the pining and the hurt feelings and a single conversation fixes it?"

Sapnap rolls his eyes. "Told you. Communication is key, Dreamie."

"Go," George nods in the direction of the door.

He doesn't run, that would be ridiculous. The others think so too from the way they laugh at him but he's downright giddy with excitement.

The quiet trek down the hallway and up the stairs gives him time to recollect himself, following the sounds of water running in the upstairs bathroom.

Steam is pouring from the crack at the bottom of the bathroom door when he approaches.

He's a little nervous, standing outside, but he squashes down the trepidation and knocks on the door.

"Hello?" Karl calls through the door.

"Hey, Karl? Can... can I come in?"

"Yeah!"

Before uncertainty can grab ahold of him again, he opens the door.

Karl looks like an absolute dream.

Pink glistening skin shimmers in the waters of the bath. He hasn't wet his hair yet, curls falling in especially large ringlets from the heat, framing his pretty face.

He's not at all bashful under Dream's gaze, all soft smiles as he leans over the edge of the tub.

"What's up?"

"Can I come sit with you?" He can't bring himself to actually ask if he can get in.

“Just sit? Like pop a squat on the toilet or something?” Karl raises an eyebrow. “Or would you rather get in with me?”

He can’t help but snort. “I think we both know I’d rather get in with you.”

“Then do it,” he scooches up, bringing his pink knees up to his chest so there’s room for Dream.

Dream pulls his shirt off over his head and shucks out of his nasty stained cargo pants.

He isn’t oblivious to the way Karl looks him over and bites his lip. He can’t say he hates the attention though. In fact, he can’t wait to have everyone’s attention on him. It makes his body hot all over to even think about.

He hesitates for a moment before dropping his boxers too.

Karl wiggles his eyebrows. “Hot.”

Dream laughs lightly, stepping over the side of the tub and settling into the scorching water. “This water is hot! Aren’t you dying in this?”

“I like it.”

With nowhere else for his long legs to go, he slides them on either side of Karl.

Sweat is already beading his brow with the heat. “Did you use nothing but hot water or what? It’s so hot you could cook... you could cook a lobster or something.”

Karl leans back against his chest, relaxing against him. “A lobster?”

“Yeah like when you boil them?”

Karl giggles. “Two lobsters in a tub, they might kiss.”

Dream presses a wet, slopping kiss to his cheek just to make him laugh even more. He trails his fingertips over his sides, the heat from the bath not allowing the skin to prickle under the tickling touch.

“George wants to go again.”

“Already?” Karl scoffs. “My dick is going to fall off.”

Dream tucks his nose into his neck where he had resided earlier, wrapping his arms around the other’s middle. He’s thankful he got the house with the big bathtubs so there is plenty of room for them both in it.

“How come you and George both make me sit like this huh? What if I wanted it the other way around?” He huffs teasingly, turning to gaze up at Dream.

“You don’t want it the other way around. You want to be spoiled.” Dream huffs knowingly.

Karl’s jaw drops. “I am not spoilt.”

“You could be though.”

His already flush cheeks turn red and Dream knows he has him hooked.

“You wanna let me spoil you, pretty boy?”

Every word is careful and new, an apology ready if Karl shows the slightest bit of discomfort with anything that comes out of his mouth.

“Wow, you’re so good with words,” Karl struggles to joke, lacing their fingers together under the water that threatens to slosh over the side with every sudden move. Dream doesn’t care though, he’d sooner pay for water damage than let a moment like this go to waste.

“I am?” Dream trails his free hand over the line of Karl’s jaw and down his neck, stroking softly every few inches. His breath audibly hitches and stalls each time and Dream makes his way down his chest and stomach, grasping his soft cock beneath the water.

“Yeah. Wanna hear something?” Karl’s eyes are glued to his hand that begins to stroke him slowly when Dream regards him out the corner of his eye.

“What?”

“When you were working out, you know that benching machine that I was sitting on? And I was like, drooling all over you?”

Dream huffs out a laugh. He definitely couldn’t forget that. “Yeah?”

“I wanted you to bend me over it and rail me.”

His dick twitches against Karl’s ass in interest.

He’s had sex before. He’s been with girls and guys, but not even he and George have gone that far yet. He isn’t about to pass up an opportunity like this again though.

“Do you still want that?”

“Yeah. If George and Sapnap want to go again I’m good to go again because holy shit, dude they both started touching me at once and I thought I was going to die. It felt so good. I don’t think I’ll ever say no to going again. And again. And again,” he giggles when Dream nibbles at his neck, breaking his repetition.

Every little squirm Karl made beneath the suds against his length has him growing harder against him. Dream gave a tentative thrust against the cleft of his ass. The warm water and soft skin felt wonderful but the fact that it was Karl he was touching made it ten times better.

A soft sound leaves the man in his arms, hands curling around the arm around his middle as Karl rocks back gently, giving Dream something to push into.

“Fuck, fuck okay no, we gotta get out.” Dream stops them both, taking his hand away and earning a groan of disappointment in return.

“Why?”

“I don’t want to bust a load on your back right now,” Dream scoots him up just enough that his dick can’t reach his back.

Karl gives a petulant look over his shoulder. “You come in here, you interrupt my bath, you get me all worked up and then you tell me to get out?”

“Yeah,” Dream laughs sheepishly.

“... fine but I’m demanding another bath later. A real one. And I’m locking the door next time,” he

sighs, reaching for a purple loofah hanging on the wall.

He dunks it in the water and squirts a bottle of soap all over it.

Watching him drag the soapy bubbles all over his body is drool-worthy, the way the soap clings to supple, milky skin. Dream is absolutely aching to touch him again but the promise of getting all three of them in the same bed keeps him from giving in.

“Wash my back?” Karl asks sweetly, holding out the loofah.

As if Karl couldn’t get more tempting. Massaging the soap into his back is sensual, made only more so with every little pleased sigh he lets out.

“Your turn,” he takes it back, much to Dream’s disappointment.

The disappointment is quickly squashed down though when Karl turns around, wrapping his long pretty legs around his waist to straddle him in the confined space. Like this there’s no room between their cocks that brush every so often, making him jolt.

His brain threatens to short circuit as he washes him, even though it’s nothing but the scratchy feel of the loofah running over the planes of his body. By the time Karl is rinsing them both off he’s painfully hard and needing more.

He pulls the plug quickly before he can think about doing more right then and there.

“Ready to go have mind-blowing sex?” Karl stands, grabbing for his towel.

“Yeah I am,” Dream stares right at his dick until Karl blushes, wrapping the towel around himself.

He hands a clean towel to Dream from the cabinet that he uses quickly, wrapping it around his waist haphazardly in his hurry to get the brunet back into bed so he can have fun too this time dammit. Because he’s allowed this now, in a tentative, worrying kind of way. He’s scared to step out of line but at the same time every time Karl so much as looks in his direction he struggles to not pounce on the poor guy.

“Dream you’re doing the staring thing again,” Karl says smugly. “You want attention huh?”

“Karl Jacobs if you do not walk out that door I’m going to carry you,” he stresses.

“Oh no,” he deadpans dramatically. “Suddenly my legs don’t work anymore.”

Green eyes darkened with lust meet playful grey, staring each other down, willing one another to break.

Dream is too weak to not give in.

Karl squeaks as Dream grabs him around his thighs and lifts him up, throwing him over his shoulder. Knees knock against his stomach, hands clawing at his back as Karl flails to keep from toppling over. “Dream!”

“I told you,” he throws open the door, taking off down the hall.

“I didn’t think you’d actually do it! I’m nearly as tall as you what the heck-“

Dream pinches at his ass, Karl seizing in his arms, giggling in that crazy cute way that drives him absolutely mad. He can’t wait to get his hands on him.

The door to George's room is cracked open from his haste to get to Karl earlier. He pushes it open, ready to toss the man on the bed.

He's not at all expecting George to be lazily finger fucking Sapnap who's clinging to the comforter for dear life, face red with need. He's on his stomach, ass raised for a George who has settled between his thighs like it was his home.

George smiles pleasantly in greeting. "Ready?"

His knees feel weak. He tosses Karl who squeals again as he bounces. "Ready."

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!



## Chapter 9

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap George Karl and Dream have sex, and George and Sapnap have an intimate moment after.

### Chapter Notes

There's only four chapters left I think! Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap is a *wreck*.

George has this way of overtaking all his senses at once, invading every inch of his space until he's lost in him with no way out. He doesn't know how long Dream has been gone, only that as soon as the man had disappeared out the door, George was on top of him and had no plans of letting him up.

He's sure that the way they're kissing right now looks gross, hell it kind of feels gross, but holy shit is it making him hard. George has him on his back, slotted between his legs and effectively pinning him there. He has a grip on Sapnap's chin with one hand as he slips his tongue into his mouth and uses his other to run through Sapnap's hair. It feels amazing how his nails snag on his scalp, scratching gently and tugging at the strands when he wants more that Sapnap is all too happy to give.

It's hot, and wet, and messy, spit slicking both their lips with every deep lick of George's tongue against his. He can't catch his breath, every reprieve he earns from the onslaught only lasts long enough for him to take in a shaky inhale before George is back, sucking on his bottom lip and taking his place right back in his mouth like he belongs there. He sucks on his tongue, licks behind his teeth, nips his lip if he tries to pull back for air. He aches in his shorts but mercifully George gives him something to grind down on, pressing his crotch right into his so the hard bulges in their respective pants brush with every desperate rock of his hips.

The man doesn't even let him lift his head. He's not allowed. George holds onto his hair like a leash, keeping him flat so he can do what he wants. Sapnap can't even find it in himself to complain though, not when it feels this good to be under his thumb.

When George does decide he's had enough of trying to wedge his tongue down his throat, he pulls away for a final time, leaving Sapnap stupefied in his wake. All he can do is blink up at him and wait for his next move.

"Lemme get lube," George says excitedly to the man still frozen against the sheets. He doesn't wait for a response which is a good thing because he doesn't think he could give one if he tried.

The warmth of his body leaves him as he gets up and goes to the dresser, fishing and rooting

around until he produces the bottle he was looking for. He holds it up triumphantly to Sap who smiles back in approval.

“You look like a duck,” he can’t help but giggle as George comes back to the bed. “Your hair.”

George frowns, running a hand through the mess Sapnap had left it during their heated makeout session. It sticks up oddly in the front like the tail of a duck but the tousled look is good with his lust blown eyes and rosy cheeks.

“Whatever I don’t care,” he shrugs, grabbing hold of Sapnap’s hips and guiding him to turn over onto his stomach. He goes willingly, knowing where this is headed.

He’s never been the one in this position before though. Sapnap should probably voice that fact to George before he goes any further, but his words get caught in his throat when the older man grabs ahold of his hastily thrown on shorts, the brush of his hand on the sensitive skin of his sides sending goosebumps up his spine.

Dumb Dream overthinking and making them get dressed again. They could have all saved a step here if he would have just listened to him and come in when Sapnap did. He mentally rolls his eyes when his clothes hit the floor once more, George’s tossed on top soon after with a bit of wiggling behind him.

He still hasn’t got a good look at him since Karl had been laying between them last time, but he doesn’t get the chance to study his body the way he wants. He’ll make a point of spreading George out next time they do something like this- because there will be a next time- and touch every part of him he can.

The pop of the cap is startling. Weakly Sapnap bites out, “you better warm it up first.”

His voice almighty sounds wrecked too, words croaked and frayed.

“It’ll get warm once it’s inside you,” George raises his eyebrows. He knows him well enough to know the expression he wears without even seeing it, with his eyebrows up and lips drawn down as if shrugging with his face.

“No, you better warm i- George!” He yelps at the brush of fingertips against his ass. He pulls and tugs until he gets Sapnap how he wants him, up on his knees with space between them for George to settle into.

“Don’t be such a baby, Sap,” George chides. He grabs a handful of Sapnap’s cheeks, spreading them apart with a grip so hard it threatens to bruise the soft skin, going pink under his fingers.

His hole flutters with the exposure, the entire situation becoming a bit more real. George is actually looking at his most intimate area right now. He’s fully on display with nothing left to hide. It had felt different when he had dropped his pants earlier, even having his dick out felt less vulnerable than this.

He can’t bring himself to look anywhere but at the sheets, studying the threads closely while his ears burned and stomach curled with desire. Sapnap trusts him implicitly and he knows George won’t let him down.

George leans over him, letting go of his ass in favor of pressing a gentle kiss at the nape of his neck, whispering against his hair like a secret, “I can’t wait to fuck you.”

Sapnap can’t contain the shiver that courses through him, goosebumps rising where his breath

ghosts his neck in a featherlight touch.

He's so caught up in whatever *that* was, a retort on the tip of his tongue, that the first prod of a finger takes him by surprise, startling a gasp out of him. George trails the slick digit over his balls and up to his ass, pushing into his hole slowly.

He isn't sure what he was expecting it to feel like, getting fingered for the first time. It's not... groundbreaking.

It feels like he has a finger in his butt.

At least the lube is warm, per his complaint. It makes him smile at the way George shows he cares sometimes, silent and never serious, but caring all the same.

"Aww you do care," he can't help but tease. He can feel the way George rolls his eyes, ignoring him in favor of moving his finger in and out gently. It's kinda just... whatever honestly.

Maybe bottoming isn't for him.

The thought dampens his mood a little. It kind of ruins all his long-running fantasies of Dream bending him over counters since they first moved in and he saw the island in the kitchen.

Deciding to mess with George a little, he asks, "can I have a pillow too?"

George huffs. He's so close he can feel the rise and fall of his chest as he does. "What are you a princess?"

"Yes I am," he says with a smile, holding his hand out behind him. "I'm a princess and I demand a pillow."

George disappears again, complaining the entire way but in the end, the fluffy material is still slapped into his open palm.

"Thank you, Georgie," he hums in appreciation, pulling the pillow down to hug against his chest.

"I better still be able to hear you moan or I'll take it away."

Sapnap's eyes widen. "Jesus Christ, George."

"What?" he asks nonchalantly, pumping his finger in more, just as unremarkable as the first few times he's done it.

"When did you get so... so dominant?"

"Shut up," George pulls his finger out.

Sapnap opens his mouth to protest, but then George is back, slipping a second finger in beside the first.

The stretch is uncomfortable no matter how small George's fingers are, slipping inside him. Again, it just feels like he has two fingers up his butt now.

He resists the urge to pout, that is until George moves again, curling his fingers up like he's searching for something.

The sound that leaves him isn't human when sparks of white-hot pleasure shoot through him, surprised at the sensation.

George just chuckles and leans over him, bracketing him in so there's no escaping once again.

Honeyed words spiced with lust breathe into his ear, "did you ever think I'd be the one fucking you first? Did you think it would be Dream?"

"I hate that you're right," he bites out over his shoulder. Every thrust of his fingers grazes that spot again, tendrils of pleasure wrapping over him.

"Did you never even picture me fucking you? Was it always the other way around?"

"Yes," he whimpers out the confession. He can't tell if George is disappointed or unsurprised, but how was he supposed to guess he'd be the one with his face in a pillow and ass in the air? George is so *little*. Even if he (maybe) had an inch of height on him he's smaller framed, has less muscle and the way he cries sometimes on call sends his brain somewhere else every time. Sapnap is a simple man okay? He sees George and he immediately thinks about how easily he could push him around and use him

"Maybe next time."

Sapnap nods with the promise. He wants it so bad. He wants to see pretty little George fall apart on his cock, it makes him twitch just thinking about it. For now though it's hard to think around- to even breathe around- George's fingers opening him up, the slow drag of the pads of his fingertips driving him crazy. He can't say he's ever felt anything like this before, he's never had someone splitting him open like this. It's amazing. He takes back every thought he's ever had about bottoming not being for him because this is so good he doesn't think he'll ever get enough.

Sapnap hides a soft moan into the pillow beneath him without thinking before it's suddenly ripped out from underneath him, his forehead hitting the bed before he can brace himself.

It lands on the floor with a plop on top of their clothes.

"Georgeeee," he cries into the comforter, missing the comfort of having something to hide his face in.

"I told you," he leans over to nip at his jawline. He never stops fucking his fingers in and out as he lavishes harsh bites and licks everywhere he can reach, eager to abuse that bundle of nerves inside that leaves Sapnap seeing stars.

He has nowhere to hide his moans and whimpers anymore. He can feel the smug smirk George wears against his back before a particularly harsh bite drags a cry from his kiss bruised lips.

It's horribly wonderful, making him feel small with humiliation that burns in the best kind of ways at how easily he's falling apart from this, and of course, it's for George of all people. George and little remarks and charming personality and cute fucking face as he curls over him like a snake, bracketing him in until he's suffocating in the man in the best possible way.

"Look at you, Sap" he cooed in his ear, pecking along his chin. It tickles, making him whine and pant. "You look so pretty."

A third finger slips inside, a true whimper of discomfort making George pause his ministrations. "You okay?"

“It’s a lot,” he admits, biting at his bottom lip.

George thankfully doesn’t tease him. He doesn’t know if he could handle it if he did. Instead, in a rare moment of seriousness, he nods along. “Okay, do you want me to stop?”

Sapnap shakes his head. “Don’t pull out, just give me a second.”

“Okay.” George strokes down his back comfortingly.

Pausing the fingering apparently doesn’t pause his mouth from running. “Relax a little. God, you look pretty like this. You’re so hot and tight and I haven’t even gotten inside you for real yet.”

He shivers at the thought. If three fingers feel like this, what is a whole ass dick going to feel like??

“You okay?” He asks again, voice quiet with worry.

That nearly makes him whimper again. George is so caring all the time. It makes him weak with love, adoring the way it makes him feel inside to be so cared for.

“Mm good you can... do something. Go slow.”

“Is this your first time?” George asks with a tentative pump of his fingers.

“With a guy. Is it not yours?” Though he already knows the answer from how well George is taking him apart right now.

George shrugs. He can’t see it still but he can feel his shoulders move across his back. “I went to uni.”

“Oh,” he gasps, his breath hitching as George begins to find a rhythm, slow and easy yet every slide dumps hot coal into his stomach, simmering with need.

“Do you like how it feels?”

“George,” he groans into the bedding. He doesn’t want to say that.

“What?”

“Please.”

“Please what?” He can hear the smug smile in his voice.

“Fine George, yes, I love it. It feels so fucking good,” he tries his best to sound sarcastic despite the truth of it. “I can’t wait for you to fuck me. I want it so, so bad.”

That gets a rise out of him, something Sapnap has been sorely lacking since they started this. He loves the way George sounds so breathless as he sighs “fuck, Sap.”

“Give it to me hard,” he can’t help but tease.

George retaliates with a slow, amazing pump of his hand, the slick squelch of lube lewd in the air around them. “You told me to go slow.”

George sounded so unaffected by all of this up until now. Sapnap looks over his shoulder though and finds that is far from the truth. His hair is a wild mess of tufts and sweat, cheeks pink and pupils blown wide.

“Well, you can go harder now.”

“Whatever you say, baby,” his words are sharp as a double-edged sword, ready to plunge into Sapnap with any wrong move.

He doesn't know how long they stayed there like that. Long enough for the burning heat in his groin to build and build until he might combust, long enough for time to lose meaning, for everything to lose meaning, save for the marks George leaves on his neck and back and the continued pump of his slender fingers inside of him. His hand has to be hurting by now right? Yet Sapnap doesn't care as long as he doesn't stop stretching him out. The thick squelch of the lube is lewd in their silence, his muscle tenses with each sound, brought closer to the edge when he feels how slick he is right now, wet for George to slide into him the second the man deems him ready to escape this blissful torture. His cock is hard and leaking between his legs, precum dripping onto the sheets below in a sticky mess. He's desperate to be touched, almost asks George if he can but he stops himself. He doesn't *need* George to tell him he's allowed to touch his own body, that's ridiculous.

... but also kinda hot.

Still, he refrains, choosing agony over the stinging embarrassment.

Soon enough Karl is tossed onto the bed in front of him, still wet from his bath. He doesn't know when they got there, didn't even hear them come in. He can hardly drag his eyes up to meet Karl's, but once he does he drinks in the absolute beauty in front of him with hunger unmatched.

Karl has no right looking the way he does, pretty jewelry to match a pretty grin tossed his way, marks marring his neck from George earlier.

Then Dream is in front of him too and George is laughing at something, bringing him back to his surroundings.

“You okay Sap?” Dream grins, gaining his attention.

“Feels so good,” he whimpers, unable to bring himself to do more than cling to the bedsheets.

Brown curls invade his vision as Karl is turned over on his back right in front of him, so close they nearly bonk heads.

“Hi.”

“Hi.” He giggles breathlessly back.

George disappears, pulling his fingers out of him.

The loss steals his breath away. He opens his mouth to beg, yet nothing but a pitiful noise leaves him without his consent.

“Sapnap,” Dream breathes out at the sound.

Dream looks like he wants to eat him alive the way he runs his fingers through his fine golden strands, flushed and unable to tear his eyes away from him even with Karl right in front of him.

Seeing him naked is certainly a sight. He's gorgeous, all lithe muscles speckled with faint freckles. Even after living together for so many months, he doesn't think he's ever seen so much of him at once.

He jumps at the familiar pop of a cap that's deafening in the room.

"Relax, Sap," Karl says with casual reassurance.

"Wanna Spider-Man kiss?" Sappap asks, trying to distract himself from the fact that George is definitely standing behind him lubing his dick up to fuck him. He can't wait, but nerves still eat at him all the same.

Karl just closes his eyes and tilts his face up.

It's awkward and nowhere near as cool as it was in the movie. Karl laughs into his mouth when their noses hit each other's chins, awkward and weird. Even the feel of it is unnatural, only making him laugh more.

They give up, settling for soft kisses and bites across each other's chins. It's not much with the awkward angle but it's enough.

The bottle is tossed to Dream who makes his way back to the end of the bed, roughly grabbing Karl's thighs to make room for himself. He steals him in a kiss, Karl making a soft noise that garners his attention, but Sappap can't focus on them when George is back against him.

George runs his hand down his spine and grabs at his ass again. His knees shake when he's spread open once more, burning all over when he sees the way Dream is watching the display, seeing just as much as George is.

"Jealous?" George asks tauntingly, doing nothing but holding him open.

"Are you?" Dream asks right back. Sappap doesn't have the best view laying on his chest, but Dream sinks a hand between Karl's thighs, Karl's breath hitching in the most beautiful way. His cock strains against his stomach, hands finding Sappap's that clutch the sheets to wrap around instead. He never thought he'd be holding Karl's hand while they simultaneously get fucked but it's great, how hadn't he thought about it before? It's so innocent, feeling dirty in contrast.

"You know I don't think we have to fight here," Karl grins. "I'll be up to go again in the morning."

Is this their lives now? Going at it like rabbits every chance they get?  
If it is, he isn't complaining.

Dream falls over Karl, pulling him in for another searing kiss, Karl whimpering into his mouth again.

"Ready?" George finally moves behind him, the head of his cock prodding against his hole, velvety and hard.

He nods frantically. He needs it.

George waits for his confirmation before pressing in, slow and gentle.

Sappap squeezes Karl's hand, the wind knocked out of his lungs at the feeling. It's uncomfortable as before, near painful with the occasional sparks of pleasure that make it more bearable.

"Taking me so well," George squeezes his hips. "You're almost there, baby."

Almost?

How much more is there?

It's not gonna fit, he decides.

But George makes it fit, pushing into him painfully slow until his hips are snug against his ass, nails biting into the tender skin of his sides in an effort to not pound into him ruthlessly.

"Don't move," Sapnap begs, knuckles white in Karl's.

He can't believe this is actually happening. He's losing his... his ass virginity to George in front of Dream and Karl. He can't believe how much he likes it either, it's so good, it burns, it aches, his dick aches, everything aches. He needs more, he needs to go slow, he needs George to move or do something, he doesn't know, he just *needs*.

Karl breathes heavily as Dream inserts another finger, knocking a knuckle against his hand. "You okay?"

"Full," he breathes.

Full is an understatement. Full is what you say when you eat too much, full is what you say when you overfill your cup, that's a far cry from what he's feeling right now. George is huge. He takes back every small dick joke he's ever made about the man. What's even worse is he can see Dream's and he's even bigger. He's being absolutely split open right now, how is Karl going to survive that?

"Breathe," Karl runs his fingers through his hair, breaking up the sweaty clumps and subtly wiping them on the bedding beside him.

It makes him snort at least.

It takes more time of watching Dream prep Karl before he feels like he can breathe again. "Move," he rocks his hips back tentatively, deciding it felt alright.

"Are you sure?"

He nods.

George lets his head lull back as he pulls almost all the way out and pushes back in. It's slow and purposeful, their shared whimpers filling the air around them at the feel of it. If he loved being fingered, being fucked is on a whole nother plane of existence.

Dream must be getting impatient if the loud moan Karl lets out is any indication. When Sapnap glances at him he's got his mouth on one of his nipples, pumping his fingers into him hard and fast. The sight is gorgeous, wishing he could take a picture and keep it forever as the ultimate jerk off material.

"Sap," George leans over him to speak low into his shoulder.

"Hm?"

"Talk to us."

His face burns at the request. He knows what George wants, kinky motherfucker.

The new angle has his dick brushing against his prostate and though he can't move as easily pressed against him like this it still makes him choke. "Fuck, George."

"You can do better than that Sap, I know you can, you don't shut up."



He can't even respond to the light jab.

"Feels good! Feels so good, I love it."

"Love what?" There's that smug smirk again.

He shutters with embarrassment. "I love your cock, you asshole," he snaps at having to say it out loud. "More."

"More? More what?" George plays dumb.

"Come on, be nice," Dream advocates for him, though he's smirking all the same.

"Fuck me harder, George, do I have to spell it out for you? I want more," he demands. His voice cracks on the last word, high pitched and embarrassing as hell. He sends a glare over his shoulder to silence George before he can laugh at him.

They make eye contact. George has a wild glint in his eyes that stops him in his tracks, like a hunter who just caught a whiff of their prey.

Suddenly he pulls away and a hand lands between his shoulder blades, forcing him down into the bed and pulling his hips up. He's brutal after that, rutting into Sarnap like he's possessed. He hits his prostate on every hard thrust, knocking breathless moans free of him with each hard snap of his hips.

Dream can't take it anymore, he grabs for the lube once more, squirting some into his hand and slicking himself up before he's back on Karl, sheathing himself inside in a quick, hard motion.

Karl whines and pants, clinging to Sarnap the same as he clings to him.

"Com'ere," George grabs his shoulder, yanking him away.

Their hands fall apart, Karl replacing him with the sheets as he's forced onto his knees.

George wraps his hand around his throat, not squeezing but holding him there against his chest.

Sarnap whimpers and begs, nothing to rut into but air as George pounds into him hard and fast, nailing his prostate over and over and over.

He's forced to stare at Dream and Karl, not that it's much of a hardship to do so. They look so good together, Dream's tall frame driving into Karl who lays like a doll against the mattress, pretty cries leaving his parted, spit-soaked lips.

The hand around his throat holds him in place no matter how much he squirms against it. He imagines it squeezing down but he can't bring himself to ask to be choked, it's too much. It's enough just to beg for what he can. "Please please touch me, someone touch me please I need it-" he looks to Karl and then to Dream. It doesn't matter who it is just as long as someone touches his dick now.

Dream's grin is sharp watching him and he imagines George's is much the same, enjoying him falling apart so easily for them.

He braces his hands on Karl's shoulder's beneath him, scratching in desperation. He knows he could touch himself but it's not the same, it's not what he wants.

Karl reaches down to touch himself instead only for Dream to grab his wrist and pin it to the bed,

driving into him, making Karl and Sapnap both moan in appreciation. Sapnap wants that to be him so bad, wants Dream to take him rough and hard just like that, to deny him that release until he's done having his way with him like he is to Karl who sobs, bucking his hips into the air for friction he'll never find like that.

George finally, finally, takes pity on him, taking his dick in hand and stroking it. He can't help the way he clenches around him at the relief, sobbing, "thank you, thank you."

"Really, Sap?" George pants with exertion. "Thanking me for touching your dick?"

He whimpers. "No you know what I'm with Dream now, be nice to me." Every word is a hard-fought battle to bite out but he manages, earning a chuckle from Dream.

"I can be nice," he presses a kiss behind his ear. "I'm being nice letting you cum, aren't I? Dream isn't letting Karl, look."

He helplessly complies, watching the two in front of them. Karl whimpers and whines and begs, his cock red and leaking desperately while Dream ignores him entirely like he can't hear him, can't see the desperation written across his face.

"Faster," Sapnap begs. The languid strokes are going to kill him, he needs more, needs release.

"Why don't you ask Dream to let Karl cum?" George suggests quietly, low and only to him, resting his chin on his shoulders, teeth dangerously close to already bruised skin. "When he does, you can."

His body goes even hotter, shouting "Dream!"

Green eyes snap up to meet his.

"Touch Karl," he begs, earning a squeeze around his dick. "Ah, please! Please let him cum, let me cum, please!"

Dream wouldn't dare ignore him. Not when he asked so nicely. He lets Karl's wrist go.

"Thanks, Sap," Karl breathes, taking himself in hand.

George speeds up, stroking over him in time with Karl. It's blinding in combination with his thrusts, he can't hold back, can hardly cry out a warning before he's spilling over his hand, body seizing up tight. It's the best orgasm of his life, toes curling as George fucks him through it.

Karl follows soon after but he can hardly hear him, much less bring himself to open his eyes.

George drops him, lets him fall uselessly against the mattress as he pounds into him, chasing his release.

Tears bead in his eyes threatening to spill out the longer George drags it out. His thrusts become uneven before he pushes in as deep as he can, spilling inside him.

Dream cums last, practically folding Karl in half with his thighs in hand, breathing into his neck as he stills.

No one moves.

No one speaks.

The only sound in the room is their labored breaths as they do their best to calm themselves down.

Sapnap breaks the silence first. "Fuck George, were you trying to kill me?"

"What?"

"That was the best sex of my entire life."

"Oh yeah, what like the one other time?"

Sapnap narrows his eyes. "Whatever, pull out. Dream, I demand cuddles, you're the only one who is nice to me here."

"What? What about me?" Karl lifts his head.

George pulls out, and out follows a dribble of lube and cum. He whimpers at the feeling, soft cock twitching in interest when George notices it too, and runs his finger up his thigh, collecting it and wiping it between his cheeks to add to the rest of the mess left behind.

"George," he begs. He can't go again, twice is already pushing it.

"I'll be right back," he promises, pulling himself from the bed.

George being the first one to move after sex is surprising, to say the least. Sapnap wants to ask where he's going but he doesn't have the energy.

Dream untangles himself from Karl to lay against the bed next to him. Lazily he slips a hand back in between his legs to do the same to Karl, playing with the mess he left behind. It's a little gross, Sapnap can't understand for the life of him why he wants to taste it so bad.

"Can I?" He asks hesitantly, watching with rapt attention.

Karl doesn't get what he's asking but nods anyway.

Sapnap crawls over them on shaking knees, kneeling between Karl's legs. He guides them up again.

"What are you-" his voice breaks off in a moan as Sapnap leans down, licking a large swipe over the lube and cum trickling out of his rim. It's salty and the lube is rubbery on his tongue.

Dream groans, watching them.

"Sap as great as that feels I can't," Karl pants desperately. He makes no move to pull away but his thighs jerk and there's an edge to his voice that makes Sapnap smile, kissing the inside of his thigh before he sits up, leaving him alone.

Here he's in the perfect position for cuddles. He wiggles until his head rests against Dream's chest, curling into his side. It's a little closer than he needs to be but he craves being held right now. Dream knocks their foreheads together briefly like a cat showing affection, wrapping his arm around his shoulders to hold him tight. It's adorable, melting him completely.

George comes back into the room with two rags in hand.

Sapnap frowns, playfully. Now that he can think again he can make jokes. "No one appreciates the cum socks anymore."

Dream's lips curl. "No one appreciated them in the first place."

"I got us cleaned up enough to talk for your dumbass didn't it?"

Dream gives a sleepy little giggle, high off the endorphins from it all. "It's a dying art form."

"The art of cum socks?" Karl asks incredulously.

"Sounds like an indie band," George grins.

He gets to Karl first, wiping him down tenderly with a sweet kiss pressed to his lips when he finishes.

He moves on to Sapnap, gently running the warm washcloth over him, clearing off the remnants of their activities. The water cools on his skin, leaving him shaking back the time he finishes. "Why the fuck is it so cold in here?"

"Karl," Dream looks to the smaller man who giggles so cutely it's hard to be mad at him.

"It got hot earlier!"

No one seems to have the energy to change the sheets or move to another bed. The best they can do is pull back the blankets and toss the comforter to the floor that got the worst of it.

They redistribute clothes, this time more appropriate for sleep. It's not even that late, on the contrary it's very early, but he's so tired from getting his brains absolutely fucked out that he's having a hard time keeping his eyes open. George's clothes are too small for literally everyone else, so Dream wanders over to his room and returns with clothes to share so he and Karl don't have to go all the way upstairs again.

George is sweet to him, helping him dress with tender touches that linger to warm his cool skin no longer heated with lust.

George pulls him close between him and Dream, Karl wrapped up on the other side of him. It's a tight squeeze but they make it work. Simple conversations lull him to sleep, trivial and perfect.

Sapnap wakes an hour later, overheated and sweaty.

Things are decidedly not perfect.

Turns out sharing a bed with three other guys is not exactly an easy feat. He wants to lay there and enjoy it but he can't. No matter how he flops it's too hot, George is too clingy and Dream is talking in his sleep, muttering incoherently. He thinks Karl is the one snoring so loudly but it's hard to tell if the noise is keeping him up or the fact that Dream is like a freaking space heater and George is velcroed onto him.

Giving up, Sapnap sadly pulls himself from the bed, doing his best to free himself from George without waking him. There's just not enough room for them all.

It sucks. If he wasn't so tired, bones weak with exhaustion, he'd find it in himself to mourn the loss of their presence as he carefully removes himself completely.

Sapnap gives them one last look, rubbing sleepily at his eyes. Everyone looks so peaceful. Dream and Karl have their fingers laced together, and George is already searching for his next snuggling victim. It looks like his new target is going to be Dream, but maybe he's used to it by now enough that they can get the rest that Sapnap can't.

He sneaks as quietly as he can out of the room, leaving behind his lovers to a cuddlefest he simply cannot be apart of.

The house is dark and silent and isolating.

It's particularly painful to walk up the stairs. An ache has settled into his hips making each step a labor to get up. Even his arms hurt but nothing compared to his lower half.

He falls into his lonely bed, finding solace in the cool sheets that relieve his overheated skin.

Finally it's quiet, and it isn't so hot, though now that leaves his skin feeling clammy with cool sweat but he'd still say it's a decent upgrade.

He's almost asleep when his door creaks open.

"Sap?" George calls.

Sapnap opens his mouth to reply but yawns instead, coming out with a gurgled reply. "George?"

He doesn't move from the spot in the doorway. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Got hot," he whispers.

George rubs at his face, illuminated in the silver moonlight spilling in from the window. "That's it?"

"Yeah. Sorry, I woke you up."

"It's okay. Can I sleep in here with you?"

One person would be okay, he supposes. He nods, pulling back the blankets to let him in.

George slips into the bed, keeping his distance for which Sapnap is grateful, still too overheated to cuddle.

He thinks George must feel the same way, especially with the lock of hair on his forehead curled with sweat.

He shuts his eyes, ready to fall back asleep when George asks again. "Sapnap?"

*Go to bed George*, he warns silently in his head. All that comes out is a hum in acknowledgement.

"... Was I too rough earlier?"

*Is George... does George sound scared right now?*

He opens his eyes, finally taking in his lover. A pensive pinch on his face scrunched his forehead. George is careful to keep himself to one side of the bed, though his hand curls against the frayed edges of Sapnap's pillowcase like he wants to reach over and touch him.

"What? No you didn't," he shakes his head adamantly, waking up a bit more. "Why?"

“I thought I got carried away and-“

Sapnap stops him with a gentle hand on his shoulder. “You didn’t get carried away George.”

“-And that’s why you left,” he finishes lamely despite the interruption. “I was really worried and I dunno. I got ahead of myself and didn’t ask you and then you left...”

*Always so caring.*

“If I didn’t like something I would say something,” he promises sincerely. “Between being so hot and Dream talking and Karl snoring I just couldn’t sleep.” He doesn’t mention how George was holding him like a sloth adding to the problem. He can keep that to himself for now.

“Really?”

“I would like to do today again wholeheartedly. Wouldn’t change a thing. Except maybe drag Dream in by his ear that first time,” he tacks on as he thinks about how today went.

“Okay,” George smiles softly in acceptance.

He still doesn’t come any closer.

Sapnap huffs. Sacrificing his good nights sleep, he tugs George closer and holds him tight.

The tension drains from his body at the reassurance, going back to the lax noodle he had been in bed earlier.

“You’re an idiot,” Sapnap says fondly, kissing his forehead. The *I love you* is implied.

“So are you.”

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know your thoughts on this chapter!

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Now in an established relationship, Dream, George, Karl, and Sapnap spend the day together cooking, shenanigans and mishaps ensued.

## Chapter Notes

Just a short, fluffy chapter! Thank you for reading this far, it means a lot to me :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Life is everything he's ever wanted and more.

It sounds sort of silly to be saying that after only a week of being in a relationship with George, Sapnap, and Karl, but it's true.

Dream basks in their attention, letting it melt over him until he's bathing in love and adoration day in and day out. Every day is a new, exciting chance to spend time with them, offering endless opportunities to get to know each of them better. He even finds himself learning new things about Sapnap and George, both of which he's known for years.

They're all together, no exclusions, just like how he envisioned it. He wraps George up in his arms and watches dumb TikTok's with him until the early hours of the morning, him and Karl paint each other's nails and he kisses his knuckles just to make Karl blush, him and Sapnap play basketball together, playful competition ending in roughhousing, ending in steamy makeout sessions in the backyard.

He doesn't get jealous when Sapnap and Karl go skate together or when George and Sapnap play chess in each other's rooms, he doesn't get jealous when he finds George and Karl going at it in the kitchen. He doesn't even get jealous when all three smoke together because that just means he gets to take care of them after, feed them food and touch them all over per their sober requests beforehand.

It's *amazing* .

Dream closes out of the computer, having just spent an hour or so editing a new video. It's going to be a lot of fun seeing everyone's reactions to all four of them playing together. Karl's shrieks can be heard from his room in Sapnap's audio, and Sapnap even went into George's room for a bit they were doing that had all four of them wheezing hysterically. He hopes soon it'll be apparent that it's no long dream team +Karl but just the dream team. Karl has earned a place in that name. He easily had each and every one of them wrapped around pretty ringed fingers, though Dream can't say he's any less whipped for George or Sapnap either.

An ache makes itself known in his legs and back from sitting in place for so long to edit and there's an insatiable itch to go find someone to bug. One of the many perks of having three partners is

there's always someone available to give him attention though so he decides to go do just that.

He stands with a stretch, wandering out of his room to see what the others are up to.

Sapnap is sprawled out on the couch as he enters the living room, George curled up on the floor at his feet with his head resting on his knees. It's certainly a sight Dream didn't think he'd ever see in his life. George? On the floor? For *Sapnap*?

What a *simp* .

He wants to tease him, but that would mean interrupting their calm, sweet moment, so he keeps the remark on the tip of his tongue, drinking in the sight instead. George looks sleepy, eyes closed like he's ready to pass out at any minute while Sapnap cards his fingers through his hair lovingly. He can't help but wonder how long they've been like that for George to be so subdued and relaxed, a stark difference from his usual chaotic nature.

"Where's Karl at?" Dream asks quietly, hoping not to disturb them too much.

George shifts, sitting up with a stretch, arching his back with arms high above his head. He's so damn cute, looking soft with little sweater paws in the oversized hoodie he wears- Dream's hoodie he notes upon closer inspection. He wants to scoop him up and pepper him with kisses until he gives him that adorable, sleepy laugh reserved for moments like this. He imagines laying him out in bed and keeping him all soft and pliant with gentle touches, imagining the soft mewls he'd let out with every-

Dream shifts when George relaxes back against Sapnap, breaking him from his fantasies. "He went to the store." He yawns, resting his head back against Sapnap's thighs, shutting his eyes.

If the younger man had a tail, it would be thumping erratically against the couch right now by the look Sapnap shoots at him, absolutely delighted. It's reminiscent of that time Dream had walked in on him and Karl cuddling for the first time, bringing a soft smile to his face. He's not necessarily nostalgic for a time before they were together or before George lived here too, but that memory holds a special place in his heart.

He loves them all so much.

"Did Karl take the list?"

"Nope."

He huffs. That asshole.

Karl knows there's a whole list on the fridge he should have grabbed if he was going to the store. Next time Dream has to go grocery shopping, tomorrow more than likely because apparently feeding four young men takes a lot of food, he's going to drag Karl with him out of spite for not taking it in the first place.

Dream looks around, heading to the kitchen for a snack for lack of better things to do. He wanders over to the fridge, pulling it open to look inside.

... They don't have shit.

Looks like it's takeout for dinner again unless he can convince his mom to bring something over...



Nooo, he shakes the thought from his head. He doesn't care that Sapnap has already met her, it's different now. It's a lot more intimidating to have your mom come over and be in the same house as your *three* new boyfriends-that-they-don't-label-as-boyfriends-even-though-they-definitely-are-in-fact-boyfriends.

He frowns, calling out over his shoulder. "You know what I want?"

Sapnap grunts in response.

"Banana pudding," his mouth fills with drool at the mere thought. "And not like the shitty kind you get in cups at grocery stores or something, I want a real banana pudding."

Sapnap looks up from his phone like he's thinking really hard about something. He has a cute look on his face, eyebrows scrunched together before finally saying, "My family used to make a really good banana pudding. I can't remember the recipe but like you make the pudding and everything from scratch and you add nilla wafers, it was so good."

Dream groans loudly, forehead against the fridge. That sounds amazing right now. "You aren't helping."

Sapnap pauses for a second longer, making up his mind. "You know what Dream, I'm gonna cook for you."

"What?" Dream laughs out loud.

"Yeah, I'm gonna make you some banana pudding."

At that, George groans loudly.

"You're a terrible cook," Dream giggles.

Sapnap's jaw drops, pretending to be offended, though he knows it's true as well as they do. "I am not! Karl is already at the store, I'll just... hold on, I'll look up a recipe and make him get the stuff!" He's already fumbling for his phone, googling away and screenshotting the ingredients.

Dream shrugs, assuming Karl would say no and come home anyways.

"... Karl is gonna get the stuff for us!"

"What?" Dream scoffs. "No this is a bad idea-"

"No, it's not," Sapnap dismisses him. "Come on," he pushes George from his lap, much to his displeasure. "Let's start getting bowls out."

George doesn't get up to help. Instead, he curls up in the spot Sapnap had previously been occupying, looking disinterested. "You guys go ahead, I'm tired. I was almost asleep before you came in."

"George, you're lame and you're gonna help," Sapnap states.

Dream smiles. He knows George will come help once Karl gets back. Something about Karl doing anything drives George particularly crazy in a way that he doesn't get with the others. Dream assumes it's because Karl will listen to any and every idea George comes up with, often adding his own two cents to the plan even. At least Dream and Sapnap (sometimes) have enough sense to know when to stop.

He follows Sapnap around the kitchen dutifully, getting out whatever he says to, pots and bowls, and a big pan for the final product. It's already starting to look like a big mess, but he's hopeful it won't be too bad of a clean up project when they're done.

"Karl is on his way!" Sapnap shouts brightly when he checks his phone again, all enthusiastic smiles. Dream has to admit, it's getting him a little excited too just from being near his optimism for the project they're about to take on.

They could manage it right? It can't be *that* hard.

He leans over when Sapnap gets close enough, stealing him in a kiss. Dream still hasn't gotten used to the fact that he can just do that now. He loves it, *craves* it, lacing their fingers together and holding him close against the cabinet, bracketing him in.

"Thank you for the pudding," Dream smiles against his lips.

Sapnap is the perfect height to press his face into Dream's neck without trying. He does just that, his warm breath sending a shiver down Dream's spine from where he rests his head. "Anything for my puddin'," he drawls, that singular word coming out particularly southern either by accident or choice, Dream doesn't know, but he adores it either way.

The fact that he's willing to cook for him to begin with makes him all warm and bubbly inside. It's so... *wholesome*. He wonders how he could have lived without knowing Sapnap's love like this for so long, without knowing how it feels to hold him and kiss him and be loved by him inside and out. Dream holds him tight, never wanting to let go.

"You mean the world to me, Dream."

The admission is so quiet, nothing more than a breeze whispered into the crook of his neck with a feathered touch.

It takes him a second to comprehend what Sapnap just said before his heart squeezes painfully in his chest. With no other outlet, he squeezes Sapnap just as hard, trying to lessen the overwhelming feeling of love building in his chest.

It isn't until he lets out a squeak that Dream realizes he's probably squeezing a little too hard, relaxing his hold.

"Damn Dream," he frees himself with a giggle. "You trying to kill me over just that? What are you gonna do when we start throwing around the L-word?"

He honestly doesn't know. Sheepishly he looks away. "Sorry."

"You're cute."

Dream blushes, a little embarrassed at his behavior.

That doesn't stop Sapnap from kissing him again, this time much more chaste before he's pulling away to busy himself until their ingredients arrive. Dream isn't too keen to let him go, following him around like a shadow with his arms still wrapped around the shorter man's neck. He earns a few elbows to his stomach and mutters of "clingy bitch" but he'll take it just to hold onto him longer.

Karl comes home soon after that with a flurry of bags and groceries, shattering the soft atmosphere with a slam of the door behind him. "I got it!"

“Thank you, Karl,” Sapnap pries himself from Dream’s arms.

He misses him instantly.

Sapnap hurries to the living room, planting a kiss on the other man’s cheek and taking some of the bags from his arms that threaten to spill out into the floor.

“I got you some candy,” Karl kicks George’s foot when he passes by the couch.

George perks up at that, suddenly a lot more alert.

After that, it’s easy to lure George into the kitchen. He’s rooting through the bags before they can even set them down all the way, looking for the candy Karl had mentioned.

The second he finds the pack of skittles, he refuses to share, poking his tongue out at anyone who gets too close to them. “Nope they’re mine, Karl loves me more,” he denies steadfastly.

Dream just shakes his head and ignores his antics.

“We’re making banana pudding,” Sapnap informs Karl as they unpack the ingredients from the list.

“Yeah, I got that when you sent me a recipe called Banana Pudding recipe but thanks for telling me,” Karl giggles, avoiding the playful hits sent his way at his sarcasm.

Karl brushes against Dream’s back in the small kitchen, giving him the perfect opportunity to turn around and kiss his temple, making the older man giggle quietly, hands too full with boxes and cans to reciprocate.

“George, why don’t you line the pan with cookies?” Sapnap sets him up with the easiest job, falling into the leadership role.

“What?” George glowers. “No, that’s so easy. Give me a harder job than that.”

“Okay fine,” Sapnap raises an eyebrow. “George you cut the bananas, Dream you put the cookies in the pan, and me and Karl can make the pudding and the meringue,” he looks over the steps on his phone.

Getting sidelined with the easy job doesn’t sit well with him either. Dream snatches the phone from his hands so he can look at the recipe.

“No, you’re supposed to be lining the pan with the cookies!” Sapnap shouts, swiping for his phone that Dream holds just out of reach as he reads over the directions.

“Chill out, I just wanted to read!”

“Give it back,” he whines.

“No.”

Everything soon devolves into pure chaos.

Sapnap does his best to take charge, but no one seems willing to listen, not even Dream who holds the phone up over his head to be an ass.

Sapnap has hops though, jumping for it. It takes a lot to keep it out of his reach even with the

substantial height Dream had on him.

George and Karl are over in their, albeit limited, spice cabinet, making nutmeg and cumin jokes like they're the funniest fucking people alive. Dream has to admit they kind of are in his eyes.

"Can we add some nut?" George asks hopefully, holding the bottle up.

"No!"

"No George, come on, it's the cumin we wanna add-" Karl corrects him, already opening the lid, ready to sprinkle some into the bowl Sapnap has out on the counter. "Cum-"

"No!" Sapnap cries, holding his hands out over the bowl protectively. "You guys are gonna mess it up! Just cut the bananas George holy shit."

Dream relinquishes the phone in favor of finding the box of cookies Karl brought back for them, opting to do what Sapnap says before he gets truly upset with their uncooperative nature.

He starts lining the pan with the cookies, eating one for every one that he puts down, chiming into the endless bickering around him as the others start the pudding part on the stove.

"Cut banana. A baby could cut a banana," George complains, chopping away after Sapnap had taken both the cumin and the nutmeg and thrown them in the trash before any harm could come to the dessert, (though the way Karl is eyeing the trash, it won't last for long).

"Well, would you like to come do the pudding part?" Karl asks helpfully, much to Sapnap's chagrin.

"Yes I would, thank you so much, Karl," he purrs, mirth dancing in his eyes.

"Don't mess it up," Sapnap groans.

"*Don't mess it up,*" he mocks. "Pfft, I'm a better cook than you are."

"You're not dude, you actually aren't."

"Your... your mother thinks I am," George cackles.

Sapnap rolls his eyes. "That didn't even make sense."

"I think he's saying he had sex with your mom," Karl drops his jaw in faux-shock.

"I did I cooked for her right before I had sex with her," George giggles.

"That's nasty George, *we* have sex," Sapnap facepalms.

Dream giggles, cringing. "That's a little weird, George."

The eldest just rolls his eyes. "Whatever! Okay, what's next?"

... letting him help with the pudding though turns into a disaster.

Dream is far from being a chef, and none of them can follow directions very well, but George is extra bad at it. The cooking stream he did ages ago turned out fine, sure, but he gets *goofy* around others sometimes, like he has the ability to just completely turn his brain off in the presence of another person.

It's hilarious, but it's also frustrating for poor Sapnap to try and wrangle them all together and keep things on track. He swats George away over and over from the pot on the stove until he gives up.

"Whatever, I don't get it," George pouts. "Why do you have to do steps that's dumb it's all going in the same bowl anyway."

Dream can't help but roll his eyes. "Oh come on."

"What?"

"Don't get like that. You're so annoying when you get all huffy about something--"

"I'm not *huffy*," his lip juts out further.

"You actually are."

George rolls his eyes at him, coming to stand against the counter Dream is at.

Dream narrows his eyes at the action.

He leans down, invading George's space so quickly he doesn't have time to get away, grabbing his face as if he's going to pull him in for a bruising kiss--

Dream licks him right over his cheek.

"Gross," George cries, pushing him away.

Dream wheezes hysterically. The way George's face scrunched up was priceless, absolutely disgusted with him. All it did was encourage him to do it again. "Come here Georgeeee--"

"NO! You're an idiot--" he speed walks across the kitchen, Dream hot on his trail.

"George!"

"Hey guys, do you think teaspoons and tablespoons are the same thing?" Karl asks, holding the two up.

"Karrrrlll," Sapnap groans. "What did you do?"

"It's just vanilla, it'll probably be fine right?"

"I guess," Sapnap shrugs. "How much did you put?"

"Uhhhhhhh..."

By the time the pudding is in the oven, George is pouting in the floor, Karl is trying to wipe leftover pudding on Sapnap, and Dream is sitting up on the cabinet, swinging his legs, just happy to be there.

It's so chaotic, and messy, and *fun*.

He doesn't want the moment to ever end. Everything around him is warm in the afternoon sun, the

familiar laughter of the ones he loves most beaming around him in bright bursts of energy. More than once he catches himself staring, taking it all in.

Sapnap has a knowing look on his face when he catches Dream's eye. As if he knows exactly how much he's enjoying this moment. Dream can't find it in himself to be embarrassed of being so thoroughly known, he's drunk on the happiness in the air, euphoric in every sense of the word. It's magical, wonderful, and fulfilling. He feels *whole* with them.

He smiles at him so big his cheeks hurt, silently thanking him for starting all of this.

"Wanna taste before I clean the bowl?" Sapnap asks holding up the pan the pudding had cooked in.

"Yes!" He nods excitedly, still so overjoyed that he put in so much effort just for him.

Sapnap bats Karl's sticky hand away and makes his way over to Dream.

With a smirk, he slots himself between his parted thighs, dipping a finger into the bowl to scrape the edges, collecting the sugary concoction.

Dream's breath hitches in his chest, picturing a whole lot of dirty scenes in a short amount of time. He can't help the way his thighs part in response, eager to get Sapnap closer in case he might want to act on it.

Sapnap for his worth has the same look on his face. He knows exactly what Dream is thinking and is in total agreement with it.

Dream wraps his arms around his waist, pulling him close as Sapnap holds his finger up to his parted lips. He takes it in eagerly, swirling his tongue and licking it clean. His tongue laps at the tip suggestively, innocent green eyes making contact with smoldering grey before he pulls off with a pop.

"Tastes good," he lies with a sweet smile.

Sapnap grabs his face and pulls him down into a kiss. Rough stubble scratches his cheek, lips parting to let him in without resistance. His mouth tastes like the remnants of sugar and vanilla that he licks into eagerly.

He can hear the other two chatting behind him, not paying them any mind. It's all so perfect. He honestly expected some jealousy at this point. Someone to pick a favorite or for them to break off into pairs who fuck occasionally together. This is so much better, having uncontrolled access to the three whenever he wants. He could break away from Sapnap right now and pin George to the table, or scoop Karl up and carry him away. It's wonderful. It makes him so impossibly happy he wonders how he ever thought he could survive with only having George.

Not that George is lacking!

But this... this is something else. This is special.

Not that George isn't special!

He can't even properly explain it even to himself.

Sapnap pulls away, mouth upturned in a sneer. "You liar, that tastes like shit."

Dream giggles, turning into a full-blown wheeze as Sapnap struggles to get the taste from his mouth.

Karl scoops some up and gives it a tentative, curious lick.

“Well?” George asks, waiting for his verdict.

“Yeah no, that’s terrible,” he giggles, sucking his bottom lip between his teeth. “It tastes like... it tastes like the half bottle of vanilla I put in it.”

“You’re so stupid,” Sapnap sighs.

“You love me.”

Sapnap doesn’t respond, he simply wraps Karl up in his arms and holds him tight, pressing his face into his shoulder.

Karl’s eyes widen in surprise at the gentle affection. He waits for Sapnap to pull away but when it’s apparent he doesn’t plan on it, he slowly sneaks his finger into the bowl, scooping out a dollop.

“Karl!” Sapnap screeches as the man smears the mess over his arm.

Of course, his first reaction is to smear it back on Karl, resulting in a yellow glob across the stomach of his sweatshirt.

Dream hops down from the cabinets, snatching the bowl from Karl before he could cause more mischief and takes it over to George who eyes him wearily.

“Sorry I called you annoying earlier,” He sighs. “And licked your face... twice.”

“You should be,” George smiles back, forgivingly. He scoops some out of the bowl too, making the same disgusted face as the others as he pops his finger in his mouth. “That’s terrible, what did we do wrong?”

“Well, my little discord kitten, maybe if we could have followed the instructions then it wouldn’t turn out so bad,” Sapnap grumbles, rubbing his arm under the faucet.

“Um, I’m pretty sure you’re my kitten, not the other way around.”

“Noo just admit it George you’re my little kitten,” Sapnap antagonizes. “Always have been, always will be.”

“And your mom will always be mine.”

“George not again,” Karl giggles, dotting his sweatshirt with the towel, refusing to let Sapnap have it to dry his hands.

George ignores them both, turning back to Dream. “Wanna go to the store and grab some in a cup?”

Dream shakes his head, leaning down to kiss him sweetly. “Nope, this is great.”

“Okay,” George takes his hand, swiping his thumb across the back of it.

He sighs, deeply content.

Everything is perfect.

... even if the pudding is inedible.

## Chapter End Notes

It was short but if you have any thoughts I'd love to hear them!



# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

Karl gets insecure, Sapnap Dream and George comfort him.

## Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter! I don't have the patience to edit as much as I usually do, so if you notice any glaring mistakes please let me know and I will fix it :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl has never been very good at keeping secrets.

It's not necessarily other people's secrets he has a problem with keeping though. If Sapnap wants to confide in him that he broke the door to a room upstairs and begs him not to tell Dream? He can do that. If George wants to let him in on the fact that he has to let Sapnap win a game of chess every now and then so he doesn't stop playing? Karl won't tell a soul.

It's his own secrets he can't keep. It makes him feel... itchy? He can't really put a description to it. It irks him all over though to hide things from others.

He has to physically leave the house to keep from blurting out everything to his friends, using the flimsy excuse of needing some stuff from the store to get away. He realizes only later that he forgot the list still hanging on the fridge.

It's not even really a secret is it? It's just an event that has taken place that he is not ready to divulge to the others. He doesn't have to share *everything* right? It's... it's an omission! That's the word. It's not a secret, it's an omission.

Calling it an omission makes it sound fun. Like a spy mission or something... he thinks. Omission? Mission? Like a spy mission?

It makes sense to him anyways.

Karl picks up a case of energy drinks and finds George some candy he likes to make the trip worth it. As an afterthought, he grabs some bright (kind of ugly) green nail polish too to make Dream happy. He'll order him a prettier green another time.

Karl spends the trip composing himself and by the time he's ready to check out, he thinks he's got a good grip on himself. At least, a good enough grip to not walk into the house shouting as soon as he goes home.

Just as he's about to pay though, Sapnap texts him, begging for him to grab the supplies needed to make banana pudding. He says no just to be a problem, but then Sapnap promises to blow him if he actually does it.

... who is he to turn down an offer like that?

He's glad he did too. The four have an amazing time together on what he's pretty sure is their first date.

Their first date!! It makes him giddy to think about. No one came straight out and labeled it as that but Karl is like 90% sure that's what it was. He's already planning to call his mom later and tell her all about it because he's absolutely infatuated with these three men (excluding the near animalistic sex they had the days prior to it, his mom didn't need to know that part). He can't wait to tell her all about them, he's already got a running list of qualities he adores for the three to spew to her over the phone.

They get the mess cleaned up for the most part, save for the tiny splatter of pudding that ended up on the ceiling ( *cough* , *George* ).

As gross as it would become, he's hoping no one else will notice it and it can remain on the ceiling forever like a keepsake. He can picture them laughing about it someday in the future when it's eventually noticed. He hopes they'll all get that sense of warm nostalgia for their first date as they wipe the pudding from the ceiling and reminisce about all the love they've shared since that day.

Karl's a bit of a hopeless romantic, that much he'll admit to himself. It's wonderful to think about.

They all four pitch in to finish the dishes and dump the ruined dessert into the trash, wiping the mess from the cabinets and floors. He feels a little bad for misunderstanding measurements but Dream doesn't seem all that upset about not getting the pudding. In fact he seems the opposite, like he's radiating happiness from his very soul.

Something about the way Dream gets when he's happy can change the dynamic of the entire room. He's absolutely vibrant, all warm smiles and sweet little giggles. His voice gets high-pitched when he notices Patches sauntering into the kitchen to join the party, scooping her up to hold against his chest.

Karl's heart beats erratically watching the entire affair. He wants to kiss him so bad it hurts, wants to taste the sunshine spilling off of him and feel the thrumming of energy against his skin. He wants to be held like Patches is being right now, snug against that broad chest he knows so well now.

He doesn't, because kissing him right now would surely break the spell, so Karl waits. He'll get him later in the quieter hours and smother him in his affection later.

Instead, once the disaster is complete and the remnants are washed away, Karl makes his way to the living room, sitting down in the lone recliner that's rarely used. It's so much more fun to pile up with everyone on the couch and fight each other for the limited seating but today it feels a little too suffocating to sit over there with them.

He's going to have to tell them eventually, his mind supplies unhelpfully.

The radiant feeling inside is dampened, like a rain cloud has popped up over his sunny day. It's not enough to ruin it, but it's enough to tinge his heart with a sense of foreboding.

"Hey," Sapnap smiles down at him, having followed him from the kitchen. There is something all over his shirt but he can't quite tell what it is. They really need to change, he notes, seeing as how pudding still coats his abdomen no matter how he tried to wash it off.

Dream and George are still in the kitchen together. When Karl looks over at them, George has

Dream pinned up against a cabinet in a passionate kiss, standing up on his tippy toes to pull the giant down within reach. He must have felt the same overwhelming urge to kiss the man that Karl felt. He can't blame him for acting on it.

"Hi."

"Wanna cash in your favor now?" Sappnap asks with a short dart of his tongue between his teeth, eyes alight with the same energy as Dream had been. It's intoxicating to be around.

"Favor?" Karl asks dumbly, staring up at Sappnap with reverence. He's seconds away from getting up and kissing him too, hands at the armrests of the recliner, ready to push out of it any second now.

"For getting the stuff for me?"

It takes a second for it to click but it all falls into place as Sappnap gets down to his knees in front of him with a sly grin.

Karl squirms in his seat, entranced. Beautiful dark eyes bat long lashes at him, downright sinful in their insinuations.

He gulps. "You weren't kidding?"

"Nope," he pops the 'p' in his word, warm hands engulfing his upper thighs that brings a shiver down his spine.

"Are you sure?" Karl bites out, hardly able to think straight with just that simple touch.

"Yes!" Sappnap rolls his eyes with a fond shake of his head. "I promised! Besides, don't act like it's some kind of hardship to blow you. Take your pants off."

"Right now?" He glances up at Dream and George, still chatting away happily in the kitchen, oblivious to what is happening- what is about to happen- right in front of them.

Not that they haven't seen him naked, they've certainly seen a lot more than just him naked, but to just drop his pants in the middle of the living room when they aren't even aware of what's happening? Despite the exciting thrill it sent through his veins, hesitancy gets the better of him.

"Yup, right now, Jacobs," Sappnap pats his thigh. "I wanna taste you."

The combination of the hands on his thighs, the way Sappnap is looking at him, and the thought of getting George and Dream to possibly join by doing it out in the open like this is too enticing.

There's no need to tell him twice.

"That's corny. Like a cheap porno line," Karl fumbles with his belt, movements chaotic with barely contained excitement. He undoes it quickly and fights the button on his pants, making Sappnap laugh at his eagerness.

Once he finally gets his pants to his knees, Sappnap decides to help, grabbing the waistband of his boxers and pulling them down too.

The leather feels weird against his bare ass as he settles back down but he can't focus too much on that because apparently just having his pants around his knees is not good enough, Sappnap wants them off completely. He grabs hold of the fabric at his knees and pulls them all the way off,

tossing both his pants and his underwear across the floor.

“Sap,” he whimpers.

Let it be known, Karl is not a fool. He knows how to hook them in, how to get them all hot and bothered for him without even trying. All he does is bat his eyelashes and quietly whine, “need you,” and Sapnap is all over him, kissing his knee and mouthing his way up the sensitive skin.

One day he’s sure they’ll catch on to his subtle manipulation but today is not that day.

Each kiss tickles his thighs until he’s sucking bruises on the innermost part while he gasps and squirms in his hold. His cock twitches in excitement, arousal flooding his veins.

“Write property of Sapnap on that one,” he teases at a particularly deep splotch that’s left behind, knowing it’ll be purple soon.

“Do it,” Sapnap hums. “You’re mine.”

Goosebumps prickle across his arms. He can’t help but rock his hips, growing harder by the second. He’s not a particularly possessive person but the fact that his partner is is going straight to his gut.

He bets Dream is too, and George for that matter. He wonders if they’ll see the mark and make their own, littering him in stamps of their love all over his body. He imagines them actually writing their names across the worst of them, digging their fingers into the others that don’t belong to them.

Oh, he’s completely hard now just picturing it.

“Sap,” he whines again, urging him to get a move on.

“Heh, you’re demanding you know that?” He asks but takes his length in hand all the same. “I wanna take my time.”

“Don’t care, blow me.”

“Damn Karl.”

“What?” He giggles, throwing a leg over Sapnap’s shoulders. He’s a solid mass beneath him, and Karl is quick to throw his other leg over his shoulders too, bracketing him in and holding him close.

“I’ve always wanted to use your things like ear muffs,” he says wistfully, teasing his fingertips up and down his legs.

That makes him giggle even harder, earning a laugh from Sapnap as well.

“That’s so dumb where did you even get that- ah,” his taunt is cut off by a press of lips against his length.

The teasing kiss is quickly followed by another and another, working his way up to the tip and pressing one final peck just under the head that makes Karl’s hips buck erratically. It’s not enough, it’s so comically far from being enough it ignites him as if someone dropped a match after dousing him in kerosene.

“Come on,” he juts his hips out further, begging for more. Sapnap’s grip on his hips is burning,

holding him steady against the chair with a hard hand.

Karl's next demand is cut short by hot, wet heat surrounding his dick. He whimpers loudly as Sapnap takes more and more into his mouth, smooth lips wrapped around sharp teeth sinking down over his cock.

The texture of his tongue has his knees shaking, just rough and bumpy enough to drive him mad.

Once he makes it as far down as he can, Sapnap covers the rest with his hand, stroking it languidly. He drags himself back up, hollowing his cheeks and sucking up the length of his cock and back down, setting himself into a pattern.

Blinding, overwhelming pleasure engulfs him. His thighs threaten to squeeze shut around his head and hold him down for something to buck into. It takes every ounce of restraint he has to keep the wiggling to a minimum, but it just feels so, so good.

His head hits the back of the recliner with a soft thump, squeezing his eyes shut and digging his fingertips into the arms.

He blabbers out some spill of encouragement, only half listening to his own words, "oh, Sap, Sap that feels so good oh my lanta, don't stop please don't stop holy cow--"

He pulls off. "My lanta?"

"What?" Karl pants.

"You're such a freak, dude," Sapnap giggles, going back down.

It's amazing, wonderful, perfect. He must have been hornier than he thought he was because wow. Top tier shit right here.

He'd laugh at his own thoughts if he could spare the breath.

When Sapnap takes a break from sucking, he licks up his length, flicking his tongue into the slit of his cock to make him cry out in shock before he's taking him back into his mouth and dropping back down again.

Karl needs to touch him, *he has to*. He reaches down to the hand holding his hips still, rubbing his palm up his arm a couple of times in the soft hairs that cover the skin. He hopes Sapnap hears his praise in his touch right now because his mouth isn't working anymore past the breathy little "ah" that escapes him every now and then and half formed syllables that almost resemble his name.

Sapnap doubles down, bobbing his head faster down his length that has him seeing stars at every wet slide of his lips down his cock.

Absently Karl laces their fingers together at his hip, squeezing his hand as hard as he's squeezing his eyes shut, trying not to cum too quick and bring it all to an end. He's so close though, teetering on the edge.

"Play with yourself," Sapnap grins sharply.

Flustered Karl nods along, willing to do just about anything he says right now. He runs a hand up under his shirt, stroking up and down his stomach. He slowly inches further up his chest, tweaking his nipple and drawing a gasp at the dual sensation as Sapnap takes him back into his mouth.

“Pretty.”

Karl looks up to the new voice, Dream standing in the doorway with George looking ready to pounce on him.

He bucks into Sapnap’s mouth at how all the eyes in the room are on him right now. Dream is rock hard, his grey sweatpants leaving nothing to the imagination and George’s cheeks are already turning red with the hazy rush of blood.

Karl throws his head back against the chair, one leg slipping from Sapnap’s shoulders to fall uselessly against his arm.

Sapnap hooks his fingers into the said leg and puts it back into place with a bruising squeeze. Karl moans loudly at the rough treatment, loving it so so so much. Sapnap must pick up on that, squeezing down harder to hold him in place. He whimpers at the pain melding with the blinding pleasure, unable to focus on any one thing.

He cums with a shout into Sapnap’s mouth, hips stuttering and eyes squeezed shut. He stops breathing when Sapnap begins to drink him down, swallowing around his length as tears of overstimulation bead at the corners of his eyes.

Finally, he pulls off with a wet pop of his mouth and looks up at Karl who forces his eyes open to see just how debauched Sapnap looks right now. His hair is a mess, cheeks bright red and eyes glazed over. Spit dribbles down his chin, wet and messy, coating bright red lips, swollen from the abuse.

“Fuck,” he whines, having to look away, otherwise he’s going to get hard again.

Except when he looks away it’s straight at Dream who has George down on his knees between his thighs, bobbing up and down on his length the same Sapnap had done for him.

“Wanna cum,” Sapnap palms himself, drawing his attention back.

“So cum,” Karl looks down at him. “You can do it. Come on, cum for me.”

“Fuck fuck fuck,” he dives a hand into his pants, bucking up into and looking at Karl with wide, desperate eyes. “Ah ah ah ah,” he pants, fucking into his hand at Karl’s feet. He’d be lying if he said the image didn’t do something for him, Sapnap is beautiful looking up at him like that, like he’d do anything and everything Karl asked of him in that very moment.

He only has one request of him for now.

“Come on, Sap, cum for me, please I wanna see you cum you look so pretty when you-“ Sapnap’s mouth drops open in an o, eyes squeezed shut.

On the other side of the room he can see Dream doing the same out the corner of his eye, head thrown back against the couch.

The wet slap of Sapnap’s fist comes to an end, and soon after so does George’s, the room stagnant with post-orgasmic clarity.

Coming back down to earth takes him a second. He didn’t even realize how high up he had gone but it feels like he’s floating about them right now. Slowly he removes his legs from Sapnap’s shoulders, muscles stiff from the position.

Sapnap leans down, kissing his knee. "That was fun."

"It was," he smiles softly, reaching down to stroke his cheek.

"I came on my pants," George groans, dotting at the mess on his lap. "Why did I do that? Why didn't I just take them off?"

"Because you're an idiot. Hey, Karl? Wanna go cuddle?" Dream asks hopefully as if George isn't still between his knees licking his spunk from his lips.

"What? No, give me a second to recover before you start trying to dick me down, Dream," Karl giggles, morphing into a hysterical laugh at how red the man turns.

"Fine. Do you guys wanna watch a movie? ... In bed?"

"Stoppppp," Sapnap groans, flopping against Karl's bare thighs. "No bed. We don't all fit."

"Yes, we do." Dream insists.

"No, we really don't. It's sooo uncomfortable. New rule, no more time in bed because we can't all fit in the bed together. Okay? No bed."

"We had sex on it last time just fine."

"Sex is different it's the cuddling that we don't all fit." Sapnap argues adamentally.

"I kind of agree, it's crowded with all four of us," George nods. There's a rough scratch to his voice already that's horribly endearing.

"Fine." Dream pouts.

Dream is... *exceptionally* cute when he pouts. Karl's heart flutters at how he begs silently with his gorgeous eyes.

"Well..." his throat tightens. Curse his inability to keep a single thing to himself. "There's a solution to that new bed rule we literally just made. Temporary! Solution."

Sapnap sits up. "What is it?"

"I'm going back to North Carolina in a few days."

He half expects some kind of grandiose gasp. A collective display of dismay, of someone begging '*no Karl please don't go*'.

Instead all he gets is a short nod from Dream. "Cool, what for?"

A little letdown, Karl rights himself. "A video. Filming should take about a week and then I'll be back. I don't really know much about it, I just got the invite to be in it this morning."

"That'll be fun. When do you leave?"

It's so... dismissive the way he says it. Karl bristles. "Not tomorrow but the day after."

"Okay."

Okay? That's it?

... What did Karl expect?

Sapnap looks a little sad, but he doesn't say anything and he can't see George's face from here but he seems near apathetic.

...Did they not care that he was leaving?

Karl isn't sure how to feel.

He tries not to let it show the rest of the day but their lackluster reactions left him fumbling. He smiles along with their banter and jokes and no one brings up his impending departure again. No questions were asked about it, not a single acknowledgment given.

Karl stays up with everyone until the late hours of the night watching movies, wedged between Dream and Sapnap with George tucked in on the other side of Dream. Normally he'd be more than content to be this close to them, but his mind can't stop racing enough to enjoy it. The negative thoughts encroach slowly, spreading like an infection until it's all he can think about.

On one hand, he's excited to go back. He misses his friends and the video sounds like it's going to be a super fun and awesome idea that he really cannot wait to be a part of it. He loves filming and editing and appearing in Mr. Beast videos, he always has a great time with everyone and he had been terribly sad to leave them in the first place to move here.

On the other hand, *of course* he has to leave right when they're getting somewhere good. They just entered this new and hectic relationship and he's not dumb, he knows making a relationship work between four people is going to take time and effort, probably more than any of them know. It's all just so new and dangerously exciting and he's not ready to leave just yet. It feels too soon, and the less than stellar reaction to him leaving has doubt bubbling up inside of him.

Once Sapnap decides he's going to bed, Karl is quick to follow. They may have agreed to not all try and sleep in the same bed anymore but that doesn't mean they can't share in pairs. Call him clingy but when someone sucks his soul out of his dick, he kind of wants to be near them the rest of the day. The same thing had happened after Dream fucked him so well, Karl had been attached to the man's hip the rest of the day. He couldn't help it, it was like an invisible string tethering him to that person until the endorphins run dry and the buzzing beneath his skin calms.

Sapnap welcomed him with open arms for the night, or rather morning, seeing as how the last movie did not end until after four a.m. He pulled him down onto the fluffy mattress, letting Karl snuggle into the bed and press his back against his, lined up from shoulder to butt beneath the sheets. Even their feet brushed occasionally, legs rubbing against one another if someone shifts too far.

It's late even by his standards. He's pretty sure Dream and George are still watching movies together somewhere but that's because George has a shittier sleep schedule than anyone else and Dream is just as clingy as Karl is.

Sapnap passed out an hour ago, but try as he might, sleep refuses to come as easily to him. It's a strange feeling to not be able to sleep when the bed is so warm and the feeling of sleeping next to Sapnap is one of pure comfort.



He tries sleeping on his belly, rolls to his side, and spoons up next to him only to end up flat on his back. Nothing works. He flops the covers back and counts to the highest number he can before he loses focus (124) and even that doesn't work because no matter what he does, his head drifts back to just hours before.

It's ridiculous to expect them to be upset that he's leaving, right? It's only a week, maybe two if anything gets delayed. It's not like he's leaving for good or something.

It's somehow all very fitting that he's the one leaving though. It isn't George flying back to the UK or Sapnap returning to Texas. It's him. The outsider.

His fists clench in the blankets around them.

Karl knows there will always be some kind of destination between himself and them, the dream team, the three bestest of friends. They've known each other for years, loved each other for years. Hell, Dream and Sapnap knew each other as kids even. His small stint in their lives pales in comparison.

He tries not to notice it but it's glaringly obvious some days.

He can see it in how Sapnap seems to always know what Dream is thinking without him saying it, or how George stops and just stares at the other two sometimes like he still can't believe he's finally here with them. Even Dream's tone softens for them in a way Karl doesn't hear when he talks to him.

It isn't a bad thing, he doesn't think. He knew from the very beginning that he wasn't asked to come here out of love, he was brought here to make Sapnap happy... like a gift.

It didn't bother him at first to be a present, at first he was just happy to be along for the ride. It had been a new adventure to pack up everything and move to Florida on the drop of a dime but now it rubs him wrong all over to think about how he's nothing but a room filler for them. At least, he's pretty sure that's what he is, he isn't sure. Their new relationship jumbles that for him. It's confusing. He doesn't know what his place is in the house really, or what the others think of him, all he knows is that there's a difference between himself and them.

He wants to talk to someone. He wants to talk to *Sapnap*. Sapnap has understood him since the day they first met, but he's snoring next to him, deep asleep. He'd like to go talk to Dream and George just as much, but going back downstairs to find them would be mortifying. What would he even say? *Hey guys? I'm like. Falling hard for you but I don't think you feel the same, could you confirm or deny that for me?*

No way.

Room filler, outsider, nothing but a gift for Sapnap. It eats away at him until there's nothing left. He wants to be so much more for them, he knows he could be. He can love them all just as much as they love each other, he knows he could if he could just get on the same playing field as them. It's not possible though, their love isn't equal.

Karl lays there, letting his thoughts work him up until he's on the brink of tears.

He could have taken it. He could have laid there and cried quietly and maybe caught a few hours of rest one he finished. He could have.

... He could have until he promised himself not to tell the others how he feels.

It would hurt even more to tell them, wouldn't it? To hear the confirmation in their voice when they agree with his harsh words towards himself. It would hurt to see it in their guilty looks cast to each other when he points out the differences, he wouldn't be able to stand it. *I'm not going to say anything about it. Just suck it up, pack tomorrow, and figure it out from there.*

But that makes it a *secret*.

And Karl can't keep his own secrets.

It's a gradual feeling, like the tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. At first he's content to keep his secret discontent and fears to himself, but then Sappnap finds him beneath the blankets to settle a gentle hand over his chest as if he's assuring himself even in his sleep Karl is still there. Then it swallows him whole.

The guilt at feeling this way, his irrational fears, it's too much to bear. He hates it. It makes his skin crawl.

Karl can only lay there a minute longer because he can't take it anymore. It's another secret ready to spill-that he needs to spill or he's going to combust.

"Sap?" He shakes his shoulder a little, desperation making him impatient. He needs someone to hold him right now, needs someone to listen to his fears and tell him it's okay that he's an outsider to this relationship, that he's still allowed to be in it, otherwise he's going to start crying for real.

"What?" He grumbles. Karl can't tell if he's angry and being woken up or his voice is just deep from sleep. Either way it startles him a little, trepidation making him falter.

"Sorry, can we talk?"

Sappnap shifts, rolling onto his other shoulder to put his back to Karl once more.

Karl doesn't whimper, okay, that would be dumb. He just makes a noise at being ignored right now. His heart feels like it's bleeding out and Sappnap won't even turn to look at him.

"Sap. I'm scared." He tries again.

"Hmm?" He half turns over curiously. "Scared of what?"

"Of going back to North Carolina," he admits.

He hoped saying it out loud would feel like getting a weight off his shoulders but instead his stomach sinks. "I want to go, I think the video sounds so cool ya know? But once I do..." he trails off.

Sappnap still isn't paying attention to him. He has his eyes closed as if he's willing himself back to sleep.

All that does is confirm all those horrible little thoughts eating at him.

His voice is quiet as he finishes slowly "...you won't miss me."

He won't. He won't even listen to him right now.

Karl tries to make his voice sound dismissive and easy as he whispers, "Never mind. I'm sorry. Go back to sleep."

Too bad his words tremble. He could have convinced him it was alright.

He could have.

“What?” Sapnap rolls over completely to regard him in the slow burning light of the morning sun creeping outside the window. It’s purpling light isn’t much but it illuminates the room just enough to see each other in the dark.

Karl can’t bring himself to look up at him. He fiddles with the sheets, scratching at them with the nail of his thumb, badly painted by Dream. There’s lumps and creases in the polish, even some still speckling his skin at his cuticle where he had too much on the brush. Dream’s trying to get better at it though, and suddenly he can’t even look at his hands without a lump forming in his throat.

“What do you mean?”

“I said I was sorry, Sap,” he reassures. “Just go back to sleep.”

“No, I’m listening now. I’m sorry I wasn’t before,” Sapnap rolls over, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. “Tell me.”

He seems genuinely worried now.

Feeling all the more guilty, the words trickle out of him, slow and hesitant. “I’m not like you guys. You and George and Dream love each other right? You all planned for years to live together someday. I was only invited to make you happy. We’re all friends yeah, but not like you guys are. And I mean, how could you miss me when you have Dream and George and they have you, you know? So I’m... I’m scared that if I go back no one will miss me since I’m just here to fill a room and what if you decide you don’t need me around?”

Tears that had begun to bead at the corners of his eyes fall down the side of his face awkwardly, trailing over his nose as gravity pulls them across his face.

Sapnap stays quiet, thinking. The air is thick and Karl can’t help but feel he’s messed something up big time. The feeling grows as his final words fall from his lips. “It’s scary because I need you guys but I don’t think you need me.”

“Karl.”

God, he’s so dumb. Why did he decide to tell him all that? He should have kept it to himself. He’s opened a giant can of worms here and there’s no putting it back on.

“Look at me,” Sapnap guides his chin gently.

He meets his eyes tentatively.

“I would miss you.”

Karl doesn’t buy it but he nods all the same, smiling around the tears the best he can. “Thanks, Sap. Seriously, go back to sleep. I’m sorry I woke you up.”

He tries to keep that forced smile, tries to untense his shoulders but the smile wobbles and he can’t relax. It’s all too forced and Sapnap can see it a mile away, even in the dark.

Sapnap purses his lips. A gentle thumb comes up to wipe away tear streaks across his nose. Karl holds his breath as he says, “I’m going to miss your laugh, I’m going to miss being able to kiss you

whenever I want, I'm going to miss holding you and being near you all the time even if it's just for a week. I'm going to miss you so much I'm probably going to call you every day that you're gone. Just because I love Dream and George doesn't mean I don't love you too. I've known them longer, sure whatever, but that doesn't change how I feel about you."

Karl's heart pounds into his throat. The kindness in his words is overwhelming, sending shocks throughout his body.

"You should go back, if you want to be a part of the video, you shouldn't put that on hold for us, but we will miss you like crazy, dude. You aren't just a room filler to us... do you not think Dream and George feel the same exact way?"

He doesn't know the answer. He does but he doesn't at the same time, that insecure little voice in his head won't let him see the truth.

He doesn't reply.

Sapnap sighs. "Give me one second okay?"

Karl can't even respond, can't even tell him *no please don't leave me right now please don't go* before he's out of the bed and through the door.

Left alone with his cruel thoughts, Karl buries his face in the pillow that smells like his best friend, tears flowing harder than ever. He's more confused than ever now.

He doesn't let himself gasp for air, taking slow shuddering lung fulls and sobbing it out quietly, tears soaking through the pillowcase.

"Karl," George's sharp voice startles him. He cringed into the pillow, wishing he could just disappear. He shouldn't have said anything, now everyone's here, he's not just bothering Sapnap he's bothering *everyone* and it makes him feel even worse.

He expects Dream to be the one to smother him, maybe Sapnap, but it's George who stalks over to the bed and lays down full body across Karl, trapping him from head to toe against the bed.

"George," he huffs, struggling for their usual banter. The jokes aren't coming to him right now though.

"Shut up. You're an idiot, Karl, you know we love you," George grumbles in his ear, his nose pressed into the fluff of curls at the base of his neck.

The bed dips as Dream silently settles at the end of the bed, pulling his legs up to give Sapnap room to sit up next to their heads.

He's starting to panic, pushing George off of him. Thankfully he goes willingly, sitting up so Karl can do the same. Once he's free of the blankets and weight, the panic dissipates. The cool air is grounding, bringing him out of his spiral bit by bit with every deep breath he takes.

"I'm sorry."

He feels miserable all over again for dragging them all in here to comfort him as much as he appreciates it.

"Don't be sorry," Dream leans over, pulling him in for a warm hug.

"I'm just so different," he whispers into his shoulder, holding him tight to breathe in his scent.

"How so?"

"Mm not. I'm not..." he can't even say it, burying his face.

Dream squeezes him tight, near uncomfortably so.

"You won't care if I leave."

"Karl," Dream sighs, stroking his back. "It was taking everything I had to not beg you not to go earlier."

What?

"What?"

"I can't just keep you here no matter how much I want to, that wouldn't be fair to you. I was trying to be supportive but all I wanna do is lock you in here and throw away the key. I don't want you to leave even if it's only for a week, I'll miss you so bad."

Karl blinks at the words settle over him. He pulls back to look at Dream's face, meeting worried green eyes. "You mean earlier you were trying to be supportive?"

"Yes!"

"I didn't want to say anything and guilt you into staying but I'm going to miss you too," George mumbles, cold hands settling on his waist from behind. Even through his shirt he shivers but he can't complain as long as George is touching him.

Another pair make their way to his thigh from Sapnap and he nearly sobs in relief. "Mm sorry I got worried over nothing. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, you're okay," Dream hugs him tighter. "Everyone is bound to get insecure at some point. You can always talk to us though don't feel bad or something."

They hold him until his breath evens out and his eyes stop watering.

Once he pulls away, his brain is exhausted and heavy from running so many circles, and he's warm all over with their love.

There's still an insecurity deep inside him that things aren't equal between them, but he's much less afraid to leave now knowing the others are just as upset about him going as he is. It doesn't fix everything, but he knows in the end it'll be alright and that's enough for now.

"Sap, do you think we can make an exception to the bed rule tonight?" Dream asks politely.

Karl opens his mouth to protest, if it made the others uncomfortable then they didn't need to do it for him, but Sapnap beats him to it.

"Yes please."

"You don't have to," Karl objects.

"We know we don't have to, nimrod," Sapnap scoots over. "We want to."

Gently Dream guides him to settle beneath the blankets. “Let’s just get some rest okay?”

He nods, fighting back tears for a whole new reason. He’s so lucky to have them.

George and Sapnap fall in around him, holding him close. He gets what Sapnap was complaining about earlier. There isn’t a place on his body that isn’t touching someone else with how little space there is for the four of them but he finds that it makes him feel that much safer.

Slowly everyone falls asleep in the silence, either too tired or too afraid to speak and break the tentative ease settling into the room.

Just as he’s almost asleep himself, a voice rouses him once more.

“I love you.”

Karl pokes his head up, looking at Dream over George’s shoulder.

He’s still asleep, a little puddle of drool leaking onto George’s hand beneath his head.

Karl smiles brightly, struggling to contain the happy giggle that threatens to force its way from his chest. Dream may have been asleep but he’s pretty sure it counts.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Summary

Karl is gone and Dream, George, and Sapnap are off because of it. After Dream and Karl share a spicy phone call, Karl comes home early as a surprise

## Chapter Notes

Will there ever come a day when I don't write Dream with a praise kink? No. No there will not. I've seen his videos okay /j there's only one chapter left now, I hope you've enjoyed reading so far!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first day Karl was gone, things were rough.

They had driven him to the airport, kissed him goodbye, and by the time Dream, George, and Sapnap had gotten back to the house, everyone was quiet. It's a rarity to not hear someone joking around or going on about a certain topic, but Dream brushed it off at the time. Everyone was bummed out, of course, it would be hard to act like they weren't.

They went inside and did their usual business, working on videos and merch and projects and whatnot and by the time they were ready to sleep, they all piled into one bed and called Karl to sleep call with him.

Karl isn't great at hiding his emotions by any means. Dream could hear the strain in his voice when he noticed they were all in bed together, and he heard the worry in his voice as he said, "*I wish I was there with you guys. But then we wouldn't be in the same bed, huh?*" With an awkward laugh.

It was heartbreaking.

They didn't do that again. They couldn't stand to hear him sad.

By day four, their sleep schedules were all off from each other. George had been showing signs that his was about to get bad again before Karl left, but once Karl was gone and they were no longer sleeping in the same beds, it became ridiculous to keep up with. Dream would wake up at noon only for George to be going to bed and vice versa. He's always had periods of strange sleep patterns, but Dream supposes this is the first time he's experienced it first hand since George moved in. Soon enough, time with George became nonexistent, save for the rare hours that their sleep schedules overlapped long enough to share a meal and a couple of kisses.

This wouldn't have been a problem if it wasn't for Sapnap disappearing too.

It was like they were all trying to compensate for Karl being gone. George was always sleeping and if Sapnap wasn't out on drives or hanging with Punz or off at the skatepark, he was streaming,

sometimes with a facecam as if to bar Dream from entering his room to sit in the floor and watch him play. He wanted to whine, promise not to be loud, that the viewers wouldn't even know he was there, but he didn't want to be clingy either. If Sapnap needs space, Dream can give him that.

Dream is pretty sure that isn't what Sapnap means at all, but that's what it feels like. Especially when he does seek him out in the rare moments he's simply in his room late at night before bed. Each time he went into his room he was on call with Karl, and Dream didn't want to interrupt or drag Sapnap away or hurt Karl's feelings like that first night.

Dream only tried to cuddle up with him a few times before he realized it just wasn't happening.

So he busies himself to ignore the aching loneliness in his chest. He edits videos and talks with friends for hours going over their MCC streams to help them improve and gives editing tips and whatever else he can do to be helpful.

It's striking how little of this he's been doing since Karl and George moved in. It seems like ages since he last sat in front of his computer for over half a day but as much as he loves being online, he misses how it was before Karl left.

On day seven, he's downright miserable.

It's the day Karl was supposed to be coming home. It's all the more painful knowing he won't be here for another few days.

He's willing to admit it's a bit codependent to be this bent out of shape without the others around all the time.

Dream lays in bed, staring up at the ceiling, thinking.

He could go lay in bed with George for a bit since Sapnap is... somewhere, he doesn't know, but George just went to bed an hour ago and Dream doesn't want to keep him up.

*What's Karl up to?*

He doesn't want to bother him either, he doesn't want to bother anyone. It seems like that's all he does anymore, bother his... partners? Is that what they are? All he does is bother them and cling.

The thought of annoying Karl makes his throat tight, but he didn't call him yesterday, surely it would be alright to call him now. Right?

He forms a quick explanation to himself before he even reaches for the phone. *Hey, just wanted to check in!*

But that makes him sound overbearing. He tries again.

*Hey, how's it going?*

That one's better. Just a quick, casual sentence, and if Karl is annoyed with him or is too busy, he can quickly just add on *oh, okay no worries! Sorry I bothered you, bye!* And hang up before he can make it worse.

It sounds like a good plan to him.

Dream reaches for his phone and clicks on Karl's contact. The phone rings a few times too many for Dream to feel comfortable, each trill deepening the feeling in his gut that he shouldn't have



called.

On the fifth ring, he begins to worry he isn't going to pick up at all.

Nervous energy coils tight in his stomach. He's about to hang up when the receiver clicks. "Dream!"

"Hi," he sighs with relief.

"What's up?" Karl asks, cheerfully.

"Umm... sorry to uh," he struggles. He already regrets calling, he doesn't want to be annoying. The simple sentence he was going to say fades from his brain, jumbling up together with the apology he had ready. "Sorry to bother you-"

"It's not a bother!" Karl interrupts. "I miss you! We're finished with shooting for the day, remember how I told you that it would be delayed a few days? Today is a super short day and then we're going to be slammed tomorrow so I'm just chilling in my hotel room the rest of the day. I might go have dinner with some friends later or something. But then we only have a few things to wrap up the day after that and I can come home!"

*Home.*

It makes Dream warm all over for Karl to refer to their house as home and not North Carolina. Florida is his home now, with them.

"That's good! I miss you too, so much."

He wants to add on and tell him about his day, too, but Dream struggles to find anything important to say.

Karl fills in for his silence. "Is George sleeping all day again?"

"Yeah. And I dunno where Sap is," he worries his lip.

"So it's just you and me huh?" Karl purrs in his ear.

Dream chuckles. "Yeah, I guess it is, huh."

Karl is so easy to be around. The tension and worry Dream had been carrying slowly bleeds out, replaced by a soft smile.

"Well in that case, what are you wearing?" Karl begins to giggle, thoroughly amusing himself with the question.

"What?" Dream laughs. "What am I wearing, really, Karl?"

"Yeah, what are you wearing? Come on, Dream, let's have phone sex, it's kinda hot right?" he asks excitedly.

Dream bites his lip again, scooting up in bed to sit up against the headboard. "I guess, yeah, how do you want to do this though?"

"I asked you a question first," he quips.

"Fine, I have on," he looks down at himself, the blankets pooling at his waist. "An OU t-shirt and

pajama pants.”

“Hot.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “Oh come on, don’t tease me.”

“You wanna know what I have on?” Karl asks, voice low and sultry. He waits a beat before saying, “I have on your shirt and nothing else.”

He pictures it so vividly, heat rushing to his gut. Karl’s long, lanky legs stretched out across hotel sheets, Dream’s shirt hanging off pale shoulders. It’s probably so long it stretches down to his thighs, and if he walks around in it, his ass would hang out the bottom, the perfect amount of skin showing that begs to be touched when he walks by.

“Fuck,” Dream breathes. It’s a sight he desperately wants to see.

Karl giggles even more, so bright and beautiful it takes his breath away. “Is it the fact that I don’t have pants on or that I’m wearing your shirt?”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah? Wanna see?”

God, does he. “Yes. Do you want...” He stops, gulping. “Do you want to send pictures like that though?”

Karl’s tone sobers up. “If you want me to. If you don’t we can keep this all talk. I don’t expect anything back from you if that’s what you’re worried about! I just like sending stuff like this.”

He ignores the surge of jealousy at knowing someone who isn’t him has gotten pictures from Karl like this. It’s in the past, he’s the one being offered them now, but a little green monster still rears its ugly head.

Dream frowns. “I’ve never sent anything like that.”

At 22 he’s never sent a nude before, or even anything slightly provocative. He’s taken some, sure, but he’s deleted them right after. It’s too scary to send, even normal pictures scare him with the off chance that they get leaked and the world sees his face. He isn’t ready for that yet, despite promising to face reveal once George got there. He’ll get there someday, but he just isn’t ready. A picture of his body though? Of his chest or his dick or his ass?

It sends a shiver of fear up his spine at the thought of that getting leaked, of thousands of people seeing him like that.

“Umm... I don’t... I don’t think I want to right now.” He lets it hang there for a second before tacking on. “Give me a second to think about it though. I might... I might change my mind. Maybe.”

“Okay. That’s okay! Do you want me to?”

He nods as if Karl could see him. “Yes please, I wanna see you.”

His words come with a twinge of guilt. How is he asking Karl to do something he’s unwilling to do in return?

“Dream...” Karl starts, and he knows he’s caught on to his fear. “When I say I like sending stuff

like this, I mean it gets me off. You don't have to feel bad about not sending me anything back."

Oh.

Dream's face goes red at the thought of Karl getting off on sending dirty pictures of himself.  
"Okay."

"What do you want to see?"

"Everything." Dream breathes.

That earns another chuckle from Karl and some shuffling on his end.

After a few seconds, his phone dings.

He puts Karl on speaker and opens their messages, heart hammering away in anticipation.

Karl is *gorgeous*.

His hair is especially curly today, or maybe it's just because Dream's been missing his curls that they look so wonderful. His eyes are big with an equally big grin, standing in front of a full-length mirror. True to his word, he has nothing on from the waist down, just a stolen t-shirt that hangs down to his thighs, inching dangerously higher with the way Karl has his arm up, a bottle of lube clutched in his hand.

It's not so much hot as it is adorable as all hell, but the lack of pants is sending his mind places.

"Well?"

Dream groans. "Karl." He pauses. "Did you take lube with you?"

Karl laughs. "Yup, just in case one of my hot ass boyfriends might wanna have phone sex with me. What did you think of the picture?"

"You're perfect. So perfect." Dream whimpers.

"Save them to your phone so you can show George and Sapnap what they missed out on," his voice is dangerously low and Dream follows his command without question, blood running hot as he holds down on the picture and saves it to his camera roll. He doesn't have the heart to tell him he probably won't because he rarely sees the others.

Another picture comes soon after.

Karl is still in front of that mirror but now he's on his knees, tongue out with the hem of the shirt between two fingers, promising more if Dream only asks.

The fact that it's his shirt too is really doing it for him. It makes Karl look like he's *his*, like he belongs to him. It satisfies something deep inside him, the same heady feelings he gets when any one of his boys wears his clothes.

"What would you do to me if you were here?" Karl asks conversationally.

He should say something sexy. He should say he'd push Karl's face into the floor and fuck him until he cries, or take him back to the bed and let him bounce on his cock until he cums untouched. There are endless lewd, nasty things he should say right now but none of them are what he really wants.

Instead, he answers honestly. "I'd kiss you. I miss you so bad, baby. I'd kiss you until you couldn't breathe. I would- I would go slow at first, then I'd suck on your tongue. I want to wrap my hand around your cock so I can feel you move every time I do something that feels good. I wanna kiss your cheek and chin and every freckle on your shoulder. I wanna bite your neck and mark you up. You look so pretty with marks all over, you bruise so easily. I wanna make you feel how much I-" his words stutter. "How much I love you. I wanna kiss you until you know how loved you are."

"Dream," Karl gasps.

"Sorry. Sorry," he backtracks quickly. "I know it's really fucking early to be saying shit like that, you don't have to say it back-"

"I love you too," Karl hums happily. Dream can practically see his million-dollar smile in his words. "Keep going!"

"I would," he racks his brain. What would he do next? "I would pull your legs up around my waist. I like how it feels when you hold onto me like that and then grind down into you. You're so much smaller than me, when I climb on top of you it feels like I could do anything I wanted. Only as long as you let me tho-"

"Dream?"

"Hmm?"

Karl huffs. "You don't have to explain it. It's hot thinking about you doing whatever you wanted to me. When you lay on top of me, I can't move. You're so much stronger than me, I love it. It makes me feel taken care of. I want you to touch me so bad."

"Wish I could," he imagines holding Karl down, feeling him wiggle around and hump into his hand, rub his ass against his dick to get Dream worked up too.

He's half-hard and has a burning interest to know if Karl is too. "Are you uh... heh, are you hard?"

"I'm already touching myself," Karl breathes.

His phone dings again.

He hurries to pull the phone from his ear, looking at the picture.

It's that same mirror, but now Karl has his shirt pulled up, holding the hem between his teeth. His unmarked chest is exposed, begging to be bruised with pretty painted fingers wrapped around his cock, thighs spread wide just for Dream.

"Are you jerking off in front of a mirror?" Is the first thing out of his mouth as soon as he brings the phone back up to his ear.

"Yes." He answers bluntly. "How else would you be able to see me finger myself in a minute?"

Dream aches to see that. To see him twist to reach the spots Dream knows he could hit so much easier if only he could touch him.

"I could do it so much better than you, baby. My fingers are bigger too. Yours are pretty and all but I could fuck you so much better with mine."

"Dream, please."

“Say it.” He growls.

Karl whimpers. “Your fingers would feel better. You touch me better than I can. I put one in and it’s nothing like yours. I want you so bad, Dreamie, so so bad.”

The words go straight to his dick.

He slides his pants down around his thighs, freeing his dick from the confining material. He reaches for the lube kept in the bedside drawer, quickly squirting some out into his hand and moving it around. “You talk, I’m talking too much.”

Karl hums. “Okay...”

Silence.

Dream waits, dick in hand.

Karl suddenly giggles. “I can’t. I can’t, everything I think of to say is just too cringe.”

A laugh startles its way from his chest. “What? No, you can’t make me do all the talking, fuck off. Say something! Call me a good boy or add another finger just do something I literally have my dick in my hand right now.”

“Call you a good boy, huh?”

Dream chokes. Did he actually say that part out loud?

Oh fuck, he did.

“Umm... I like being told when I’m doing well?” He offers weakly, though the words sound more like a question than a statement.

Karl, amazing kind wonderful stupidly perfect Karl, just rolls with it. “You’re doing so good for me right now, Dream.”

His hand jerks over his cock involuntarily, a moan dragged from his throat.

“Go slow,” Karl demands. Dream does so, slowing his hand to barely-there touches over himself. “Are your nails still painted?”

Dream looks down. “Kind of, it’s chipped.”

“Is it enough that your hand almost looks like mine?”

“Almost, it’s not the same, want it to be you,” he pants, tracing his fingertips up the underside of his cock, imagining Karl teasing him until his hips jerk uncontrollably.

“I’m fingering myself wishing it was you. It feels so good, Dream, you feel so good. Go a little faster now okay?”

“Okay,” Dream pushes down a whine, tightening his fist.

“Good boy,” Karl whispers. “Fuck, I can’t believe you kept that from us. You have a praise kink holy shit. You just keep getting better and better huh?”

Dream pushes his face into his pillow, humping into his hands at his words. He wants more,

infinitely more, he craves to hear those words fall from his lips, he would do anything Karl asked of him if it meant earning his praise.

An idea that had wedged itself at the back of his mind pushes its way to the front once more.

*Fuck it, just do it just do it just do it, it's to Karl*, nothing bad is going to happen when he's with Karl.

Dream nervously pulls the phone from his ear and takes a quick picture.

He thinks he looks decent in it. His hips are sharp and angled over the top of his pajama pants, his dick slick with lube and standing at attention in his hand. The freckles dotting his skin are dark in contrast to the hair running from his navel to his dick. He looks *good*.

He hits send.

“Dream? Hold on let me put you on speaker-“ Karl stops. “*Holy shit.*”

“Just don't save it!” He rushes to say, ears burning with embarrassment and arousal. He can kind of see why this gets Karl off, it's exhilarating and intoxicating to hear his intake of breath at his picture. He could see how it could become addicting to the surge of desire when Karl gives a low groan in appreciation.

“You look so good. I wish you were fucking me right now not my stupid fingers. You're so much bigger than this, it's not enough it's not, oh,” he gasps, the wet slaps of his fist speeding up.

*Ding!*

Dream pulls his phone back too, quickly switching him to speaker so he could look and talk at the same time.

True to his word, Karl has three fingers stuffed in his ass, legs spread obscenely around the mirror to give Dream the most perfect view of how his fingers disappear inside where Dream so desperately wants to be.

He speeds up his hand, fucking into it and imagining it's Karl. “You'd be so fucking hot and tight around me.”

“You're doing so good Dream, fuck I can't believe you sent a picture, thank you so much. No one will see it but me, I'll delete it right after promise. You're so good, such a good boy-“

“Karl please,” he doesn't know what he's begging for but he needs more. He thumbs the head of his cock, twisting his hand on the upward stroke, and pictures Karl. His hands, his face, his lips, the pretty pink nipples on his chest that makes him cry out, how his dick feels in Dream's hand, the way his ass feels around his dick as he fucks him hard and deep, the way he craves to know what it would feel like the other way around.

“I'm close, I'm so close you sound so good,” Karl pants prettily in his ear. “I need you so bad Dream,” he whimpers. “Dream!”

Dream spills over his hand with a gargled moan, half Karl's name and half unintelligible syllables.

Karl is close behind, all high-pitched cries and pretty whines until there's the telltale stuttering gasp for air and then silence.

Nothing but their shared labored breaths fill the room. He could almost imagine he's lying here next to him, but when he flops an arm out across his bed, he's met with only rumpled sheets and disappointment.

"Come home soon, okay?" He whispers.

"I will. Now let's talk about this praise kink of yours," Karl is all bright smiles once again, ready to tease Dream mercilessly.

The days can't pass quick enough.

After a five-hour phone call and another orgasm with Karl, Dream finds himself in the same position as before. George is asleep right now and he doesn't know where Sapnap is or if he's even home.

He feels bad for being so clingy sometimes. It's not like he can't handle alone time though. The first few days of this were almost enjoyable with the sheer amount of work he got done. It had been a load off his shoulders, and binge-watching an entire series from the comfort of his bed without anyone talking over the show or anything was also pretty nice. He had a good time by himself the first few days. He just doesn't want to be alone *all* the time.

Dream wipes the jizz from his skin and slides his pajamas back on, rolling out of bed. The lack of a warm body after two orgasms leaves him freezing. He'd probably beg for a hug right now if there was anyone around to beg.

Dream goes to the kitchen, walking around aimlessly. He doesn't know what to do now. He paces a few steps, looks in the fridge and around the living room.

Resigned to go back to his room to find something to do, he starts that way when fast footsteps hurry down the stairs.

He turns, lighting up at seeing Sapnap is home after all.

"Hey, Sap," he greets brightly.

"Oh, hey," he looks up, hopping the last step.

Dream's shoulders drop when he sees the skateboard tucked against his side.

Still, it can't hurt to try.

"I haven't seen you much lately," he smiles lightly, hoping he can't see how it's driving him crazy.

Sapnap comes up to him and kisses his cheek.

Dream goes to wrap his arms around him and hold him there for that much-needed hug he so desperately wants, but he's gone before he can. "I know, I'm sorry! I'm headed to hang out with a friend, do you want to come?"

He says hang with a friend instead of a name, so Dream doubts he knows the person. That doesn't sound like much fun at the moment, and it poses the problem of going outside and meeting new

people who could potentially recognize him.

“That’s okay,” he tries not to look too crestfallen.

He doesn’t beg as Sapnap rushes his goodbye as much as he would like to.

Sullenly, he goes to find George. He wants to hold him and talk to him but he hardly moves when Dream enters his room, too tired to even greet him. Dream sighs and settles for crawling into bed next to him, hoping to nap enough that he could mess up his own sleep schedule and be up with George.

It doesn’t work, sleep never comes.

A day later, Dream gets a series of texts in the middle of the night that wakes him up out of his light sleep. He groans at the incessant dings of his text messages, growing increasingly irritated. He only has five people that can text him when he’s asleep, his mom, his sister, and his three annoying ass boyfriends.

If it’s them bullshitting while he’s trying to sleep, he’s going to block him, he thinks with resolve.

He rolls over, fumbling for his phone.

The light is bright, words so blurry on the screen he has trouble reading them.

**George:** get up

*Sent at 2:30 a.m.*

**George:** I have a surprise

*Sent at 2:30 a.m.*

**George:** get up you idiots

*Sent at 2:35 a.m.*

**George:** fine guess I’ll just play with Karl by myself

*Sent at 2:36 a.m.*

**George:** he looks so pretty under me

*Sent at 2:50 a.m.*

Dream reads the messages, then rereads them again one more time. He’s going to play with Karl by himself? What, like on video chat or something?

He scrolls down a little further, clicking on the picture that follows the string of texts.



The image attached is certainly beautiful with Karl spread out on the bed beneath someone who has to be George, cheeks red and pupils blown wide as he stares up at the camera with a breathless smile.

**George:** we'll be in my room when you decide to join us.

*Sent at 3:05 a.m.*

**George:** losers

*Sent at 3:12 a.m.*

**Sapnap:** HES HOME?????????!!!!!!

**Sapnap:** fuck okay I gotta piss and then I'll be there

**Sapnap:** fuck u gEorge don't start with out meyoubitch

*Sent at 3:15 a.m.*

George sent another picture after that to egg Sapnap on. This time when Dream looks at it, Karl is significantly further gone, face tucked into a pillow with his mouth parted, red hickeys lining his neck.

*Karl is here????!!*

How the hell is Dream just now waking up??

It feels like each minute that passes is another wasted.

He all but throws himself out of bed, excited to go see what's going on.

Thankfully George's room is just around the corner.

This time around as he approaches George's door to walk in on him and Karl, he doesn't hesitate outside, he doesn't wait or knock or worry. He throws it open with abandon, a stark difference from the last time he did this.

He's beat Sapnap at least.

"Dream!" Karl cries happily, lifting his head from the pile of pillows scattered around the bed.

"Karl!" Dream shouts back, just as happy, completely ignoring George.

George who is currently naked, riding Karl like he's been starved for it.

"I came home early to surprise you guys!" Karl whimpers as George drops back down, bouncing on his dick over and over. "Ge-ah- George was the only one up though!"

Dream turns his attention to George now as he stalks up to the bed. He reaches out, running his fingers through rich, dark hair.

“Hi Dream,” he purrs happily, leaning his head back to the touch.

“Hi George, why didn’t you come wake us up?”

George inhales sharply, grating his hips down. “Didn’t feel like it.”

“AHHHH”

Dream looks over his shoulder. Sapnap is barrelling into the room, socked feet sliding against the floor. He skids right past Dream, flopping down onto the bed and bouncing Karl who groans.

He leans down, stealing him in a harsh kiss. “Missed you.”

George pats the bed, inviting Dream closer, which he does so happily, pushing Sapnap out of the way to kiss Karl.

“Hey,” Sapnap whines, though he makes room for Dream anyways.

Dream still isn’t too sure if Sapnap has been ignoring him on purpose this week or not. He eyes him wearily, stroking Karl’s cheek.

“What?” Sapnap frowns at the look Dream gives him.

“Aren’t you mad at me?” He asks quietly. As turned on as he is right now watching George ride Karl, he needs to know.

“No, why would I be?”

George stills beside them, making Karl whine pathetically.

“Dream?”

He shrugs. “You’ve been gone a lot. Karl was gone and George is always asleep and then you just disappeared.”

Sapnap opens his mouth to protest but soon his eyebrows furrow and his mouth shuts. The confused, defensive look on his face melts away, replaced by one of guilt. “I’m sorry, Dream, I didn’t mean to ice you out or something. I just really missed Karl. And George.”

“Sorry guys,” George sighs, looking just as guilty. “I don’t know why I did that.”

“You can’t help it, it’s who you are,” Dream assures, aiming for a light, teasing tone.

It works. George cracks a smile. “Yeah, okay. I can’t even argue with that.”

Sapnap pulls him into a kiss, slinging an arm around his shoulder to hold him close. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” he relaxes, content in the knowledge that it was just another misunderstanding.

George rocks his hips, drawing a strangled moan from Karl. “Are we going to have sex now or what?”

Sapnap pulls and tugs on Dream to situate him how he wants, his back flush to his chest so he can kiss from his cheek, down his neck, and below his ear. It feels so nice to be held by him after over a week of nearly complete avoidance, Dream is boneless in his hold.

Sapnap pulls Dream's shirt from his head and is quick to do the same to his pants. He's never been so glad to be going commando in his life, one less barrier between him and the others.

Sapnap shimmies out of his clothes behind him while Dream waits patiently, content to watch Karl and George until Sapnap is ready.

Once he's finished, he's right back where he was before, trailing his hands over Dream's chest until he shivers, eyes slipping shut.

Even with his eyes closed though, he knows it's Karl who reaches for Dream, guiding him to lay down next to him.

He lets himself be moved, curling into him close. He's not sure where this is going, but he's half-hard and not complaining. He lays down, cupping Karl's cheek to bring him in for kiss after kiss. He can't get enough after so long, even though so long was nothing more than a few days.

"Can I fuck your thighs?" Sapnap asks from behind, running his fingertips up and down Dream's sides and thighs, watching him shiver over and over under the ticklish featherlight feeling of it.

Dream nods but he can't speak, too enraptured in fulfilling his promise to kiss Karl until he knows how loved he is. He hopes he can feel it in every press of his lips, in the slow, almost lazy way he slips his tongue into his mouth, bites his lips, and sucks until they bruise with his affection.

Sapnap continues to stroke his fingers over Dream's body, laying down behind him. Each touch is filled with purpose, no matter how light, starting at his shoulders and down his arms. It's sweet and gentle, exactly what he needs when sleep is still hanging on the edges of his brain. He kisses the nape of Dream's neck, sucking new marks into the unblemished skin, his last hickeys having long faded over the week.

He runs his hands over his arm, down to his sides and thighs, hooking his fingers around his knee to part his legs, slipping his own in between to hold them open.

Karl whimpers into his mouth, George grinding down with his hands planted firmly on Karl's chest.

It's all so much. There's so much to do, to see, to feel, he's lost in it as he is every time they all do something together. One partner can be overwhelming at times but three?

All he can do is kiss Karl and let Sapnap do what he wants. Dream's knuckles brush George's thigh, feeling the muscles work as he moves on top, fucking himself on Karl's dick.

Why did god curse him with only two hands? He laments silently to himself. He wants to reach back and grab fistfuls of Sapnap's hair when he locates the lube and squirts an obscene amount between his thighs, slathering it around and coating his dick while he's at it. He wants to touch George's neglected cock, and he wants to touch every inch of Karl he can get to.

Two hands aren't enough for three lovers, but he makes do.

He gasps into Karl's mouth at the feeling of Sapnap sliding his cock between his thighs and squeezing them shut around him. He groans low in his ear, "fuck, you feel good," digging his hands into the supple flesh to make Dream's body feel good for him. He's burning up like this, he didn't know it could feel so good even if he wasn't actually getting fucked.

"Mmm—" Karl makes a noise as he frees his lips from Dream's long enough to speak. "Tell him he's good!"

Mortification burns through him. He hides his face in Karl's shoulder, hissing, "shut up, Karl-"

"Tell him he's good? Why, do you like stuff like that?" George teases instantly.

His eyes are squeezed shut so he doesn't see who pinches his nipple to get him to rip away from Karl. He trashes, squinting up at George since he can't turn around well enough to see Sapnap too who never stops moving behind him.

His silence speaks for him.

George gives him a sinister grin, so ready to tease him mercilessly when Sapnap interrupts.

"I'll tell you you're good, Dream. You're so good for me, letting me use your thighs like this," he thrusts in and out, the wet squelch and lewd feeling of their dicks rubbing against each other with every thrust. When he looks down he can just barely see the head of Sapnap's cock pushing out below his balls obscenely.

The blush on his cheeks runs down his chest and to his ears at the sight coupled with the praise. He hides his face back into Karl's neck, breathing heavily.

Sapnap takes Dream's cock in his hand that he isn't using to squeeze his thighs together, stroking him slow and steady. It's amazing, sandwiched between Karl and Sapnap with even George's leg pressed against him like this.

A hand encircles his wrist, George guiding his hand from holding onto Karl to hovering over his dick, asking politely without words.

Dream retracts it, much to George's confusion. He wants to ask, Dream can see it on his face, but he reaches down between his legs instead. He can feel their eyes on him as he wipes up the excess lube spilling over his legs and brings it back up to George's dick.

"Oh fuck, Dream," he breathes out. His dick is so hot and red in his hand, Dream knows he's close without hardly touching him.

Maybe it's the sleepy hours of the morning that makes him so on edge too, he doesn't know, but hopes by the way Sapnap speeds up, moaning into his ear that he feels the same.

It's all so good, everything is so good between Sapnap's hand and the feeling of him fucking his thighs and touching George and kissing Karl again, all George has to do is say "You're so good, Dream, you're my good boy" and he's gone.

He bites down on Karl's shoulder as his orgasm washes over him. He does his best to work George through it, letting him take his hand in his and tighten his fist around his cock, going up and down until cum spills from him too, hot over his hand until he's finished.

Karl cums soon after, spilling into George with a beautiful, high-pitched moan.

"Fuck, Dream Dream Dream," Sapnap pants, following suit between his thighs that he squeezes so tight it's nearly painful.

It makes him feel used, covered in their cum. He only wishes he had Karl's on him too. It feels so good, it makes him feel desired, even more so with the appreciative looks the others give him.

"I love you guys."

Dream opens his eyes to glance up at Karl. He's smiling, big and pretty, and relaxed against the pillows, removing his hand from George's waist to wrap around Dream's shoulders, holding him close against him.

"Love you too," he kisses his shoulder gently.

"I love you!" Sappnap eagerly presses into Dream, squishing them. "I love you guys. I'm sorry, Dream," he nuzzles into his neck, the stumble on his chin burning as much as it tickles.

"Love you," George says quietly, pulling Karl's soft cock from him just to lay on his chest.

Being this close is only fun for a bit. After a while, the afterglow fades, and to kiss Karl, the uncomfortable feeling of lube coating his thighs is disgusting. He's getting too hot, and Sappnap is already beginning to pull away.

He gets out of bed under the guise of getting wash clothes again, bringing them back to help clean up the mess. He's tender as he wipes down Dream's thighs, easing them apart and cleaning the mess.

Everyone's bone-tired but there's just not enough room no matter how they squish together.

"What if we sleep on the floor?" Dream asks helpfully in the awkward silence. No one wants to separate right now but that leaves Sappnap awkwardly hovering at the edge of the bed and Dream sitting on the edge. "Get a bunch of blankets and stuff?"

"Nooo that'll actually kill my back, dude," Sappnap protests quickly.

"Yeah, same." George nods.

Karl averts his eyes. "Yeah, I'm kind of achy and worn out from the travel anyway."

Dream can't help the way his shoulders slump. He doesn't want to leave any of them but they're right, it just won't work.

He looks down at the bed. "Okay, no worries. Umm... I guess I'll go back to bed then."

The thought of being apart from them right now is miserable and isolating. He knows if he does go back to bed, he'll never go to sleep like this despite the weary tiredness in his bones after waking up in the middle of the night to have sex.

"No, don't worry guys, this is like midday for me. If you want to sleep together go ahead," George pulls himself from the bed.

"Don't go," Karl pouts instantly, reaching for George to curl his fingers over his delicate wrist.

"I'm not tired enough to go to bed," George frees his wrist gently. "You guys are though, so go ahead, seriously. I shouldn't have messed up my schedule so bad, I actually don't know why I did this to myself."

Karl sticks his lip out. Dream honestly doesn't know how George is so unaffected by him, Dream would be caving in an instant.

He detaches himself from the bed of lanky limbs begging him to stay. "I'll take it easy so I can stay up longer and hang out with you guys when you wake up okay?"

George doesn't sound particularly sad about it, so Dream lets it slide. As long as he didn't feel the

same way Karl did that night, things would be okay.

“Okay,” Dream smiles.

“Good night, idiots.”

Dream rolls his eyes at him. “Love you, idiot.”

“Such a nimrod,” Karl giggles fondly at George’s expense.

George’s jaw drops. “Whatever, okay, just go to sleep so you can hurry and wake up to spend time with me.”

He slips out the door, letting it close with a click behind him.

It’s strange to sleep in someone’s bed without them, but Dream still has hope as he pulls back the blankets of George’s bed and slips beneath them, pulling Karl and Sapnap in with him that by staying there that George might return on some off chance.

The entire situation drives him crazy. They have sex, they like to cuddle, they need a space for them to do that without problems like this. He needs to be able to hold them tight and love them the way they deserve without stupid problems like this.

It gets him thinking.

There has to be a solution.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought of this chapter!

## Chapter 13

### Chapter Summary

Dream, Sapnap, George, and Karl get a bigger bed.

### Chapter Notes

I can't believe it's over! Thank you so much for reading I hope you've enjoyed the story!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream will admit, he didn't think this through very well.

He researched his purchase, sure, and he read the reviews, he did the math to measure out how big it would be, and once he was sure it would work, he pressed buy now and didn't think about the rest.

That was three weeks ago.

He could almost forget about the purchase altogether if it wasn't for the overwhelming excitement that coursed through him at the mere reminder of it. It took every ounce of self control he had to not blurt out to the others what he had bought, trying to keep it a secret the best he could to surprise everyone.

He checked the delivery date religiously, so when he opened his phone yesterday to track the package only to find out it was supposed to be delivered and never came he was terrified. Did it get lost? Was it not coming? Did one of his neighbors end up with a giant fucking mattress? What, where is it?

He was freaking out just a bit, debating on whether or not he should call the post office when Sapnap poked his head into his room. "Hey, Dream?"

"Hmm?" he hardly glances up from his phone.

"The fuck did you order?"

Dream frowns. If he's being honest, he didn't really hear what Sapnap had just asked him, too focused instead on tracking down his package. "Huh?"

"I tried to go out the front door and it's literally blocked by something so freaking big I can't open the door and it has your name on it."

Oh.

Oh!

“It came!” Dream jumps up from his desk.

“It did!” Sapnap mimics him as if he knew what it was. “What is it?”

Dream ignores him. “Do you know where George and Karl are?”

“My guess?” Sapnap smirks. “Having sex somewhere.”

Dream chuckles. “I don’t doubt it, they’ve been quiet for too long. Let’s go find them.”

“Why? Dream you have to tell me what it is, please?” Sapnap hangs on his wrist, letting Dream drag them both out of the room and down the hall.

The living room and kitchen are devoid of the two men, and Dream doubts they’re in the gym or outside. He pulls Sapnap up behind him as he ascends the stairs, ignoring Sapnap’s dramatic groans of protest.

Low and behold, the two with the obnoxiously large sex drives were in fact, having sex in Karl’s room.

Dream likes sex, don’t get him wrong, he can keep up just fine, but George and Karl are on a whole other playing field someday. Even Sapnap has to take a break sometimes while George and Karl just keep going.

And going.

“Hey!” he shouts, entering the room and startling Karl who has his face pushed down into a pillow.

“What?” George groans, not letting Karl up who begins to squirm against him. George just rocks into him harder, Karl’s whimpers muffled by the pillow.

“Stop, put on pants or something, I have a surprise,” Dream reaches down, throwing clothes at his naked lovers.

Karl frowns, finally managing to push George off enough to lift his head. “What is it?”

“I’ll tell you in a minute! Come on, get up!” Dream urges excitedly.

“No.”

“Please?” He begs George knowing he was key to getting them all downstairs. “Please? George? Please? Come on get up, I promise it’s worth it. Please?”

“It can’t wait like ten minutes?” George looks down at Karl disappointedly.

“No! We’ve waited long enough for this, trust me, get up I’ll make it up to you, pink promise,” he holds his pinky out.

George eyes him for a second before accepting with a deep sigh, locking their pinkies together.

“What? That’s not... Georgeee,” Karl groans, flopping into the bed when the older man pulls out.

He looks amazing laying against the sheets, pouting with his ass in the air. Lube drips between his cheeks, all prepped and ready to go. Dream is never going to get tired of seeing his lovers like this, never in a million years.



It's a hard temptation to resist and Karl knows it too from the way he pushes his hips back in an open invitation. It would be so easy to reach out and touch him, to drag his hands down the miles of smooth, exposed skin, to kiss the backs of his thighs until they quiver in his hold...

"I'll make it up to you too, promise," Dream clears his throat, still eyeing his ass. Thoughts of how good it would feel to slip inside him right now plague him, and while he isn't hard yet, he has the potential to be, a stir of arousal simmering in his gut.

Karl sits up, ruffled and discontent. His hair is a mess, cheeks flushed a deep red that makes its way down his neck. He makes his disapproval at being stopped very well known as he shucks on some pants that don't even look like they're his and then looks at Dream expectantly.

"Shirts too? I mean we're gonna be in the front yard for a second trying to get it in."

"Trying to get it in, huh?" George quips as he throws on Karl's sweater over his head.

"What, you need help?"

Dream giggles. "Yeah, I need help getting it in."

Karl pouts again at the loss of his sweater, slinging on George's t-shirt and rolling awkwardly out of bed, doing his best to keep his thighs apart. Dream feels a little bad, knowing how uncomfortable he must be.

At last, he flashes a quick grin. "Don't worry, Dream, I can help you put it in."

The laugh that threatens to spill out of him is barely contained, though Karl seems pleased with himself either way.

"Ready?" He asks the three.

"No, tell us firs--"

"Nope!" He grabs hold of Sapnap's hand again, pulling him out of the room after him.

He can hear George and Karl hot on their heels as they descend the stairs, heading towards the door to the backyard. They're oddly quiet, though Dream doesn't think he'd be any less discombobulated if someone yanked him out of bed in the middle of the same activity.

"Why are we going to the back?" George asks, following dutifully out the door even if he doesn't know why.

The Florida sun is warm and bright this afternoon, a perfect imitation of Dream's soaring heart.

"Sapnap said it's blocking the front door," he explains, opening the gate to the fence and leading the way as they wrap around the house.

"What is it?" Karl asks for the millionth time.

The front door comes into view and with it, the giant ass box blocking the front door.

*It's huge.*

He's half worried that it won't make it through the front door.

Dream grabs hold of the box as they draw nearer. It's a lot bigger than he had pictured. *A lot*

bigger. "Help me get it in the house and I'll show you, okay? It's a surprise. Just... Sapnap you take that end," he points, waiting for Sapnap to take the other end he isn't currently holding. "Then we can all just kinda wiggle it out, open the door, and wiggle it in."

He does a little shimmy as he says it, ears warming at the chimes of laughter he earns in return. It's such a great sound he doesn't mind looking like a fool to hear it more.

Karl is close behind him with his eyes half-lidded, immediately snuggling up to Dream instead of helping like he's supposed to be.

Nothing is better than Karl after sex, the way he seeks out touch and begs to be held. It's sweet. George and Sapnap are a bit more stand-offish than Karl, so Dream is usually the one who earns all the cuddles in the end. He adores it, but not so much right now.

He shrugs him off so he and Sapnap can move the giant ass box. It's heavy, made even harder by how close Karl chooses to stand behind him.

Dream won't complain and risk hurting his feelings, but he's seconds away from getting an elbow to the face on accident if he doesn't back up.

George isn't much help either, watching lazily as Sapnap and Dream do all the work of trying, and failing, to scoot it back.

"Okay, Princess, wanna at least open the door?" Dream snarks sarcastically, growing slightly annoyed with their reluctance to help.

George raises an eyebrow at the snark.

"Oh no, I can't actually."

Dream rolls his eyes. If they could cooperate they would already be in the house. "Please?"

"Mmm... only because you asked nicely," George twists the doorknob, throwing open the door.

"Now wiggle!" Dream exclaims, pushing back against Sapnap who struggles with the awkwardly tall and heavy box.

George takes pity on him, holding the front door open with his leg to help guide the monstrosity through the small opening.

Karl decides to pitch in too, all four of them scooting and pushing on the box.

After a few death threats and a lot of heavy sighing, they've made it into the door at least, the edges of the cardboard falling through the narrow opening.

Now they just need to shove it in the rest of the way.

He's blinded by the excitement of getting it into the house, so blinded in fact that as he tries to body slam the box into the house, he misses the step leading to the door.

His heart falls out of his ass when he trips.

Laughter erupts around him.

"He fell!" Karl giggles as if they didn't already know that.

Dream groans, rubbing at his palm that broke his fall. "That hurt!"

“Aww, poor baby,” George coos mockingly.

“I hate you guys,” Dream pulls himself up. “Keep wiggling!”

Their insane laughter is starting to get to him too. The absurdity of the entire situation is absolutely intoxicating. Soon he’s laughing along too, screeching, “Wiggle! Wiggle!”

“You aren’t helping!” George cackles, pulling hard on the box.

His heart hammers in his chest so hard he can feel it in his throat. He’s so damn in love. He loves everything about them. Moments like this, the laughter and the jokes and the banter, are the moments that remind him the most of how very in love he is no matter how frustrating they can be. They were his best friends before his boyfriends, and they continue to be his best friends now. It’s perfect.

They make it into the house, letting the box fall in the empty space between the doorway and the couch. It falls with a heavy thud, and he has a heart-stopping moment when he wonders where Patches is.

“Patches?” he calls.

The others stop, frozen.

“Patches?”

A tiny “meow” comes from the kitchen.

He breathes a sigh of relief, promptly followed by more hysterical laughter as he jogs to the kitchen to get a knife and assure the safety of his cat. “I thought we squished her!”

“I was so scared,” Karl clutches at his chest.

“Me too!”

There she is in all her glory, sitting on the kitchen cabinets (where she definitely is not allowed to be). He doesn’t berate her for it though, too relieved to know she wasn’t under the box when it fell.

Dream strokes her cheek and then grabs the knife he needed. Once he gets back into the living room he starts cutting open the edges of the box, pulling it open like a kid opening a Christmas present. He’s just too excited to slow down, cutting open the last side and throwing open the top of the box.

The cardboard slaps the coffee table, revealing the prize, the long-awaited surprise.

A giant folded-up mattress.

“What is that? Is that a bed?” George asks, puzzled.

Dream cuts open the plastic surrounding it, letting it unfold. The site said it would be folded in half when came but it would even out and the crease would disappear within a few hours.

Sapnap thankfully thinks to scoot the coffee table back so there is room for it as it plops over and begins to expand.

Dream stands up, looking down at it proudly with his hands on his hips. “Yup!”  
Everyone waits for an explanation.

Dream beings to babble. “Okay, so we all have queen size beds, right? Or something like that I don’t remember. But those aren’t big enough for all of us, so I was like okay, getting a king wouldn’t be *that* much better. Then I started looking and I found a site where you could customize a bed so you can make it as big or as small as you need it to be. Tada! It’s like... I forgot how many inches but it’s basically two kings so there’s enough room for everyone!”

He expects excitement. Happiness, joy. *Something* .

George stares at him quizzically. “Where are you going to put it?”

Dream stops.

He peers down the hallway.

The doors to their rooms are just as small as the front door, maybe even a few inches shorter.

... they struggled when it was still folded up. Now that it’s unfolded, how the hell are they going to get it in a bedroom?

And whose bedroom? Dream’s room is the biggest, but he still has a bed and a desk and all kinds of things in it that would need to be moved first, if they could even get it in there, to begin with.

“Ummm... Okay so maybe we shouldn’t have unfolded it just yet,” he contemplates.

“Did you get a bed frame for it or is it literally just a mattress?” Sapnap asks, looking down at the gigantic thing now taking up half the living room.

“... So there are some flaws in my plan,” he concedes sheepishly.

Did he really get so excited at the prospect of a bigger bed he forgot there was more to it than just a mattress?!

“Wow, he really just got a mattress,” Karl giggles, vocalizing Dream’s thoughts.

“Shut up.” his ears burn.

“Man really said ‘yeah this is good enough,” Karl keeps on.

“Stopppppp,” Dream groans, covering his eyes with his hands.

“Hey, it’s okay, no worries, people sleep on just mattresses all the time!” Karl tries to stick up for him after the teasing. “Did you get any sheets and stuff that’ll fit it?”

“...”

Karl giggles some more, followed by Sapnap and George.

Dream fights through his own laughter, shouting over them. “But!! But!! Hey shut up, okay, just listen to me, shut up! Okay! Listen! This fixes some problems doesn’t it?”

“And created new ones,” George laughs, flopping down onto the mattress. He bounces a little, poking at the bed as if to test how soft it is.

“Better ones though, right?” Dream follows, flopping down onto the bed next to him. It is very soft at least, another thing he had been worried about when ordering a mattress online.

Karl follows, tumbling into Dream's chest and Sapnap is close behind, never one to miss out on a cuddle party.

George's smile softens. He leans over, kissing Dream sweetly. "Much better."

He can taste Karl on his lips and Dream can't help but chase the taste. He kisses George until he pulls away for a panted breath that ghosts his lips in a feather-light touch.

Karl snuggles into his chest, resting his head right over his heart.

"I promised to make it up to you didn't I?" Dream breathes, stroking over Karl's back and looking over at George.

George nods fervently. Though his erection is long gone by now, he has to be feeling pretty pent up.

"I'll be right back then. I'm gonna go get some stuff so we can make it comfy in here," Dream frees himself from underneath Karl and George, cupping Sapnap's face as he gets up. Something deep inside him says to playfully slap his cheek but he can't bring himself to do so when the man closes his eyes so trustingly, as funny as it would be.

Next time.

"Don't go anywhere, okay?" Dream asks without a glance behind as he hurries down the hall to his room. Once he's there, he makes quick work of stripping his bed of the blankets and comforter, bundling them up along with all the pillows he can find and a bottle of lube.

He piles it all high, waddling down the hallway with his arms so full he can hardly see around it all.

The room is full of chatter as he dumps it all down onto the bed.

Looking around, Sapnap had done the same to his room, an armful of blankets and pillows dumped onto the bed next to his.

He had even brought down a candle from his room that he struggles to light. Once he gets it done, he sets it down on the coffee table.

"It's romantic!" Sapnap points excitedly when he notices Dream watching him.

Dream's chest aches with love. He pulls him in for a kiss. His lips are going to go numb by the end of the night at this rate, but how can he resist kissing each and every one of them?

George and Karl begin working on the bed. They separate slowly to help spread out the blankets and pillows. There's no sheets, just the plain mattress, but the blankets are soft and cozy, and the comforters make it fluffy and inviting.

Karl gets up and shuts the curtains, drowning the room in a dark blue light. The sun doesn't allow for total darkness, but Sapnap's candle glows nicely next to the bed, and with the lamp turned on, the room is cast in a warm yellow glow, soft and tender as his heart. It's very romantic, as Sapnap said.

Even when George and Sapanp begin horsing around it holds a romantic charm to it. The shadows cast on the wall gives him an idea, something he had longed to do for a while now.

“One more thing, okay?” Dream holds up a finger, standing up quickly and darting down the hall to the gym. He pokes his head inside and grabs the portable speaker they leave in there, connecting his phone as he jogs back.

The other three watch him quizzically as he sets it down on the coffee table.

He’s wanted to do this since Karl painted his nails the very first time that day in his room. His heart swells to think of how far they’ve come since that day.

He scrolls through his phone and finds Fox Academy.

Soft, slow music fills the air, a gentle melody that inspires slow dances. The atmosphere is warm and inviting, the music adding to the impossibly romantic ambiance.

He side steps the bed, holding out his hand expectantly for someone. Karl is the first one to move, falling into his arms where he had been before on the bed. Dream smiles warmly, closing his eyes and swaying them back and forth.

“We’re dancing right now?” George asks. He can hear a smirk in his words. “Really?”

“Yup,” Dream holds Karl even tighter. The slightly shorter man rests his head on his shoulder, content with the gentle swaying. “You and Sapnap can dance too or just sit there, I don’t care.”

Sapnap turns hopeful eyes to George who softens under his look. “Don’t look at me like that.”

Sapnap deflates.

George rolls his eyes. “Come here, Sappy nappy come dance with me.”

Sapnap jumps at the command excitedly, swooping George up in a little spin that has them all smiling like idiots, George giggling into Sapnap’s neck when he finally returns him to the ground. “You’re such an idiot,” he snaps without malice.

“Georgeeeee,” he groans, low and breathy in that joking way they never seem to stop doing.

“Sapnaaapp,” George groans right back.

“Georgeee.”

“Sapnappp.”

Dream ignores them, pressing his nose into Karl’s hair.

It’s oddly sweet standing there swaying in the living room together. It holds the awkward charm of a middle school dance coupled with the love they’ve felt for each other for so long. The words of the song are unimportant, all that matters is the way Karl feels, the little laughs he lets out when they stumble or step on each other.

It’s slow and easy and so incredibly romantic it’s making his heart feel as if it could beat right out of his chest.

One song melts into another as Dream gives Karl a little spin, prompting him to do the same, albeit a bit awkwardly as he stretches up on his tiptoes to let Dream under his arm.

As he spins back around, he gives Sapnap a dopey smile, hanging all over Karl like a drunk sloth. Sapnap smiles back, rocking his shoulders and dragging George with him.

George sighs happily, hands running all over Sapnap. For all his complaining, he seems to be having a great time.

Sapnap sighs just as happily, hands on George's hips to hold him close. It's so incredibly endearing the way he smiles at the touch, warm and bright and so relaxed with no walls guarding it like a closely held secret.

He could have stayed there forever and ever. It seems so magical, so soft and loving, but the slow moment is broken when the music changes once more, and the soft melody is now fast-paced and upbeat.

Dream doesn't miss a beat. He grabs Karl's hands, swinging him around quick and fast until he's in a fit of giggles.

"I'm still horny." George states against Sapnap's neck, pulling away to look at Dream.

Then the moment really shatters.

"What's new," Sapnap replies solemnly, earning a playful push.

"I mean we do have a nice new bed to break in," Karl gestures at it with a wiggle of his eyebrow. "And I am also still horny."

"Get on the bed then, pretty boy," Sapnap looks pointedly.

"I had him first," George pouts.

"So it's my turn now, right? Right? I think that's what that means," Sapnap detangles himself from George's arms.

He grabs hold of Karl, yanking him down onto it hard enough to make him yelp, bouncing with the force.

"How is that fair?" George huffs, following right along.

Dream is quick to do the same. "I'm literally right here, George."

George groans. "Whatever. You're doing all the work though."

He doesn't let his disinterested attitude affect him. He knows George like the back of his hand, he can see how excited he is at the prospect.

"Okay," Dream agrees happily, crawling over his lanky body to kiss his cheek. He misses, lips brushing his chin, but he'll take it, kissing along his jawline, the rough stubble leaving his cheek stinging as he does so.

Dream's absolutely ecstatic right now. They can figure out where to put it later, this bed is the greatest purchase he's ever made.

"Can we try something?" Dream asks as he pulls his shirt from his head, sliding off his pants without care for the foreplay of undressing one another.

"What?" George asks hesitantly, copying him by removing his own clothes. Sapnap and Karl follow his lead, eagerly listening while pulling off their clothes.

"Well we can all lay down on this now," Dream pats the bed.

“Yeah?”

“So we can face each other,” he wiggles his eyebrows.

Sapnap snorts. “Okay. So what, you want us to all lay down and have sex?”

“Like on our sides? That’s kinda hot, I’m down,” Karl nods along.

Dream points to him. “Exactly.”

“Like this?” George lays on his side to face Dream.

“Other way,” Dream motions for him to roll.

“Ugh,” he rolls to face Karl who happily scoots down to face him as well. Once they’re face to face he bonks their foreheads together so their noses brush. Karl has the stupidest, cutest grin in the entire world as he does so.

There’s that feeling again. He’s so in love his head swarms with it.

“Take your underwear off too,” Dream snatches up the lube before Sapnap can.

“No, you do it,” George smiles.

Dream sighs. “Fine.”

He flops down next to him, grabbing harshly at the thin fabric, yanking it down his legs, and earning an indignant “hey!” before they were thrown off completely.

Dream’s follows, and while he wants to know what Sapnap and Karl were doing, he needs to focus on George.

He leans over, pinning him to the mattress, and kisses him softly, licking into his mouth and biting at his lips. Every touch is gentle, something to be savored as he pets over his neck and down his chest.

An idea forms in his head about how tonight is going to go. He just hopes the others will follow his lead.

Dream strokes down George’s arms, trails over his chest and down his stomach, feeling muscles tremble under the grazing touch. He continues to do that until George makes a noise of discontent as if to say ‘hurry up’.

He does the opposite. He slows down, drags the kiss out until it’s nothing more than their lips pressed against each others, hand stilled on his stomach, thumbing the soft hairs beneath his belly button.

“Dream,” he groans impatiently.

“Let’s go slow, okay?” he vocalizes his desires for everyone to hear. “Let me feel you.”

“Let me feel you?” George snorts. “That’s so cheesy.”

“You’re so…” he doesn’t say annoying. George waits expectantly. He finishes with, “beautiful. So very beautiful,” he leans back down to kiss him again, shutting up the annoying remark he was sure would follow if he had the chance.



Dream peels his eyes open, glancing over at Sapnap and Karl.

They're in the same position, though Sapnap already has a hand around Karl's dick, stroking over him slowly. He can just barely hear him whispering, "Dream said to go slow, baby, let's go slow."

Pleased that they're doing the same, Dream goes back to kissing George until he's breathless, running his fingers through his hair, tugging lightly at the ends to rile him up more and more. He caves quickly, Dream thinks in part because he never came with Karl. He's probably still on edge, and that makes it all the better when he whines high in his throat, demanding.

He supposes he could go a little faster. Only a little though.

Dream pulls off of George, laying back down behind him so both of his hands are free to open the lube, squirting some into his hand before tossing it at Sapnap.

"Do you have to throw it?" Karl complains as the bottle narrowly avoids his head, landing on the pillow beside him.

"You two can touch each other you know," Dream deflects from his question, looking between George and Karl who have so far kept their hands to themselves.

George dives in with the given permission. His hands are all over the other man, in his hair, down his chest and sides, the only place Sapnap doesn't let him touch is Karl's cock that he keeps firmly in his hand.

"Slow," he reminds them.

George only groans. He isn't used to waiting. Everyone here is always quick to give in to his demands when they're like this.

He's getting frustrated, so Dream gets a move on, guiding one of George's thighs over his so his leg hooks behind his knee.

Dream avoids his dick, trailing a lubed finger along the stretch of skin behind his balls, finding his hole and tracing it with that same finger. His hips jolt at the feeling with another sound of frustration.

Dream kisses his neck sweetly as he slides a single finger in painstakingly slow. He could go faster, he knows he can go faster, but it's too much fun to watch how George squirms, trying to get Dream in deeper.

He keeps his thrusts shallow, enjoying the moment.

"Dream," George demands. "Come on."

"What?" He smiles.

George opens his mouth to complain some more and that's when he slips a second finger in just to hear his uptake in breath that he can't hide when his mouth is wide open.

Dream's cock aches between his legs with neglect but it's worth it to play with George the way he is now.

As if to make up for Dream teasing the life out of him, George captures Karl in a rough kiss, near violent in the way he tries to egg them all on to go faster.

Sapnap mirrors their position, bringing one of Karl's legs up over his own and slipping his fingers inside. Karl is significantly more stretched, Dream imagines, from him and George going at it earlier. He probably doesn't even need to be stretched, but heat coils in his stomach at the thought of Sapnap playing with his ass anyways.

He thrusts his fingers in and out of George slowly. Even when his hand begins to cramp he refuses to speed up, curling up to find that bundle of nerves.

His back arches when he finds it, baring his neck in a perfect display. Dream would be crazy to not latch on, biting and sucking at the tender skin until it goes hot and pink under his tongue.

He never stops once he finds his prostate, hitting it on ever upwards thrust, massaging it with his fingertips until George lets out one breathless plea after another.

"Dream come on," his voice is significantly weaker, and though he's demanding still the bite in his words is gone, replaced with desperation. "Seriously."

"Seriously what?" Dream plays dumb. Looking down, George is rock hard and though he ruts against the blanket beneath him every now and then it's not enough. A trail of precum follows the movements, wetting the blanket.

Dream scrunches his nose. They're going to need to change the blankets already.

"Fuck me. Now."

Dream tuts. "Baby I haven't even stretch--"

"Dream," George groans. "Fine, okay, put in a third finger or whatever, just do it already. What is wrong with you?"

"Desperate," Karl accuses playfully, earning a glare from the older man between them.

"Like you aren't too," Sapnap moves his hand, making Karl gasp.

George is getting too worked up, Dream can see that a mile away.

As fun as it would be to make him a mess over nothing but a few fingers, he doesn't think George will appreciate it after already being denied one orgasm earlier today.

He adds a third finger, stretching him out nice and easy. George relaxes, rocking his hips back to get more. A hand trails along his sides and up his chest, toying with his own nipple, a sight that makes Dream groan into his shoulder.

He's so hot, so needy, and desperate but even now he keeps his hand off his dick, lets Dream do what he wants and satisfies the achy feeling in his stomach by touching those cute little buds on his chest. He's perfect in every way. Dream can't help but thrust up against his thigh, drinking in the sight and rubbing his dick against the silky skin.

"Is Karl ready?" Dream asks when he deems George stretched enough. He isn't too sure how much longer he could continue to go slow despite it being his idea.

"Yes, yes please I've already done this twice today I'm fine," Karl speaks up for himself before Sapnap can. Wide eyes plead with Dream, a familiar flush back on his cheeks.

"Okay, okay," Sapnap appeases the man in his arms, using the lube one last time before he passes

it back to Dream.

He takes it, squirting a bit more into his hand and wetting his dick. He gives it a good few strokes, thoroughly coating it.

George is impatient, whining like a brat when he takes too long.

“Stop,” he warns, grabbing hold of his thigh and bringing it up nearly to his chest.

If George didn’t sit like that all the time with his knees up under his chin it would be too much, but he’s flexible enough and it gives Dream something to hold onto as he slides into the wet, overbearingly tight heat of his ass.

He groans, panting into the base of his neck.

Karl can’t quite get his leg up as high as George but Sapnap still mirrors them the best he can, letting his shin rest against George’s leg.

It’s everything he imagined it would be, being able to see their faces as Sapnap pushes inside him, Karl squeezing his eyes shut, hearing the little noises they all collectively make. It’s perfect. It may be his new favorite way to fuck like this, especially when he can watch George and Karl in the middle touch each other. He wonders what it would feel like to be in the middle with someone behind him like that, surrounded by their warm embraces and blinding pleasure.

He can’t wait to do this again.

This mattress is the best.

With George on his side, Dream uses his thigh, holding it gently as he fucks into him, a mirror of Sapnap and Karl. In the middle, Karl is quick to pull George into a soft, slow kiss. Dream kisses the back of his neck gently as he does so, sweet pecks that have the man relaxing further and further into them.

It’s so easy to get lost in this moment and he savors it with all that he has. Everything is so incredibly soft and tender. Each rock of his hips is an agonizingly slow build-up to orgasm, drawing the most gorgeous sounds from the man in his arms.

George keens into Karl’s mouth, claws at Dream’s hands, even reaches for Sapnap, so thoroughly taken apart bit by bit that he’s desperate for any touch he can get.

“Dream, faster,” he begs, holding onto Karl’s face whose eyes are squeezed shut tight in his own pleasure.

“No baby,” Dream makes eye contact with Sapnap who has the same glint in his eyes that Dream does. “We’re going slow tonight. Gotta make sure you know exactly how much I love you,” he kisses behind his ear, nipping at his jaw. “And I love you so much.”

“Love you,” George pants, keening when Dream hits his sweet spot once again. “Love you too. Love you all, ah Dream come on!”

“No, you just lay there, okay? Let me take care of you.”

He whimpers into Karl, nodding hazily. Dream never speeds up, never slows down or stops, just continues the gentle motion of his hips, ignoring his burning desire to go just as fast as George is crying for.

He doesn't know how long they stay like that. It could have been nothing more than a few seconds, or the sun may have set outside for all he knows. George's tight wet heat surrounds him, gut-clenching with the need to stave off his orgasm as long as he can. Each brush to that spot inside has George melting, nothing more than a puddle on the bed, reduced to quiet whimpers and the occasional "please" though his hands never move to his cock still lying forgotten against the blankets.

Dream should praise him for that, should tell him how good he's being, letting Dream worship his body the way he is right now, lying there and taking what he's given, but the words don't come. When his lips part to tell him all the wonderful things running through his mind all he can do is moan quietly into his ear, half-formed syllabus of 'I love you' melting into gargled sounds.

"Dream?" Sappnap begs after a while, sweat clinging to his brow.

He wants to give in, he *needs* to give in. He's burning alive, sweat clinging to his brow from the immense pleasure that's nearly painful. He bites out "no" and his hips stall, much to George's chagrin. "Go slow."

He's in charge tonight, and as much as Sappnap wants to protest, he does as he's told.

Seconds, minutes, hours drag on surrounded by the delicious heat.

Tears leak at the corner of George's eyes, pulling Dream from his own burning arousal back to his lover who holds onto Karl for dear life. "You okay, baby?"

"Yes," he sobs. "Touch me please, I can't take it anymore, Dream."

George could demand the entire world and sky in that voice and Dream would give it to him.

He takes him in hand, both George and Karl moaning into each other's mouths as Sappnap does the same.

He keeps his touch slow, moving in tandem with his thrusts. George whimpers and whines, grates back against him and forward into his hand. Dream lets him, revels in how far gone he is for him.

He and Karl look beautiful next to each other. They cling tightly to one another and share sloppy kisses that turn into open-mouth pants against each other's lips.

Karl jerks once and then twice, his entire body seizing up with a pretty cry.

George doesn't get it that easy, Dream isn't that nice. Instead, he takes his time, playing with George's cock, teasing the head while he sucks bruises into his neck that he'll have to wear hoodies to hide. A twist of his wrist makes his breath hitch, a tight squeeze earning a gorgeous gasp.

George claws at Karl, grips onto Sappnap's forearm as they watch him come undone.

Sappnap cums with a groan, burying his face in Karl's shoulder.

"Dream, Dream please? Please?" George wiggles around desperately.

Just because he asked so nicely, Dream complies, speeding up much to his relief. It doesn't take much more than that for him to spill over his hand, Dream close behind as his hips stutter to a stop, filling George up.

The same as always, they snuggle close together in the afterglow, but things differ once the shine of it all wears off and consciousness returns. No one has to get out of bed, save to clean up, and no one sneaks off to their own room or crawls onto the couch.

For once there's plenty of room.

## Chapter End Notes

My Twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends and let me know what you think now that it's finished!

## End Notes

Let me know your thoughts about the first chapter! My twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!